OMNIBUS

3

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
VICTOR HUGO

STORY & ART BY
TAKAHIRO ARAI

LES MISÉRABLES

the manga

LES MISÉRABLES

the manga

OMNIBUS

3

VISITEZ
GRAND
CONCERT
RA

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CHAPTER 3:
Marius Searches for a Girl but Finds a Man

Hwooo...

YES.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

Hm.

GRIN

AND YOU WANTED TO PUNCH THAT OLD SOLDIER?!

YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR TRUE COLORS, MARIUS!

Ha ha ha!

WHAT A RADICAL THOUGHT!

NORMALLY YOU WOULDN'T HARM A FLY!

DON'T MAKE FUN.

PROU-VAIRE!

AAH, THE WHITE-HOT PASSION OF IT ALL.

TRUE, TRUE!

LOVE MAKES MEN GO MAD.

EAT UP WHILE IT'S HOT!

HERE!

HE SAW HER ANKLES.

HE WAS BEING LEWD.

IT'S JUST, EVERY TIME I SEE HER...

I DIDN'T ALWAYS FEEL THIS WAY.

IT'S BEEN, WHAT--TWO YEARS SINCE YOU FIRST SAW THEM?

ARE YOU SURE ALL YOU WANT IS TO WATCH FROM AFAR?

BUT IT'S TRUE!

SHE'S GROWN PRETTIER?

MONSIEUR LEBLANC AND MADEMOISELLE LANOIRE.

I WONDER WHO THEY ARE.

THE STRANGE MAN AND PRETTY YOUNG LADY ALWAYS SIT AT THE SAME BENCH, EH?

HE'S WHITE-HAIRED, AND SHE'S ALWAYS CLAD IN BLACK. THOSE'RE DESCRIPTIVE NAMES...

DON'T YOU THINK?

COURFEYRAC!

MR. WHITE AND MISS BLACK?

STOP CALLING THEM THAT!

SHF

YOU LEARNED HER NAME?

!

HER NAME ISN'T LANOIRE.

U.F. HER INITIALS.

HA HA!

OOH! LET ME SEE!

DON'T TOUCH IT!

U.F., HUNH.

THAT'D MAKE HER NAME...

YOU SURE IT'S HERS?

I FOUND IT ON THEIR BENCH SHORTLY AFTER SHE LEFT.

HEH HEH HEH.

WHAT.

IT MUST BE URSULE!

A LOVELY NAME FOR A LOVELY GIRL.

I KNOW IT!

AAH, URSULE! MY URSULE!

HOW SWEET YOUR SCENT!

Ha ha ha!

SNF SNF SNF

DON'T BE STUPID!

I WOULD NEVER DO THAT!

HA HA! GO EASY, COURFEYRAC.

YOU FANCY THAT GIRL, RIGHT?

ANY MAN WOULD!

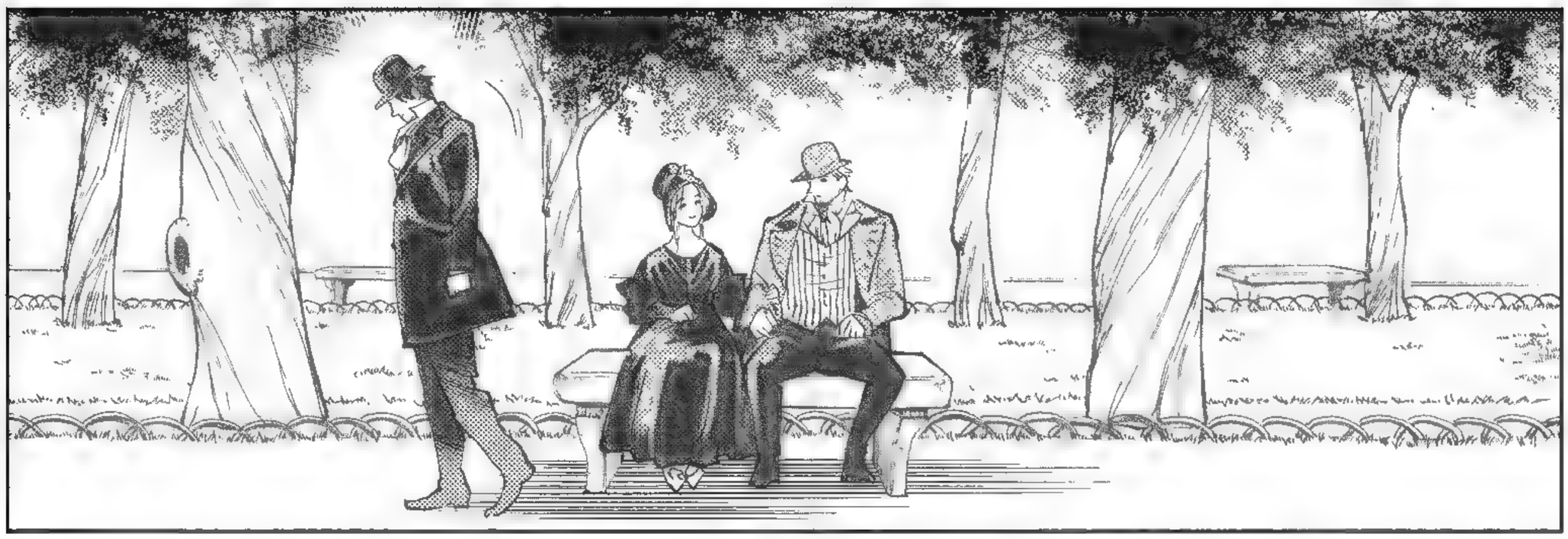
MARIUS IS BLUSHING!

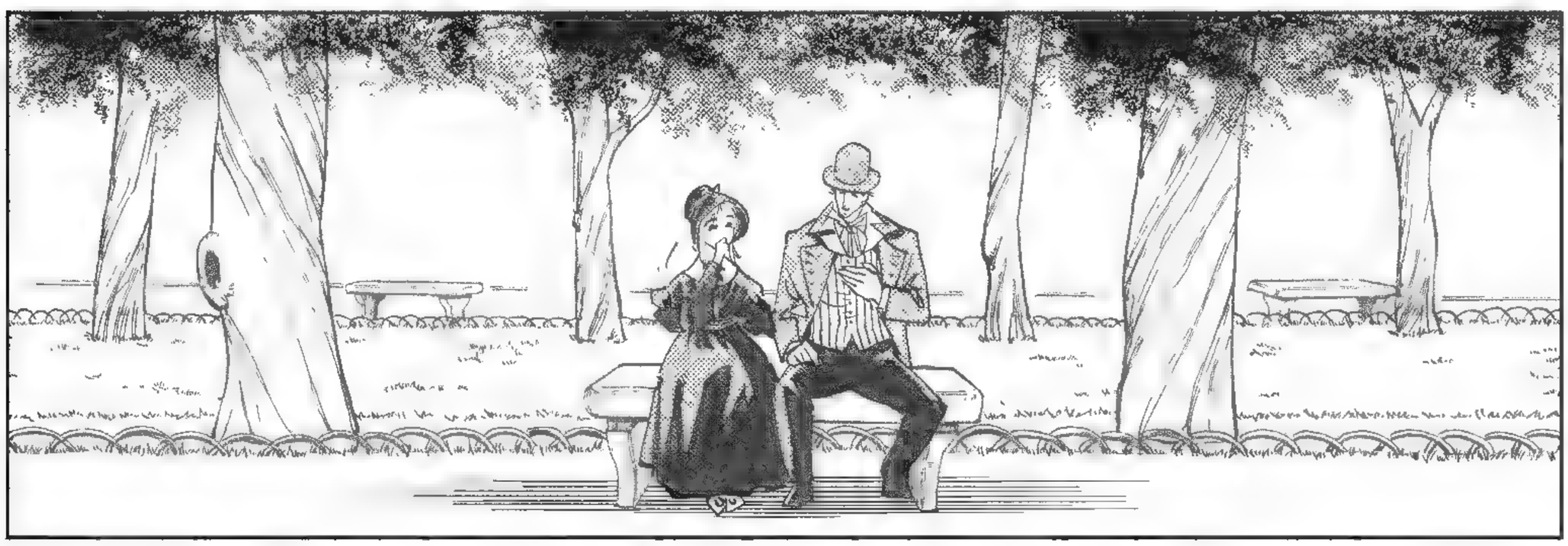
RIGHT!

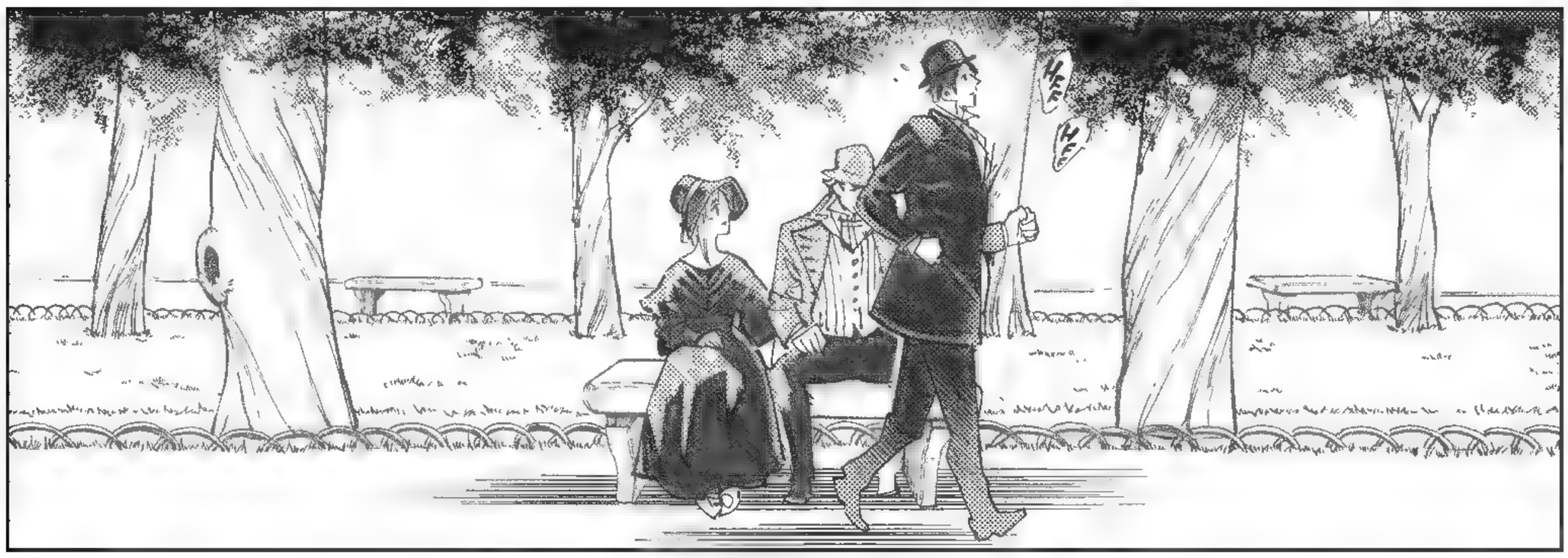
PAF PAF

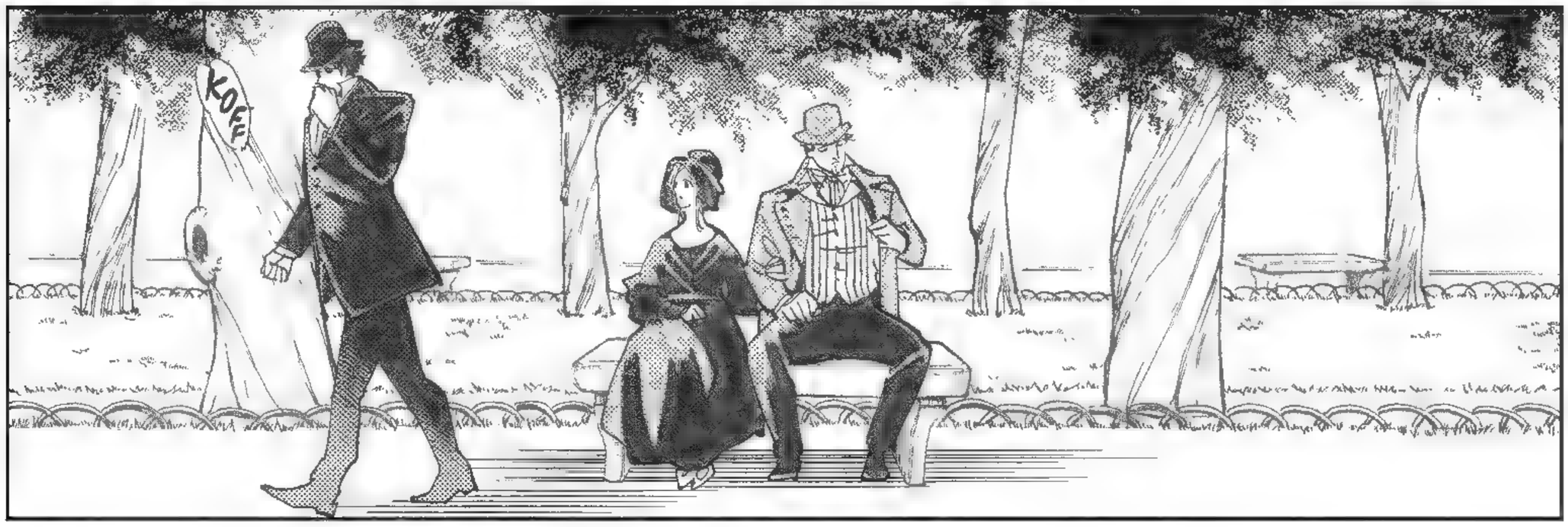
OH, COME ON. IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

ACLUNY
CLUNY
RNOT
MPS
TAN
RA
CO
AU
URSULE...
I CAN FEEL YOUR SPIRIT.






HEE
HEE


KOFF

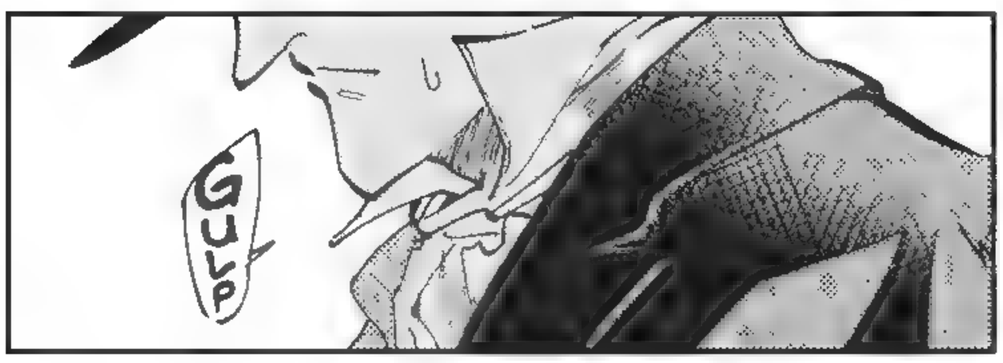
TWICH
Hee hee!

FWIF...

PEEK

BDM
BDM

!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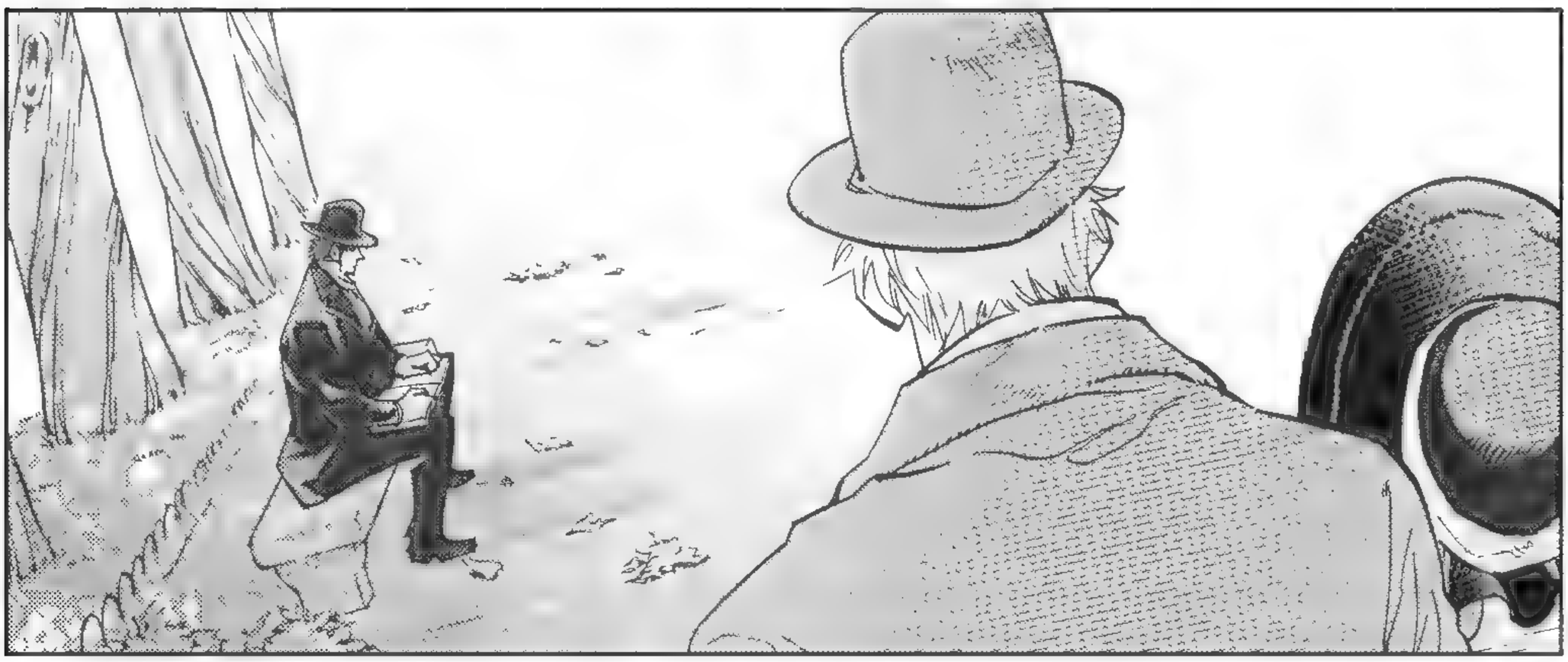

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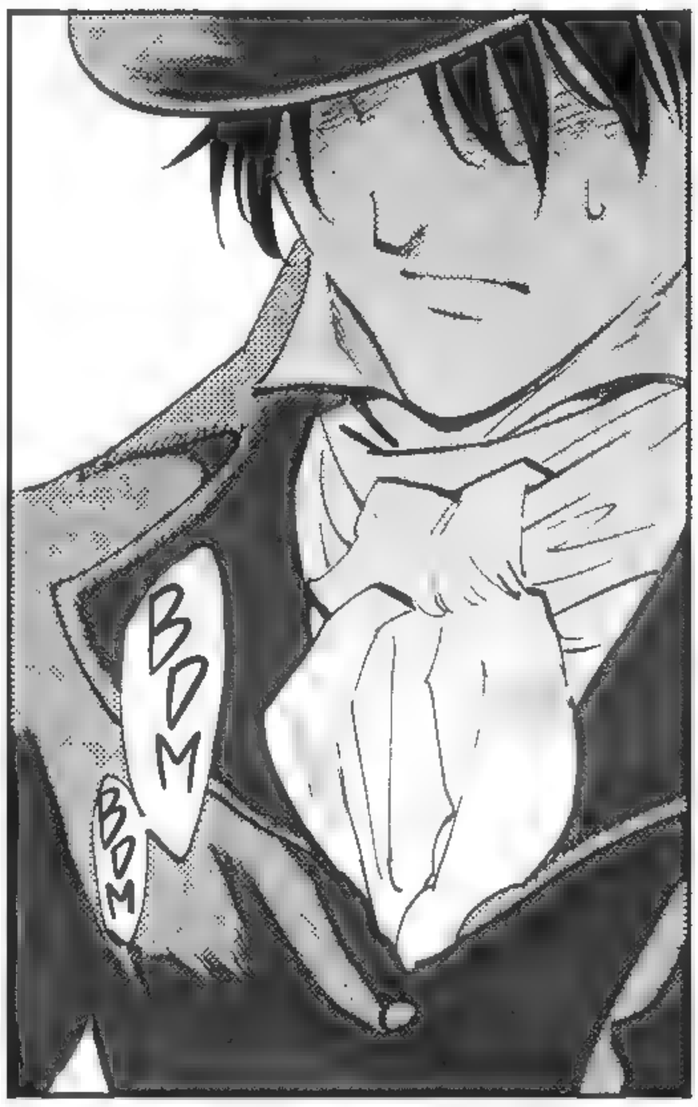

BDM
BDM

TP

TP

SHF

GLANCE

GLANCE

HMM...

MAY I ASK YOU SOME-THING...

MADAM.

NOPE.
FIND HER?

AH.

NO, IT'S OKAY.
SORRY.
WISH WE COULD'VE HELPED.
LOSE SIGHT OF A WOMAN AND YOU USUALLY FIND 'EM HERE.

EVERYONE.
THANKS, GRANTAIRE.

DON'T APOLO-GIZE.

AH, WELL. DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, MARIUS.

TO THINK THEY'D MOVE RIGHT AFTER YOU FOUND THEIR HOUSE.

THERE'RE MORE WOMEN THAN STARS...

MFF!

SORRY, OKAY?

I APOLOGIZE!

DO YOU HAVE TO RUB SALT IN HIS WOUND?

YOU'VE VANISHED...

DISSIPATING LIKE A MIRAGE.

URSULE...

DM

WHERE DID YOU GO?

!

WASH

OH.

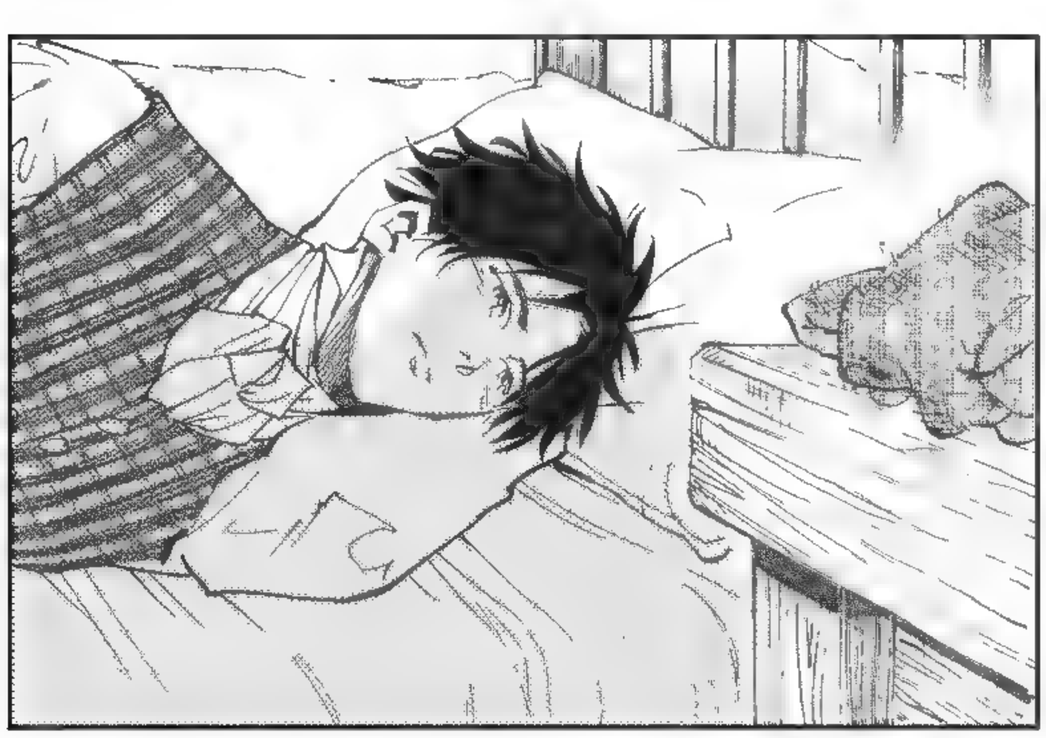
WAIT!

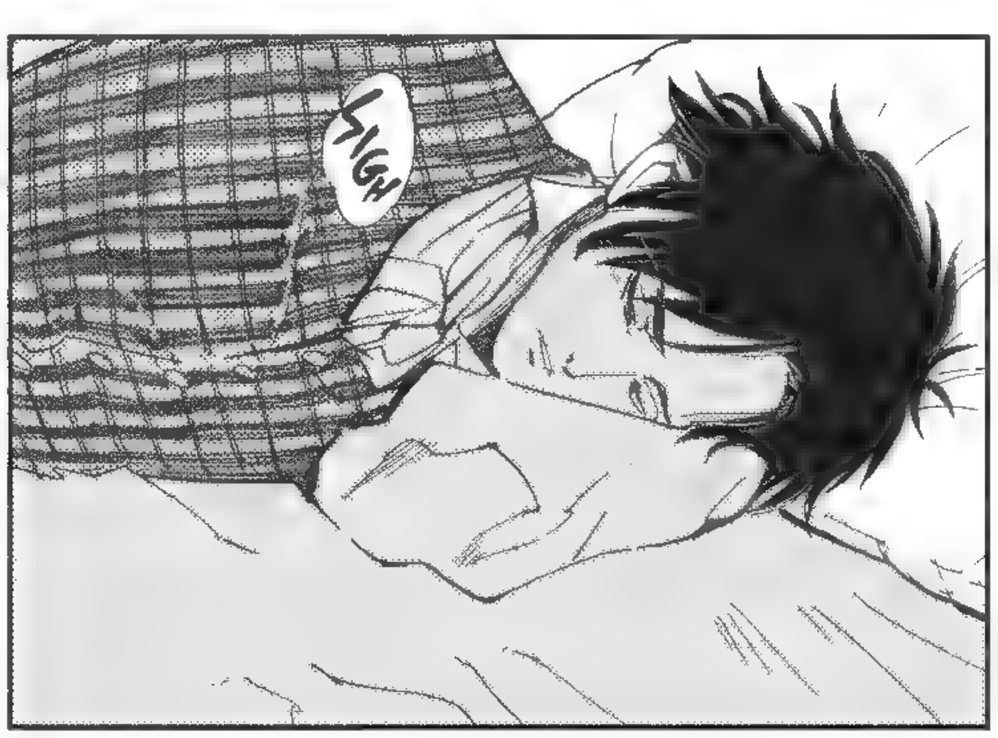
HOW DID YOU NOT NOTICE THE COPS?!

YOU NEARLY GOT US BUCKLED!

DON'T BLAME ME!

50




SIGH

THEY AREN'T SEALED.

.....

REEKS OF TOBACCO.

WITH PROFOUND RESPECT...

MISTRESS BALIZARD.

I BEG MADAME'S GRACE.

MY HUSBAND ABANDONED ME. I AM PENNILESS.

SICKLY...

I AM A POOR MOTHER OF SIX, MY YOUNGEST BARELY EIGHT MONTHS OLD.

FWAP

WHAT IS ALL THIS?

THERE'RE STILL MORE.

MY FAMILY IS IN MISERABLE STRAITS.

GOOD SIR, I BEG YOU TO OFFER YOUR GRACIOUS CHARITY.

TO THE GENTLEMAN AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT-JACQUES...

FROM YOUR SERVANT, FABANTOU, THE ARTIST.

HERE'S ONE FROM A SPANISH LOYALIST REFUGEE BEGGING FOR TRAVEL MONEY TO RETURN HOME.

AND THIS IS A PLAYWRIGHT'S PETITION TO A WHOLE-SALER FOR PATRONAGE.

FOUR LETTERS FROM PEOPLE ASKING FOR CHARITY.

THE NAMES ARE DIFFERENT, YET THE PENMANSHIP IDENTICAL.

NO ADDRESSES, EITHER.

NOW WHAT DO I DO?

THAT'S DISTURBING.

DO THESE BELONG TO THOSE GIRLS?

SIGH...

URSULE...

IF ONLY I COULD SEE YOU AGAIN.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

IT'S COLD TODAY.

PFF

BRR!

SHIVR

50

NOK NOK

WHAT DO YOU NEED, MADAME BOUGON...

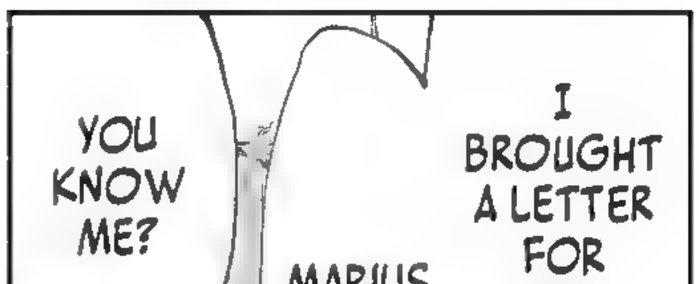
IT'S OPEN. COME IN.

KREEK

EXCUSE ME...

ERM...

.....
MAY I HELP YOU?


YOU KNOW ME?
MARIUS.
I BROUGHT A LETTER FOR YOU...

JON-DRETTE.

I HOPE YOU WILL GIFT ME WITH A SMALL FAVOR...

TO MY AMIABLE NEIGHBOR.

I'VE LEARNED OF YOUR KINDNESS IN PAYING OUR RENT AND AM MOST GRATEFUL.

FOR A WEEK, MY FAMILY OF FOUR HAS GONE WITHOUT FOOD.

MY FATHER.

YES. THE JON-DRETTE FAMILY.

FOUR OF THEM LIVE TOGETHER.

BUT THOSE NEIGHBORS OF YOURS...

THE SAME PAPER.

SAME WRITING.

SAME SMELL.

THE OLD WAR, RIGHT?

I KNOW THAT.

BOY, THIS IS HARD. BUT WATERLOO?

I CAN READ, YOU KNOW.

TO TAKE THE CHATEAU ...

ORDERS...

THE PLAINS OF WATER-LOO...

OH! YOU HAVE BOOKS.

MADEMOI-SELLE.

MY LITTLE BROTHER IS FRIENDS WITH AN ACTOR. HE GIVES US FREE TICKETS.

DO YOU LIKE THE THEATER?

I GO OFTEN.

OH!

WHERE WAS IT?

THE HALL.

I MUST'VE ACCIDEN-TALLY DROPPED IT.

THE HALL?

I THINK THIS BELONGS TO YOU.

IT'S NEAR TIME FOR MASS.

DO YOU KNOW THE TIME?

?

!!

OH NO.

I'LL BE FINE. I'VE A CLOAK TO WEAR.

BUT SHOES...

YOU'RE GOING OUT IN THIS CHILL WEARING THAT?

THIS IS A PARCEL OF LETTERS.

I HAVE TO DELIVER THEM TO A GENTLEMAN AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT-JACQUES.

WHY, WE SPENT LAST WINTER LIVING UNDER A BRIDGE.

I'LL BORROW MY FATHER'S.

THE COLD DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

YOUR HANDS ARE SO WARM.

!

UM!

I'M FILTHY.

NO, NO!

I'M SORRY.

THAT ISN'T IT AT ALL.

I'M SORRY. THIS IS ALL I HAVE RIGHT NOW.

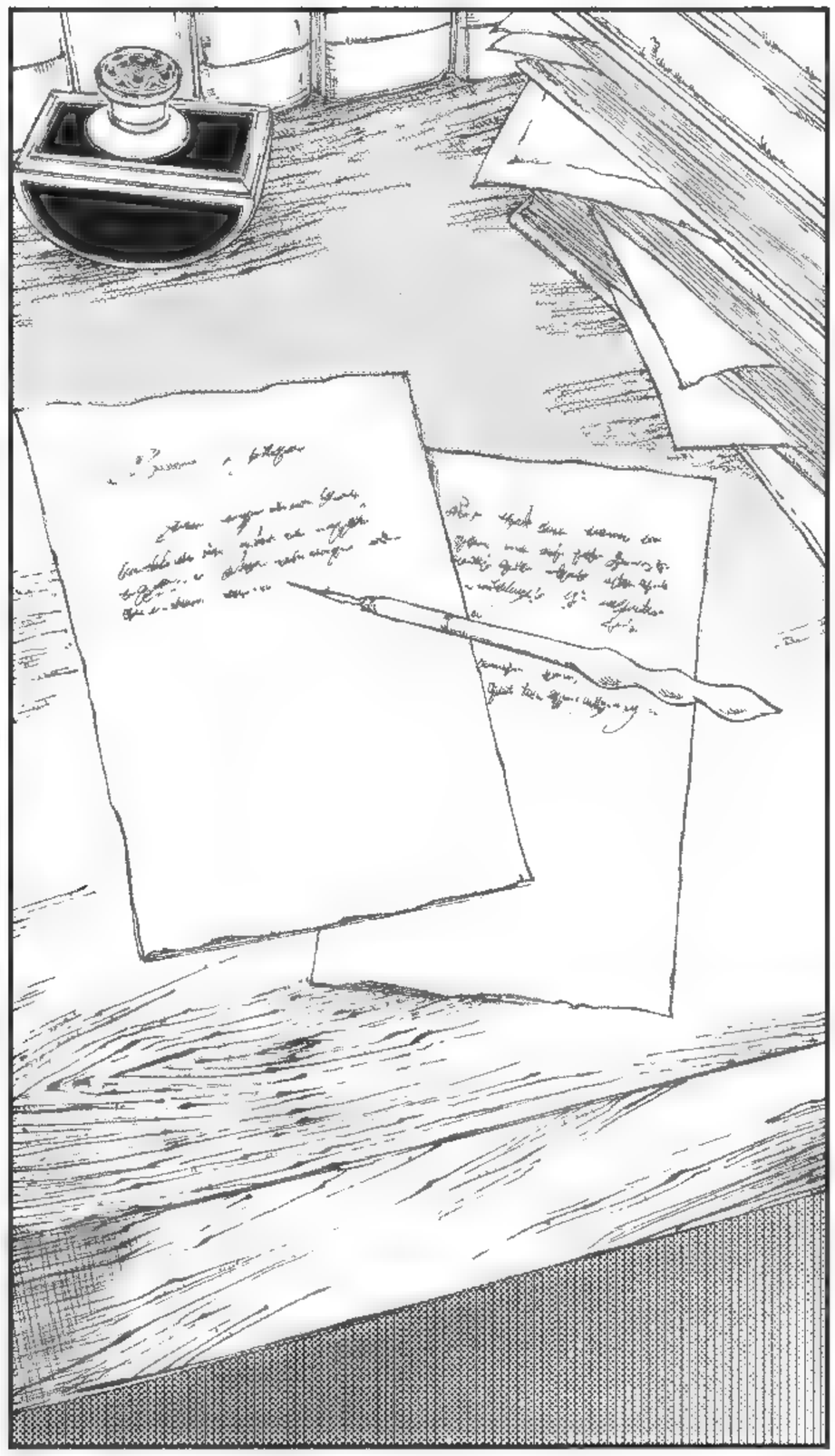
SURE.

I HAVE WORK TO DO.

I MUST ASK YOU TO GO...

THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH FOR THE FIVE FRANCS.

FAREWELL, MARIUS.



I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF.

I WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN MY FANTASIES...

I DIDN'T SEE THE POOR FAMILY LIVING SO CLOSE TO ME.

ONLY A THIN WALL SEPARATES US...

AND STILL, I DIDN'T HEAR THEIR CRIES OF SUFFERING.

WHAT'S THAT?

?

H300'...

A HOLE?

SKITR

SKITR

SKITR

SKITR

SKITTR

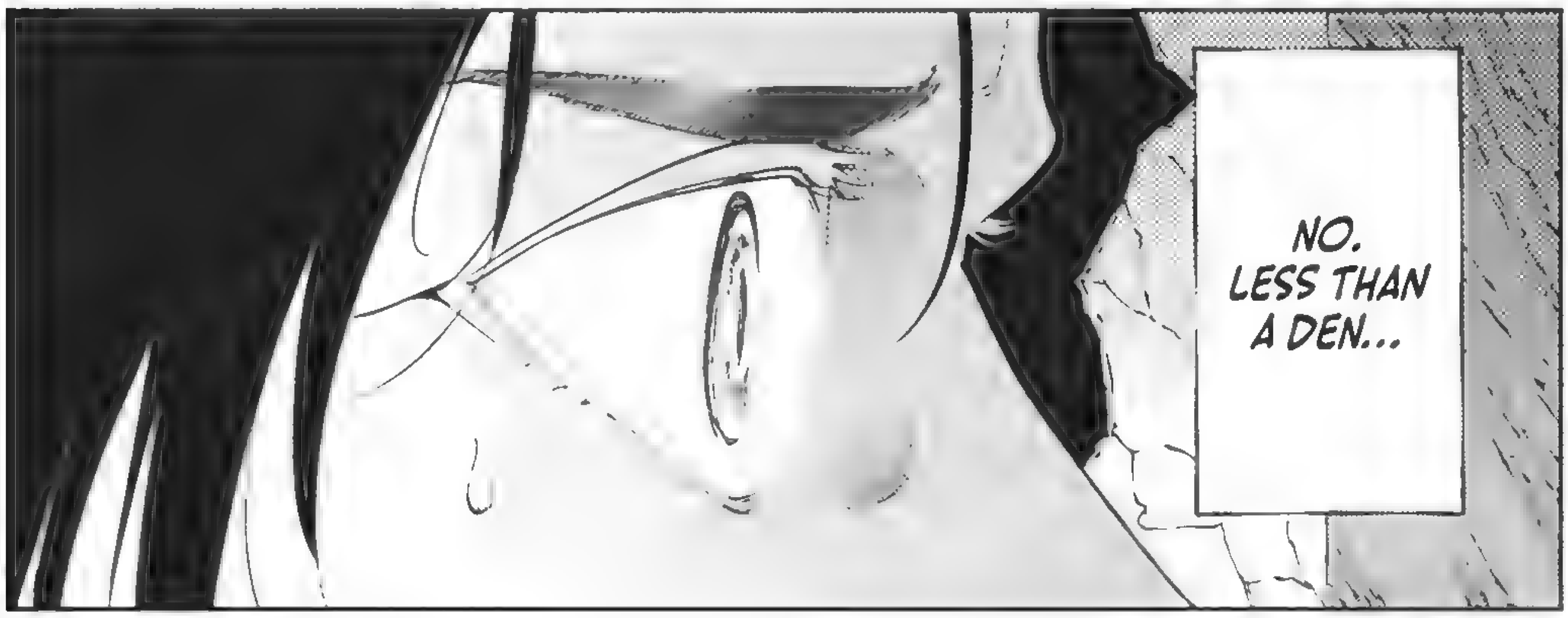
SKITTR

Bzz

GAH?!

THAT HOLE...
FOOO

WAS ONE NOT MEANT TO BE LOOKED THROUGH.
IT WAS A WINDOW INTO THE DEN OF A BEAST...


NO. LESS THAN A DEN...

SKRIBL

SKRIBL

EVERY LAST RICH BASTARD OUT THERE!

WISH I COULD THROTTLE 'EM.

BAH! WHAT A VEXING LOT. THEY DISGUST ME!

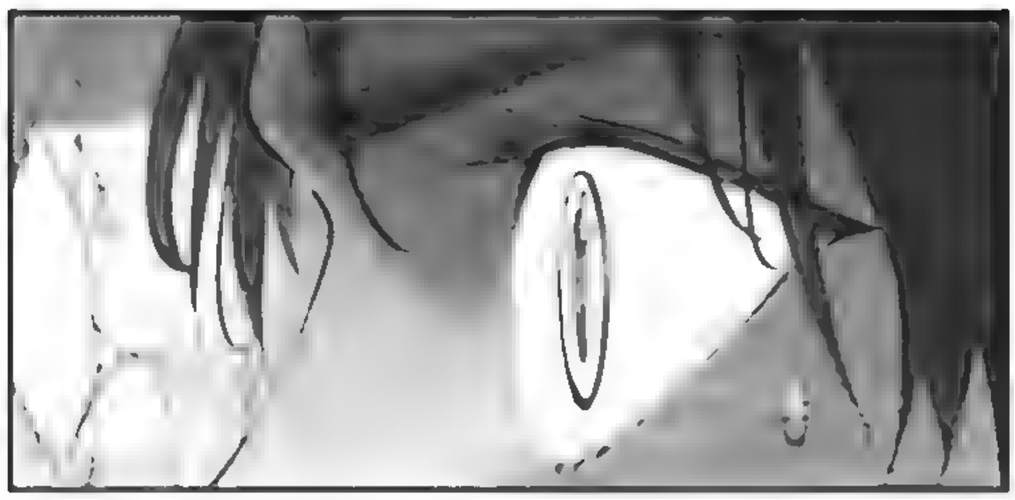
WHAT I WANT IS CASH!

IF THEY REALLY PITY ME, GIVE ME MONEY!

ALL APPEARANCES. ALL A FAÇADE!

IT'S A JAIL CELL.

GIVE ME HARD CASH!



NO, YOU CAN'T EVEN CALL A PAUPER'S GRAVE A GRAVE!
RICH MAN, POOR MAN.
IT'S A PIT! A DARK, DAMP PIT!
SKRIBL, SKRIBL, SKRIBL,
IT'S CHALK TO CHEESE!

BOOK 3: MARIUS

Chapter 4: The Fateful Peephole

BOOK 3: MARIUS

Chapter 4: The Fateful Reephole

SCUM!

EVERYONE IS SCUM!

SCUM!

WHAT A SIGHT.

DON'T GET SO UPSET, DARLING.

IT'D BE FOOLISH TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH OVER THIS.

SHUT UP!

DON'T SPEAK!

DARK. FILTHY. SMELLY. UNSANITARY.

PEOPLE LIVE LIKE THIS?

IT'S HORRIBLE...!

HE'S COMING!

KREEK

OUI.

YOU SURE?

THE PHILAN-THROPIST FROM THE CHURCH OF SAINT-JACQUES!

HE'S FOLLOW-ING ME IN A CARRIAGE.

SNIRK

AS OF NOW, NONE OF YOU HAVE FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

DON'T TALK BACK!

WHY?

YOU. PUT OUT THE FIRE.

YANK

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO SIT THERE?!

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL!

IT'S SNOWING, AFTER ALL.

IS IT COLD OUT?

OUI.

I SAID BREAK IT!

WHAT? WHY?

YOU. BREAK THE WINDOW.

!!

KRASH

DUNCE! DO IT WITH YOUR HAND!

TINK

AZELMA!

SHE'S BLEED-ING!

HOW COULD YOU MAKE HER DO THAT?!

SHRIP

QUIT YOUR SQUAWK-ING.

KRSH

HE WON'T GIVE US MONEY OTHER-WISE!

LOOK AS PITIFUL AS POSSIBLE!

A MAN'S COMING!

RIP

KRAK

WELL?

THAT'S A BETTER SIGHT, DON'T YOU THINK?

NOW WE'RE READY TO GREET OUR PHILANTHRO-PIST.

SMIRK

AHA. HE'S HERE.

RATL RATL

SEE? I SAID HE'D COME.

.....

HEY. ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE MAN?

OUI.

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

DID HE SAY ANYTHING WHEN HE SAW YOU?

DON'T LOOK AT HIM AT ALL.

PULL THE COVERS UP AND ACT SICK.

YOU. GET IN BED.

ÉPO-
NINE.

GIMME BACK MY SHOES.

ÉPONINE.

YOU STAND BY ME.

NOK NOK

YOUR LOVELY DAUGH-TER...

IS VERY WELCOME, TOO.

PLEASE COME IN...

KIND MONSIEUR.

!!!

NO CASH?

WHAT?

MUTR

I HOPE THESE WILL KEEP THE COLD AT BAY.

HERE. I BROUGHT CLOTHES, STOCKINGS, AND BLANKETS.

MONSIEUR, YOU ARE AS MERCIFUL AS A SAINT.

WE ARE HUMBLY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR GENEROSITY.

PLEASE USE THIS.

KOFF KOFF

MERCI.

.....

FATHER, SHE'S HURT.

!

BOO...

HOO...

SNIF

YES, SHE IS!

LOOK AT HOW HER WRIST BLEEDS!

SHE WAS AT WORK IN A FACTORY WHEN THIS HAPPENED.

IF IT GETS WORSE, SHE MAY LOSE THE ENTIRE ARM!

BOO...

HOO...

AAH!

PNCH

YOU SEE OUR MISERABLE STATE, MONSIEUR.

MY WIFE SICK. MY DAUGHTER INJURED!

WHAT DOES?

TO THINK WHAT TOMORROW SHALL BRING!

AND YET, *AAH...*

AH YES. FABANTOU THE ACTOR...

HEH.

OUI, MADE-MOISELLE.

DO YOU NEED MORE HELP?

LETTER.

FABAN-TOU THE ACTOR.

FABAN ...?

PSST

AAH...

THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO.

TELL ME, FABANTOU. MAYBE I CAN HELP.

OUR RENT IS IN ARREARS. WE HAVE TO PAY TONIGHT...

OR THE LANDLORD WILL TURN US OUT OF DOORS.

OUI, KIND MADEMOI-SELLE.

IN THIS SNOW?

I FEEL SO POWER-LESS...!

AA!

I'M BUT A POOR ACTOR WHO CAN'T PROVIDE FOR HIS FAMILY...

AAH!

FABANTOU.

IT COMES TO SIXTY FRANCS.

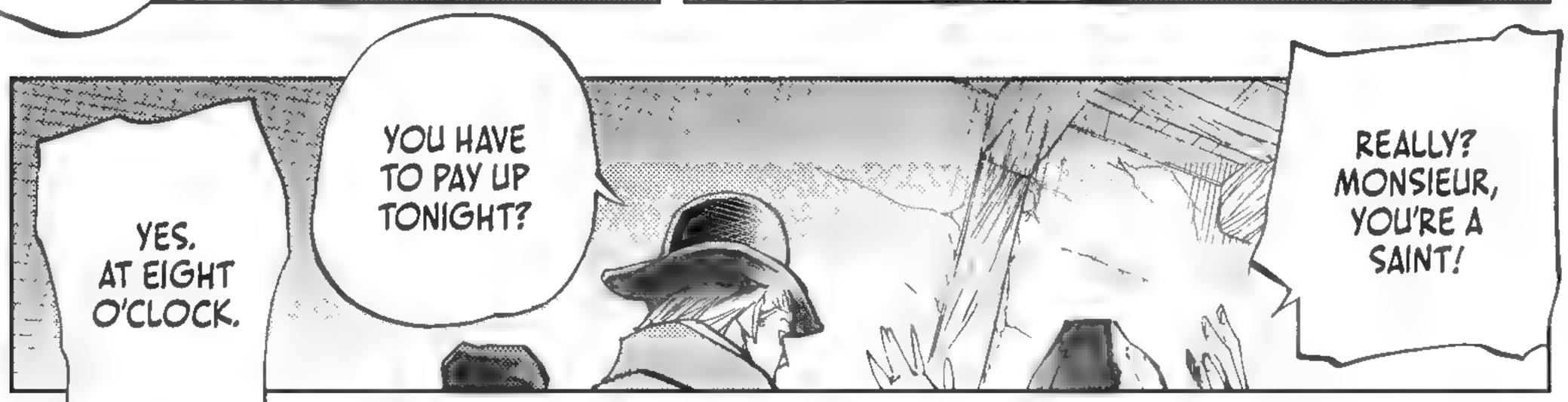
ONE YEAR'S RENT.

FOUR PAY-MENTS.

HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE CASH ON ME NOW.

LET ME TAKE MY DAUGHTER HOME.
I'LL COME BACK THIS EVENING WITH SIXTY FRANCS.


YES. AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
YOU HAVE TO PAY UP TONIGHT?
REALLY? MONSIEUR, YOU'RE A SAINT!

I'LL RETURN BY SIX, THEN.
SEE YOU THIS EVENING.
GOOD DAY.
MONSIEUR, YOU'RE TOO KIND.

YOU FORGOT YOUR CLO--

WAIT!

!!

STMP

I LEFT IT ON PURPOSE.

I DIDN'T FORGET IT.

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

YOU'VE BROUGHT ME TO TEARS!

MONSIEUR, WHAT INCREDIBLE GENEROS-ITY!

WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES!

GRIT

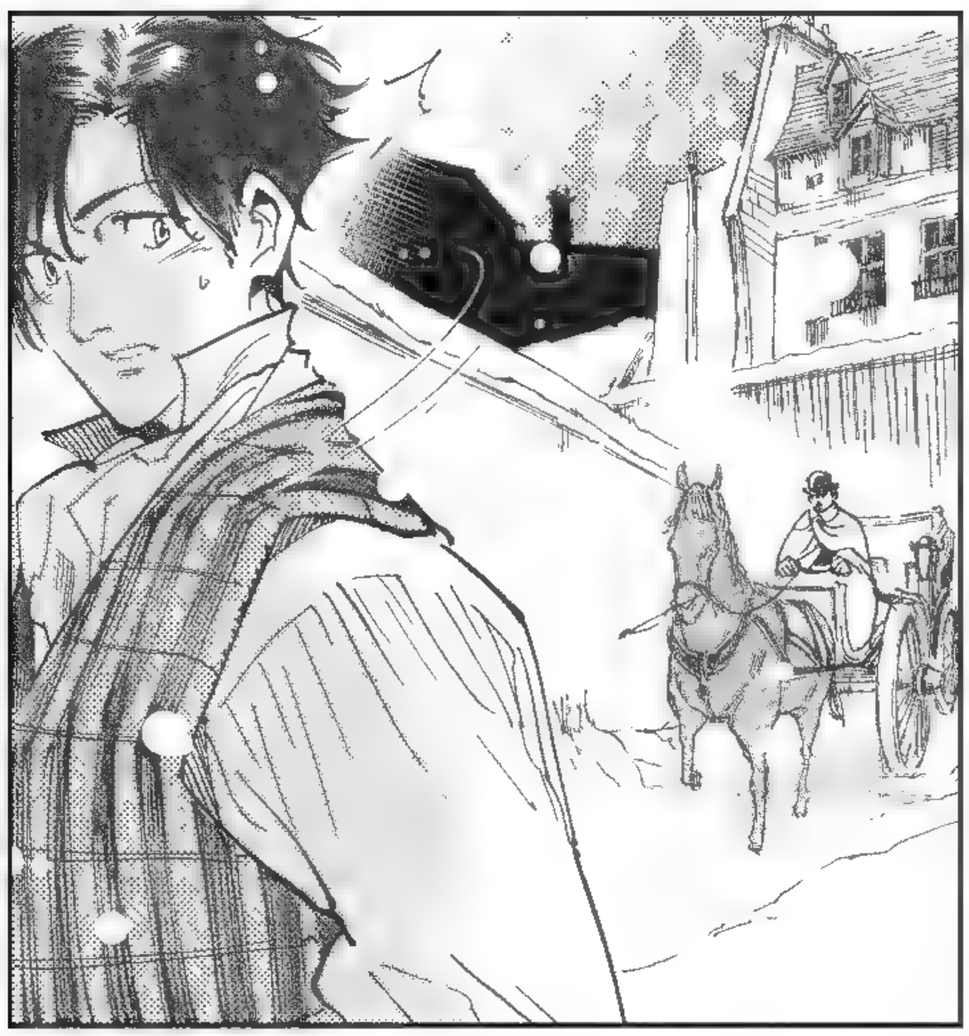
GRIT

HER FOOT-STEPS.
IT'S COLD OUT.
AT LEAST WEAR THE COAT.
PLEASE, LET ME SEE YOU OUT.

FATE HAS BROUGHT YOU BACK TO ME.
SOME-HOW...
URSULE. FOR THE FIRST TIME...
I HEARD YOUR VOICE.

KLOP
KLOP

WISH



FOLLOW THAT CARRIAGE!

PAY IN ADVANCE.

HURRY!

I PROMISE I'LL PAY WHEN I RETURN!

UH, I HAVE FORTY SOUS...

I'M SORRY. THIS IS ALL I HAVE RIGHT NOW.

WAIT!

FAREWELL, MARIUS.

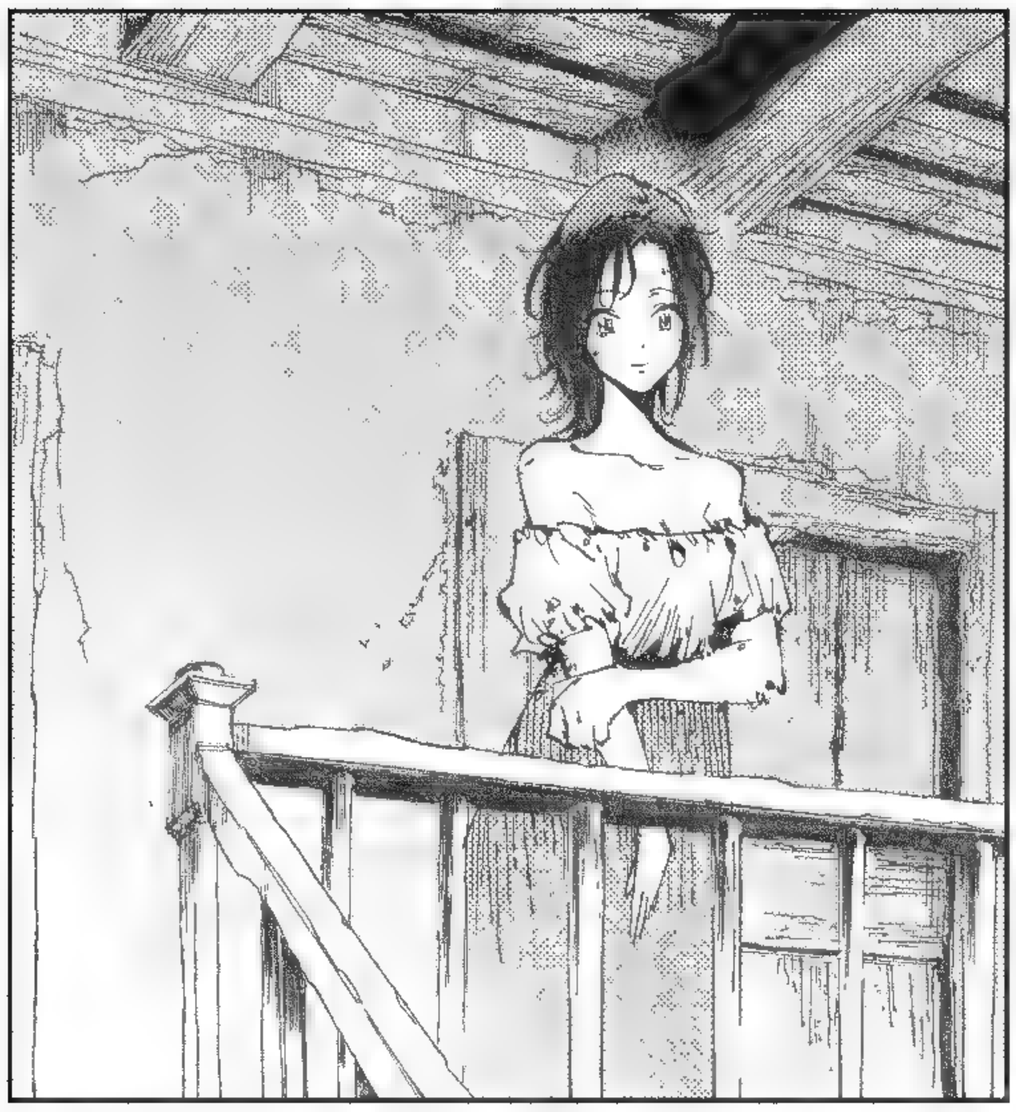
THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH FOR THE FIVE FRANCS.

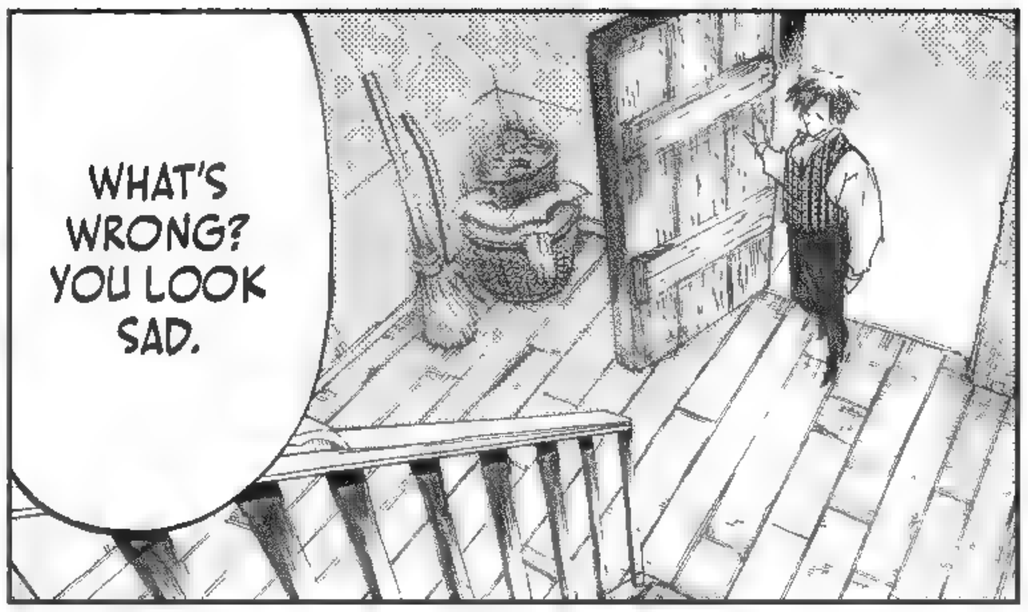
RATL

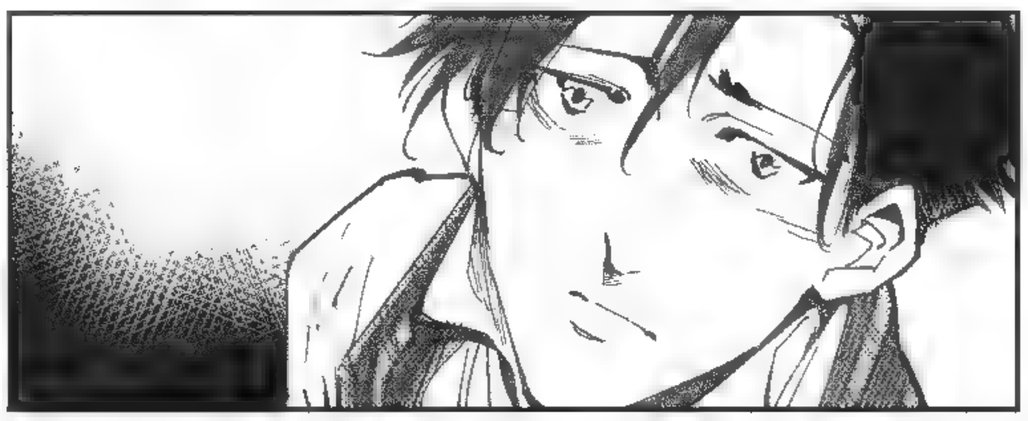
HFF

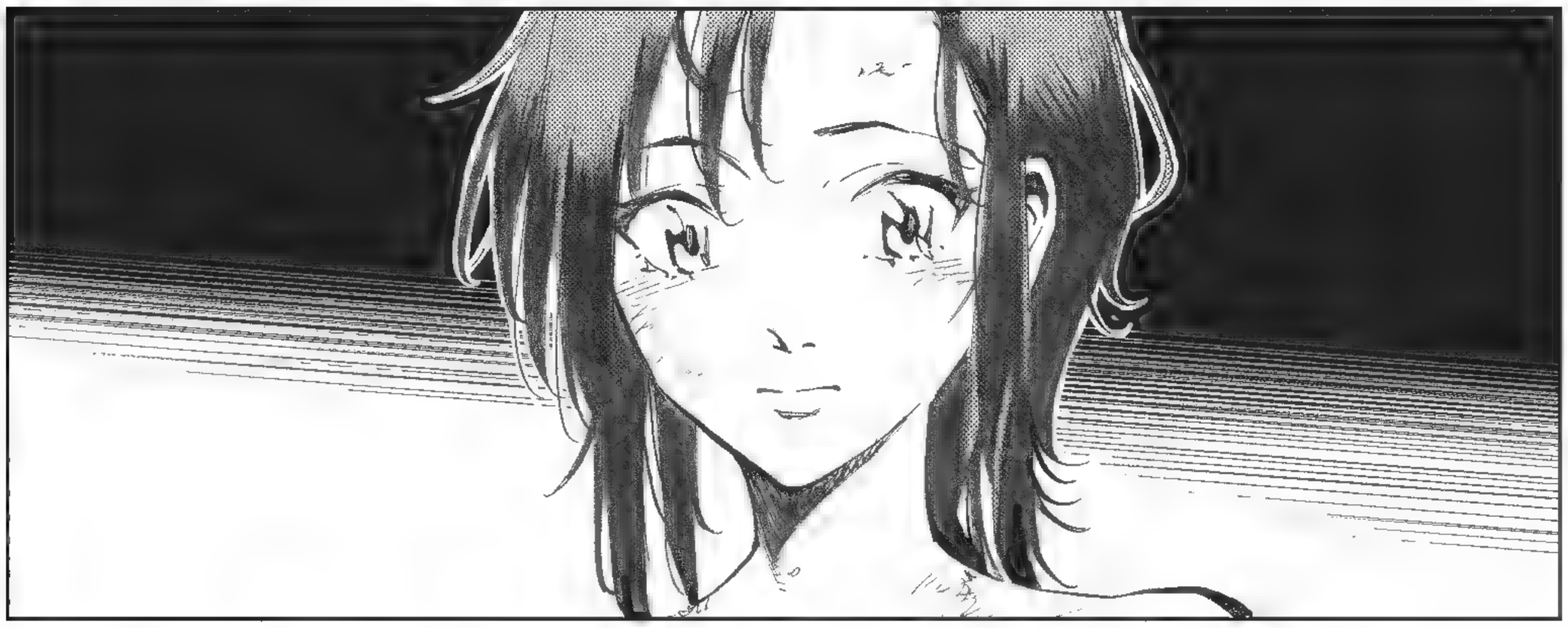
HFF

BAP BAP




WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SAD.





YOU REALLY DO SEEM GLUM.

I'M WORRIED.

LEAVE ME BE.
MARIUS?

WHY?

I WANT TO THANK YOU.

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP?

NO.

I WANT TO HELP. USE ME!

PAY THAT NO MIND.

YOU FOUND MY LETTERS. YOU GAVE ME MONEY, TOO.

OUI!

ASK ME ANY-THING!

REALLY ?

KCHAK

COME IN.

HIM?

I DID.

YOU BROUGHT THE PHILANTHROPIST FROM THE CHURCH HERE, RIGHT?

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE?

I WANT THEIR ADDRESS.

NO...

THAT'S IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ME...?

I WANT TO KNOW.

IT'S THAT PRETTY GIRL.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

CAN YOU DO THAT?

OUI.

ANY-THING?

IF I BRING IT TO YOU...

WHAT DO I GET?

ANY ONE THING YOU WANT.

OKAY. I'LL DO IT.

I PROMISE...

I'LL FIND YOU THAT ADDRESS.

BUT YOU'RE HURT. CAN YOU MANAGE?

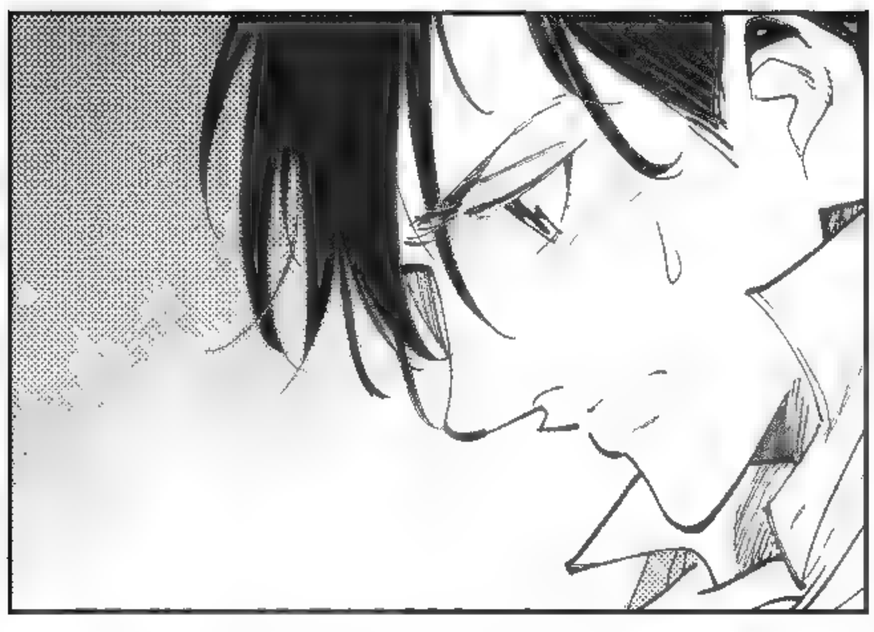
I'M FINE.

FATHER SAYS SO.

ÉPONINE.

SHOP-PING.

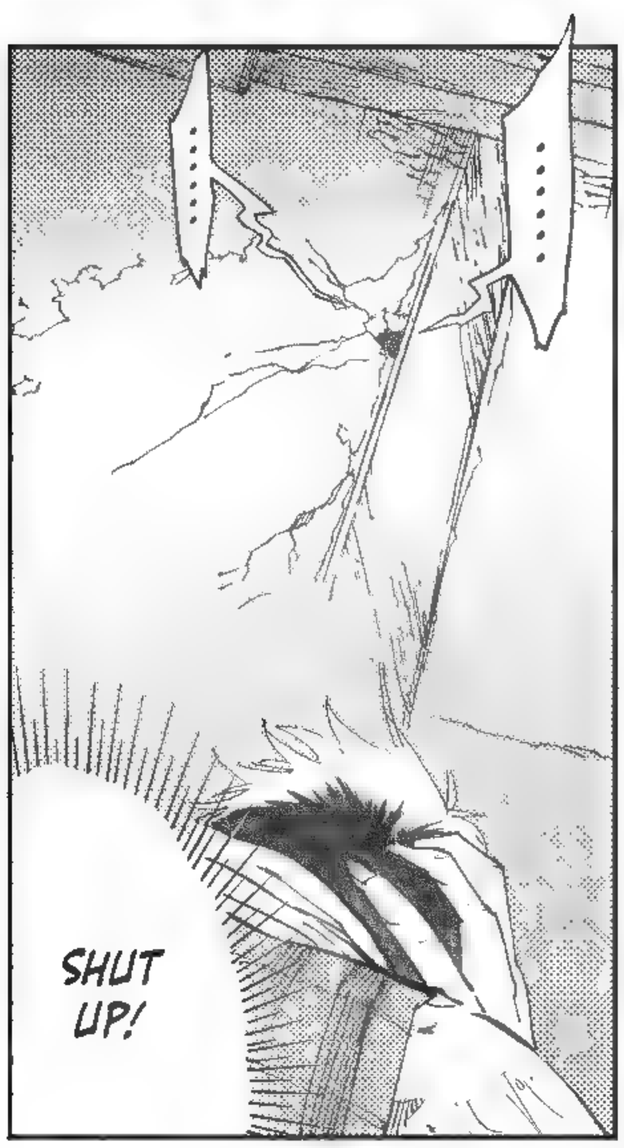
PLAM...



WHAP
HOW COULD I ASK THAT OF HER?!
PARDIEU!

BUT...
I HAVE TO KNOW.

THE SNOW'S HEAVIER.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE THEM GO NOW.
ARE THOSE TWO GONE?


SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!
MY NEIGHBOR'S VOICES NEVER BOTHERED ME LIKE THIS BEFORE!

BETTER THEY'RE OUT THERE IN THE COLD...
THAN IN HERE TO OVERHEAR THIS.

WMM
WMM

THAT GIRL WAS DRESSED LIKE A PRINCESS!

IT CAN'T BE! HOW?!

THAT GIRL...?

SHE EVEN DARED LOOK AT MY DAUGHTERS WITH PITY!

DOES SHE MEAN URSULE?

WHAT?!

THAT GIRL WAS HER?!

WHY, SHE WAS PRETTY!

HOW COULD SHE BE THAT SAME...

HEE!

HEE!

SHUSH! THE NEIGHBOR WILL HEAR.

PLAIN LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THAT WHORE?!

THOUGH I SUPPOSE HE'S GONE ALREADY.

HE DASHED AFTER THEIR CARRIAGE IN A HURRY.

THEN THE PHILANTHRO-PIST...?

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

I COULD TELL AT A GLANCE.

IF HE SHOWS AT SIX, THAT'LL TELL US HE DOESN'T.

AND HE DOESN'T KNOW US?

PATRON-MINETTE?

WHAT, THAT RABBLE?

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE GO TO PATRON-MINETTE.

IF HE DOESN'T ...?

I WANT TO BE A RICH MAN BEFORE I DIE.

WILL HE GIVE IN?

OH, HE WILL.

HFF HFF

WE'LL GET RICHES FROM IT, TOO.

THE TRAP MUST BE TIGHT.

WE HUNT BIG GAME.

GULP

HE'LL REGRET IT.

SMIRK

HAA
HAA

URSULE, TOO!

MONSIEUR LEBLANC IS IN TROUBLE.

I HAVE TO WARN THEM OF THE DANGER!
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE...

WHEN I SEE THESE BIG, COTTONY PUFFS OF SNOW...

I HAVE TO WONDER IF HEAVEN IS SUFFERING UNDER A PLAGUE OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES.

LET'S GET SOME FOOD... COURFEYRAC.

IT MAY BE ENDING, BUT I'M STILL HUNGRY.

BOSSUET. LET'S INVITE MARIUS...

A GOOD IDEA...

PLAGUE IN HEAVEN?

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.

.....

.....

TRUE. CALL IT INNOCENCE, CALL IT NAÏVETÉ...

MARIUS IS THE PICTURE OF A SIMPLE, INNOCENT MAN.

SKNF

SKNF

HE SEEMED PRETTY GLUM.

MAYBE IT'S KINDER TO LEAVE HIM BE FOR NOW.

I DOUBT HE'S IN THAT MOOD.

WHEN YOU HAVE A BROKEN HEART IS THE BEST TIME TO LOOK FOR LOVE.

IT'S MARIUS.

WHAT.

HFF

HFF

SO IT IS!

THAT'S...

WAIT. REALLY?

?

HE WENT INTO A BUILDING.

KCHAK

The Paris Prefecture of Police...

DON'T TELL ME HE'S GOING TO HAVE THEM SEARCH FOR HIS "URSULE."

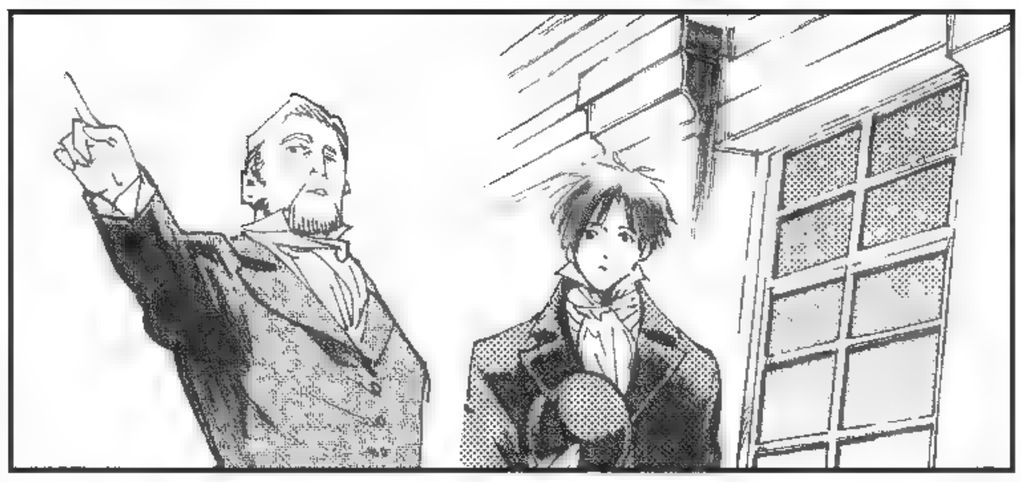
WELL, MAYBE HE WOULD.

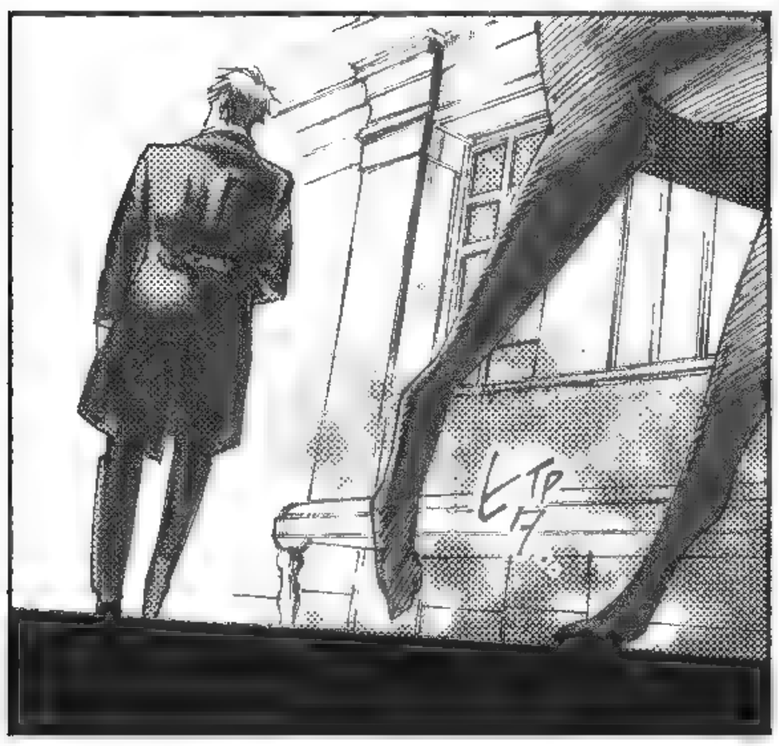
.....

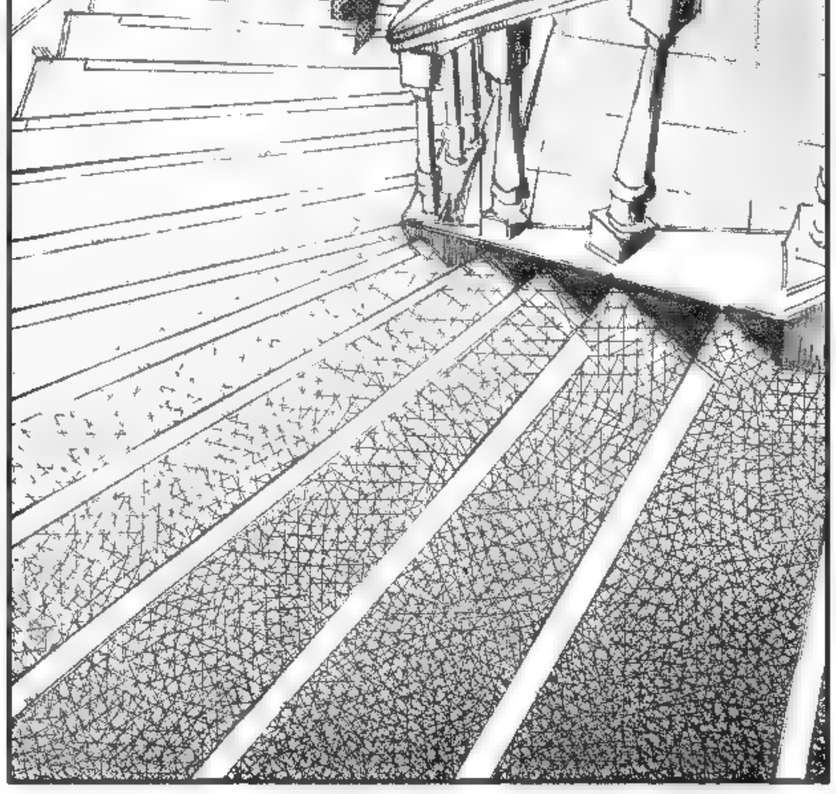
Ha ha ha.

OH, COME NOW! MARIUS ISN'T SO WRAPPED UP IN THIS WOMAN.

BUT HE WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS THAT...







WHAT DO YOU NEED?

CHIEF INSPECTOR?

ERM...

I'M COVERING FOR HIM AT THE MOMENT.

HE IS OUT.

THEN TELL ME QUICKLY.

IT'S OF SOME URGENCY, TOO.

THIS IS A MATTER OF SOME PRIVACY.

YOU CAN TELL ME.

MIGHT I ASK YOUR NAME FIRST...?

AHH--

JAVERT.
I AM AN
INSPECTOR.

PATRON-MINETTE?

WHAT OR WHO IS THAT...?

OUI. ENTIRELY.

ARE YOU CERTAIN?

EVEN WE ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THEM.

WHO RULE THE UNDER-WORLD OF PARIS.

IT'S A GANG OF FOUR SCOUN-DRELS...

DID YOU SEE A GIANT MAN?

NO. ONLY HIM.

NOT YET TWENTY AND HE'S ALREADY MURDERED COUNTLESS MEN.

MONT-PAR-NASSE.

DID YOU SEE A SHORT DANDY?

OUI. BLACK HAIR.

CAN YOU HELP HIM?

THIS PHILANTHROPIST YOU MENTIONED IS INDEED IN GRAVE DANGER.

TINK...

TAKE THESE AND GO HOME.

YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A PISTOL? HERE ARE TWO...

ONE SHOT EACH.

I ALWAYS LEAVE FOR SUPPER AT SIX O'CLOCK.

JONDRETTE SHOULD ASSUME I'M GONE.

MAKE IT SEEM AS IF YOU'RE OUT.

GOOD.

AH. YOU WANT TO CATCH THEM RED-HANDED.

DO NOT BE HASTY.

THAT'LL BE OUR SIGNAL TO ENTER.

WALL. CEILING. ANY-WHERE.

AND SHOOT WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO COMMIT A CRIME.

WATCH THEM THROUGH THAT CRACK...

TWO

HOUSE 50-52...

IT'S A SMALL PLACE ON BOULEVARD DE L'HÔPITAL.

TONIGHT. AT SIX.

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHERE.

THE GORBEAU HOUSE.

.....

DO YOU KNOW OF IT?

PRECISELY.

I GOT OVER-CONFI-DENT.

I WILL NOT LET YOU GET AWAY!

VAL-JEAN!

PERHAPS I DO.

SOMETIMES FATE'S THREADS DRIFT ASTRAY.

AND THE THREADS TANGLE INTO COMPLEX KNOTS.

ONE MISTAKE LEADS TO ANOTHER...

THOSE WHO WEREN'T MEANT TO MEET...

ARE SLOWLY DRAWN TOGETHER.

SOME SEEKING TO SATE THEIR GREED.

SOME SIMPLY TRYING TO DO GOOD.

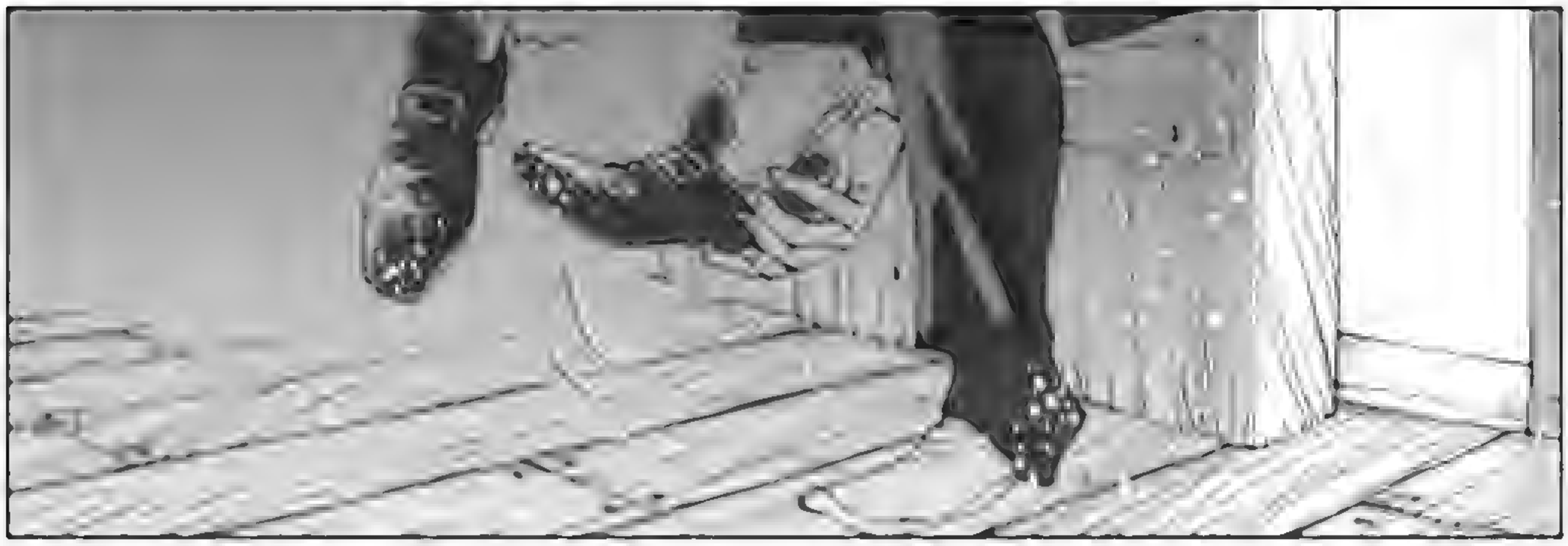
SOME TO FULFILL THEIR DUTY TO THWART EVIL.

AND SOME TO SAVE THE ONE THEY LOVE.

FATE'S KNOT DRAWS TIGHT...

ITS THREADS LEADING STRAIGHT TO THE GORBEAU HOUSE.

BOOK 3: MARIUS
Chapter 5: The Wicked Man in his Cave



BO—NG
BO—NG
FR—IG
BO—NG

HALF PAST FIVE.
IT'S AL-MOST SIX O'CLOCK.

BO—NG

KCHAK

YOU'RE HOME.

PERFECTLY!

HOW DID IT GO?

IS THAT HAG BOUGON OUT?

THE TRAP IS SET.

AND THE CATS ARE PROWL-ING.

AND IT'S ALMOST HIS SUPPER HOUR. HE WON'T BE BACK.

GONE ALL DAY.

OUR NEIGHBOR?

OUI.

NEXT DOOR?

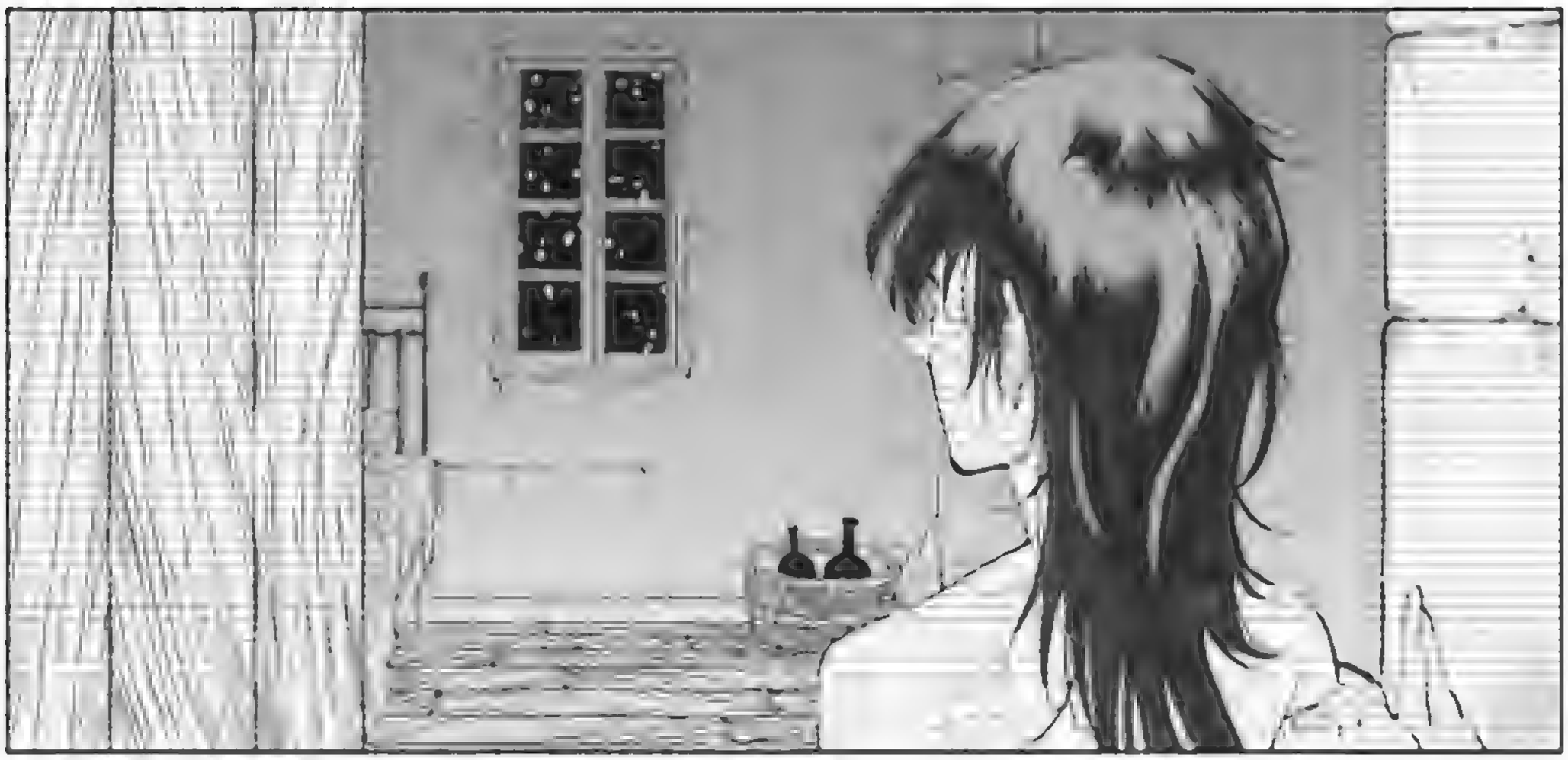
GO LOOK.

OY. ÉPONINE.

YOU SURE?

VERY.

!!
YES, YOU DUNCE! BE THOROUGH.
HE NEVER LOCKS UP. GO INSIDE AND CHECK HE'S GONE.



MARIUS?

OUR LOVE LASTS ONLY SEVEN DAYS. ♫

OH, HOW SHORT THE JOY. ♫

HOW DIFFICULT, EIGHT DAYS OF LOVE. ♪

WHEN LOVE SHOULD BE ETERNITY. ♫

YES, LOVE SHOULD BE ETERNITY. ♪

SIGH...

MAYBE...

TO BE AS PRETTY AS HER?

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO...

IF I HAD SHINY, GOLD HAIR TOO...

LOOKS LIKE THE LAWYER'S OUT.

I'LL PUT IT BACK AFTER.

WITHOUT ASKING?

WE MAKE OUR FORTUNE TONIGHT.

I'LL EVEN BUY HIM A NEW ONE.

BORROWING A CHAIR.

MOTH-ER!

WE ONLY HAVE THE ONE.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME TO CHASE GLORY...
MY HEART WILL FOLLOW WHEREVER YOU MAY GO.

COME HOME.
NO NEED TO STAY HERE.

HE'S OUT?
GOOD.

AT LEAST LEND AZELMA YOUR BOOTS, FATHER.

YOU TWO STAND WATCH.

I TOLD YOU WHERE BEFORE.

DEAL WITH IT.

BUT...

SHE'S HURT, AND IT'S SNOWING.

BEING BAREFOOT IS ROUGH.

TOMORROW I'LL BUY YOU BOTH DAINTY RED SILK BOOTS.

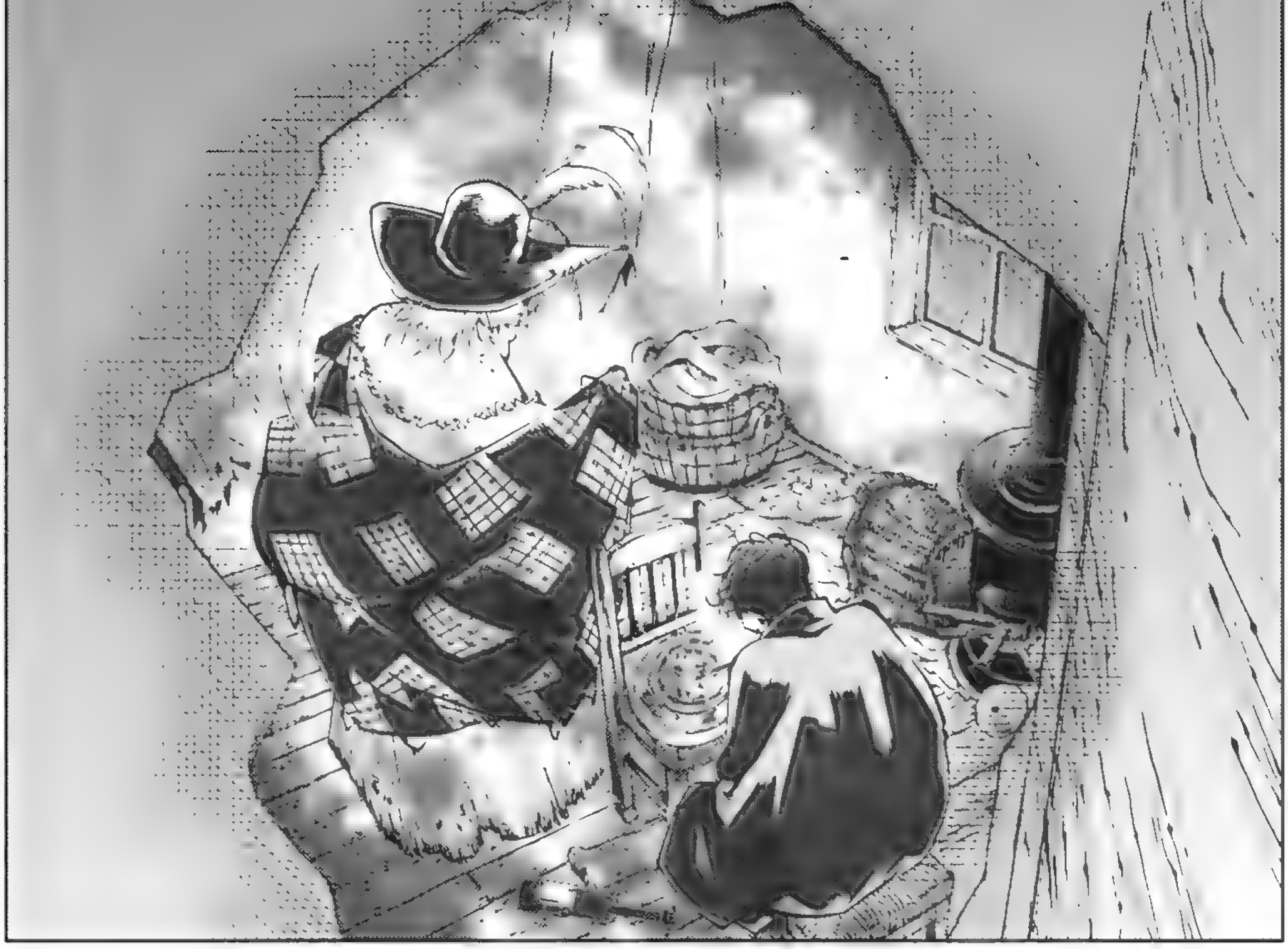
TALK TO YOU IN A BIT.

WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT ALONE?

TP
TP

HM
HMM

BANCEL



STK STK
WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU...
NOW COME.
COME!

AND WE'RE READY.

I DON'T WANT TO SADDEN URSULE.

BUT IF WORST COMES TO WORST...

MONSIEUR LEBLANC MUST NOT COME!

THIS IS A PIT OF VIPERS!

I WILL STEP UP TO THE RESCUE!

KLIK.

WHO'S THERE?!

!!!

HEH

HEH HEH

WHAT IS IT?

THAT WAS JUST THE WIND IN THE WALL.

I'M A FOOL.

EVERYTHING WILL GO WELL...

BOP BOP

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS SHOW UP.

NO NEED TO GET WORKED UP.

IT'LL BE FINE.

BO—NG

BO—NG

BO—NG

BO—NG

BO—NG

BO—NG

SIX.

SIX O' CLOCK.

ONE.

TWO.

NOK
NOK

WELCOME, GENEROUS MONSIEUR!

PLEASE COME IN.

HERE ARE EIGHTY FRANCS.

FABANTOU.

MAY PROVIDENCE REWARD YOUR VIRTUE.

MOST GENEROUS OF YOU! MOST GENEROUS INDEED.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE, WE CAN DISCUSS IT.

THAT SHOULD COVER YOUR RENT AND EXPENSES FOR A TIME.

DISMISS HIS CARRIAGE.

SHE AND HER SISTER LEFT.

THEY WENT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR FRESH BANDAGES.

I DON'T SEE YOUR INJURED DAUGHTER.

PLEASE. HAVE A SEAT.

LOOK THERE. SEE?

YOUR WIFE SEEMS TO BE DOING MUCH BETTER.

SHE'S ON THE VERGE OF DEATH, MONSIEUR.

OH NO, NO.

KREE

THE REAPERS FOLLOW HER.

WHO ARE THESE GENTLEMEN?

THEY ARE DEATH, MONSIEUR.

AND YOU. THEY HAVE COME FOR US ALL.

ME.

MY WIFE.

DEATH?

DO YOU STILL NOT UNDER-STAND?

IS IT CLEARER NOW?!

TWCH

NO. I DON'T KNOW YOU.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?!

GRIT

HAVE YOU NO EYES, YOU BASTARD?!

NOW!

I HAVE TO SIGNAL THEM!

I AM NOT FABANTOU.

I AM NOT JONDRETTE, EITHER!

MY NAME IS THÉNARDIER!!

THE INNKEEPER IN MONTFERMEIL!

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME NOW?!

HOW MANY TIMES DID I PONDER THAT NAME ON SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?

HOW MANY DAYS DID I SPEND SEARCHING FOR IT?

TO THINK I'D STUMBLE OVER IT HERE AND NOW...!

THÉNARDIER

A SERGEANT SAVED MY LIFE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO.

FATHER...!

HIS NAME IS THÉNARDIER.

SHOULD YOU MEET HIM...

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL DO ALL YOU CAN FOR HIM IN MY STEAD.

I...I CAN'T DO IT...!

THAT WILL BE OUR SIGNAL TO ENTER.

I CAN STILL SEE YOU...

WALKING THROUGH MY INN DOOR EIGHT YEARS AGO, ON CHRISTMAS OF 1823!

I KNEW YOU INSTANT-LY!

I RECALL YOU CLEARLY!

DON'T PLAY THE FOOL!

NOT ANY MORE THAN BEFORE.

YOUR HAIR'S A BIT WHITER, BUT YOU LOOK EXACTLY AS YOU DID THAT DAY!

NOW I'VE FINALLY FOUND YOU!

IT'S DISGUST-ING!

ONLY GOD CAN SAY WHY, BUT SOME PEOPLE NEVER SEEM TO AGE.

YOU WERE THE ONE WHO STOLE FANTINE'S GIRL AWAY FROM ME!

I DON'T KNOW YOU, MONSIEUR THÉNARDIER.

YOU MISTAKE ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

AND PILES OF FRANCS WOULD BE DELIVERED STRAIGHT TO MY DOOR!

ONE LETTER SAYING SHE NEEDED CASH...

THAT BRAT WAS A MONEY TREE!

IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT IT WAS ALL RUINED!

BUT YOU...

I COULD'VE LIVED OFF OF THE WAIF FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

ALL THE BAD LUCK IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN YOUR FAULT!

YOUR FAULT THAT MY INN WAS CLOSED!

NGK ...

HF

HF

SIT.

NO FUNNY MOVES.

OR I'LL BURY THIS HAMMER IN YOUR SKULL.

GRIN

I'M ALLOW-ED.

I'M NOT YOUR LACKEY, THÉNARDIER.

I WANTED TO SMILE.

YOU TOOK YOUR MASK OFF?!

WHY DON'T WE DO THE SAME, GENTLEMEN?

EASY NOW, GUEULEMER. IT'S OKAY.

Ha ha ha ha ha!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER OR NOT THIS GENTLEMAN KNOWS OUR NAMES AND FACES.

IF ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME.

MY NAME IS BABET, SIR. IT'S A PLEASURE TO KNOW YOU...

HE DIES TONIGHT, AFTER ALL.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS CLAQUESOUS.

.....

THEN THERE IS MONTPAR-NASSE, BUT...

HE'S TERRIBLY BASHFUL, TOO.

EVEN WE HAVE NEVER SEEN HIS FACE.

APOLOGIES. HE DOESN'T TALK.

HE'S LIKE A CAT IN THAT WAY. ALWAYS GOING WHERE HE PLEASES.

I'M AFRAID HE'S OUT AT THE MOMENT.

WHAT WE DO IS, WELL...NOT SOMETHING SPOKEN OF IN POLITE COMPANY.

WE ARE PATRON-MINETTE.

MAY I ASK YOUR NAME?

NOW...

URBAIN FABRE.

HE'S ALL YOURS, THÉNARDIER.

WELL, I'D SAY OUR INTRODUCTIONS ARE NOW COMPLETE.

FWO

U. F. FOR URBAIN FABRE.

AHA! I SEE.

URBAIN FABRE... U.F.?!

AND THIS KERCHIEF BELONGS NOT TO HER...

BUT TO MONSIEUR LEBLANC... I MEAN FABRE.

IT WASN'T HER NAME?!

THEN SHE ISN'T TRULY NAMED URSULE.

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO WRONG?

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!

MY SON...

NOW ISN'T THE TIME TO WORRY OVER THAT!

BUT...

IF I FOLLOW MY FATHER'S FINAL WISHES...

I'LL BE CONDEMNING MONSIEUR FABRE TO DEATH!

TNK

ENOUGH, ALL OF YOU! THIS ISN'T SOME FARCE.

CALMLY.

RATIONALLY.

LISTEN. ALL I WANT IS TO TALK.

SHUT UP!

GIVE US ALL YOUR MONEY OR ELSE!

MONEY!

WE WON'T KILL YOU.

YOU WON'T COME TO HARM.

AS LONG AS YOU DO EXACTLY AS I ASK...

SHE'S CORRECT, THOUGH. MONEY.

HEH. HEH HEH HEH.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

I'M TALKING.

RIGHT NOW...

I'LL ONLY ASK FOR A MERE 200,000 FRANCS.

WHAT SAY WE MAKE A DEAL?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE THAT ON HAND.

I'LL EVEN LET YOU GO WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

WE'LL CALL IT EVEN!

WELL? TWO HUNDRED THOU TO SAVE THE HEAD OF A POOR FAMILY.

NOT THAT I KNOW OR CARE HOW WEALTHY YOU ARE...

BUT THOSE ARE MY TERMS.

HOW ABOUT THIS, THEN?

ZLSSSS

IT'S A CONSID-ERABLE SUM.

OH, OF COURSE YOU DON'T.

CALL THAT BEGGAR BRAT OF YOURS HERE. YOU GO FREE, AND I TAKE HER HOSTAGE.

WE'LL ARRANGE FOR A TRADE.

BUT IF I GET MY MONEY NO PROBLEM, SHE'S FREE TO GO.

IF YOU MAKE ANY ODD MOVES, TRY TO GET AWAY...

THEN THE TWO OF US GO TOGETHER TO MAKE A LITTLE WITHDRAWAL.

MY ASSOCIATES WILL HAVE THEIR WAY WITH THE GIRL.

AND YOU'RE NO ONE'S FOOL.

THERE. SEE? IT'S SIMPLE.

SHE'LL TAKE IT.

TELL HER TO COME TO THE GORBEAU HOUSE RIGHT AWAY.

WRITE HER A LETTER.

I'LL NEED A DESK.

HNF

I CAN'T CARRY IT BY MYSELF.

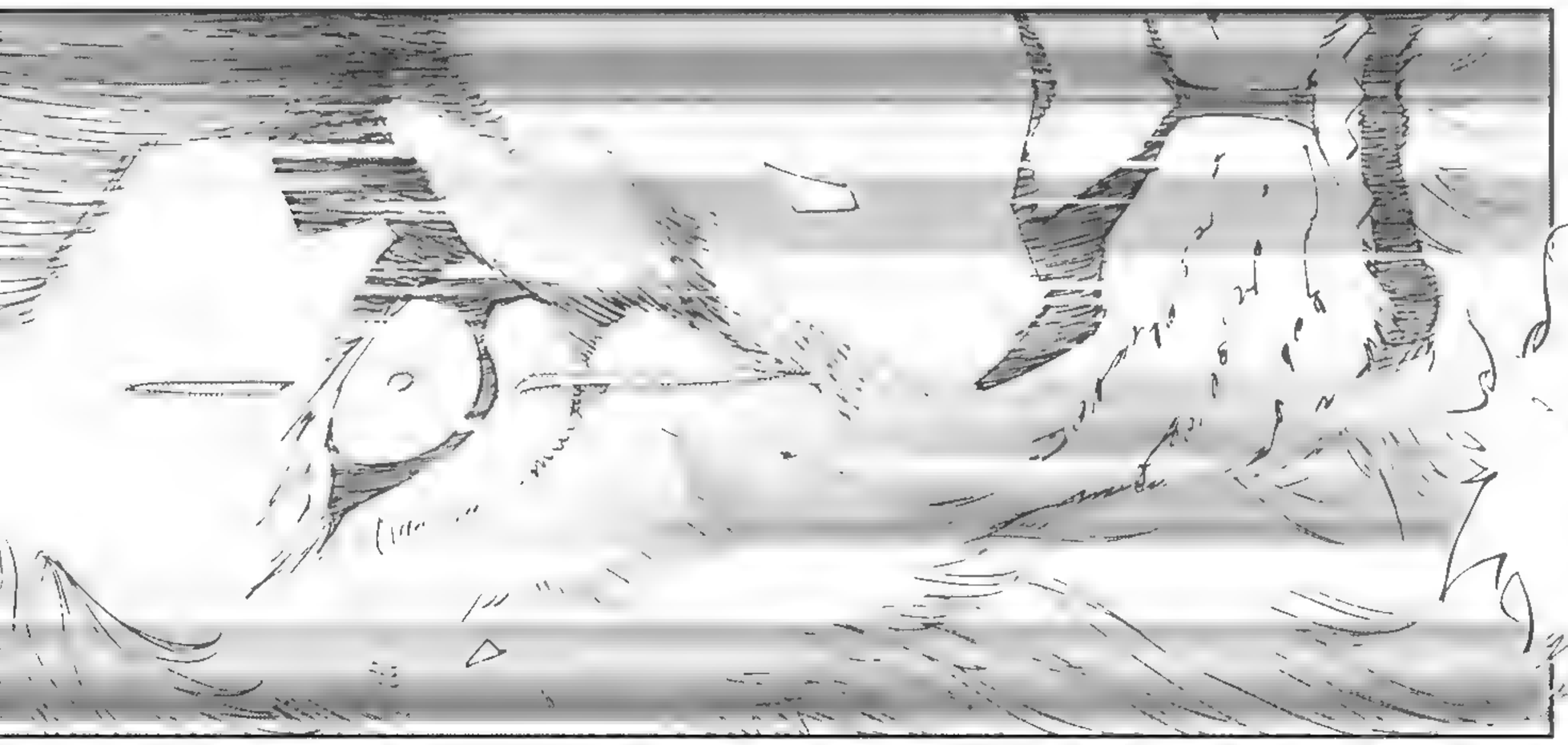
HELP ME.

GUEULE-MER.

GLNK

STMP

STMP



KRASH

YOU AREN'T GETTING AWAY!

WE'RE ALL HOLD-ING HIM, BUT HE'S STILL...!

HOW STRONG CAN ONE MAN BE?!

SLAP

GUEULE-MER!

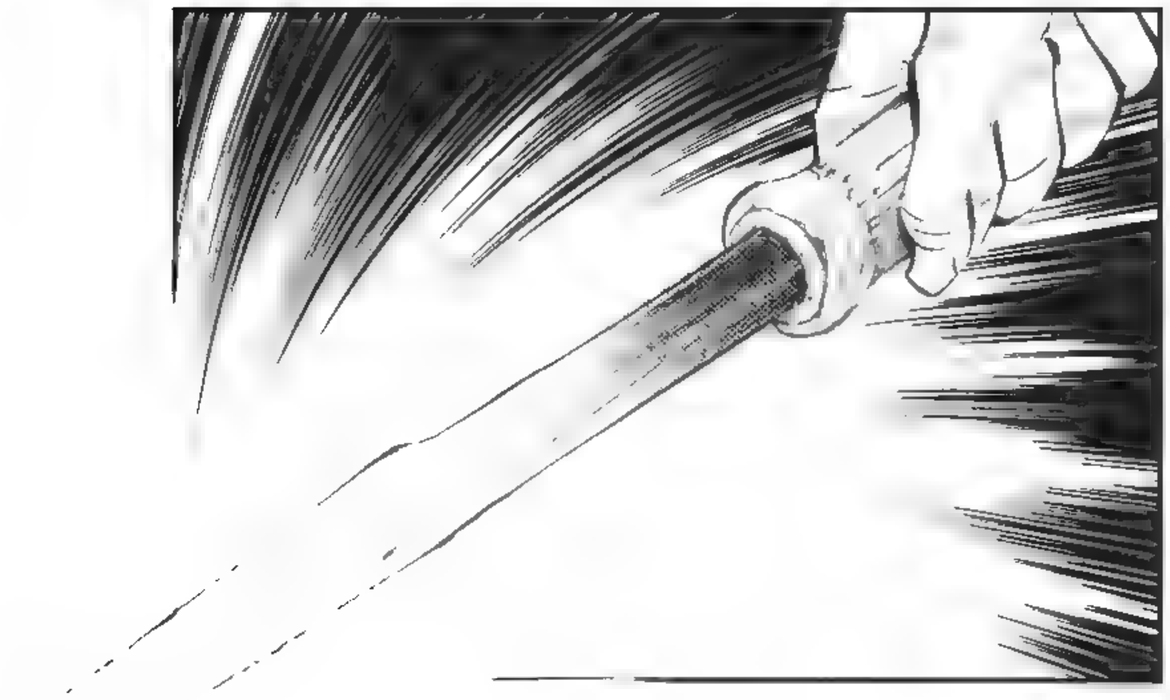
STMP STMP

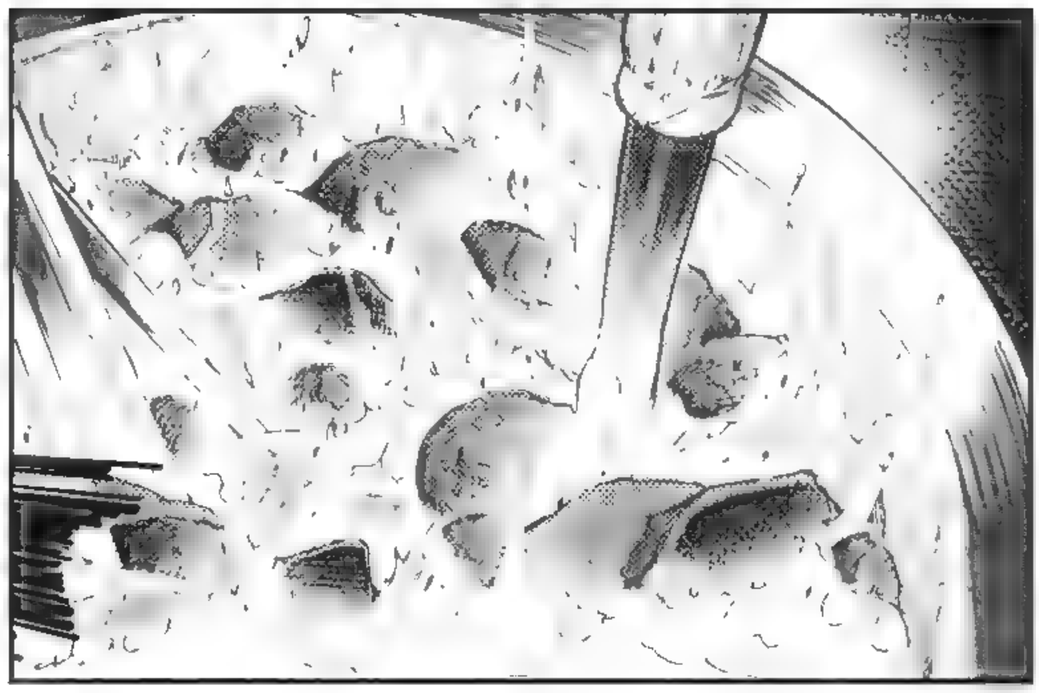
HURRY!

KRAK KRAK KSH

WAP
WAP

HEF
HEF





DO WHAT YOU WILL TO ME, I'LL NOT OBEY.

WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT...

WHAT, YOU'RE GOING TO STRUGGLE?

HEH HEH.

WATCH.

TUG

DON'T KNOW THAT UNTIL WE TRY.

OH?

SIZZZZZ

WHAT IS HE DOING?!

PARDIEU! IS THIS MAN SANE?

LOOKING AT THEM MAKES MY HEART HURT.

SIGH

THESE WRETCHED SOULS...

IT'S LIKE I'M LOOKING AT MYSELF FROM LONG AGO.

NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY TO HARM ME...

I WILL NEVER OFFER UP MY DAUGHTER.

DO YOU SEE NOW?

IF YOU STILL WANT TO TRY...

SIZZ

THEN DO AS YOU WILL.

QUIVR

QUIVR

EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A FOOL OF ME...!

EVERY TIME...

ENOUGH! I'LL KILL YOU!

FORGIVE ME...!

FATHER...

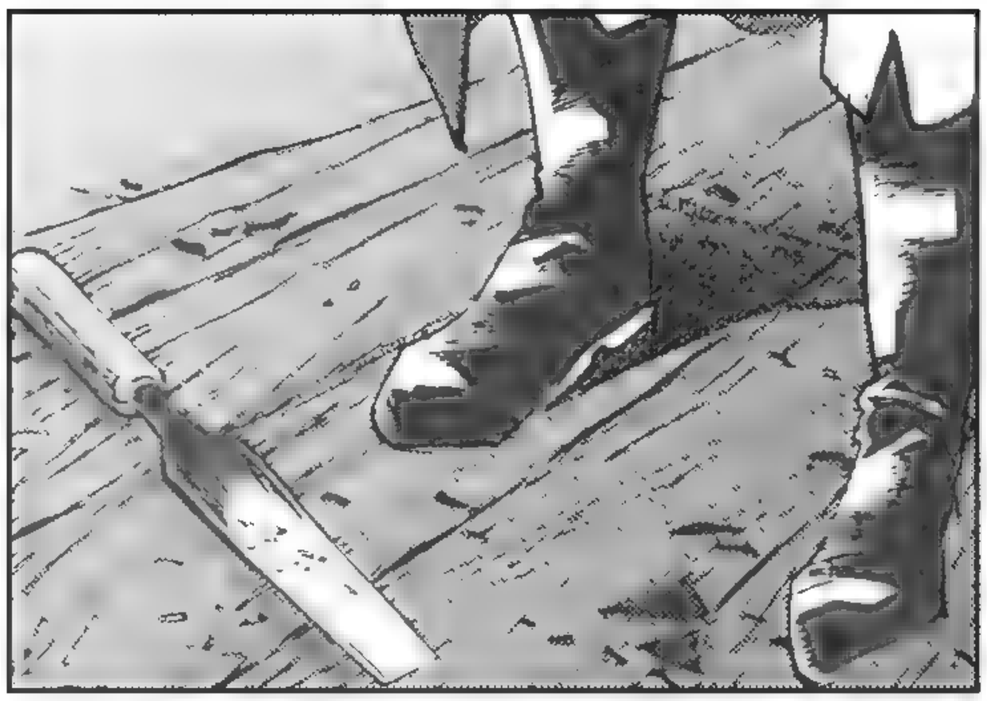
I BEG YOU.

KLAM

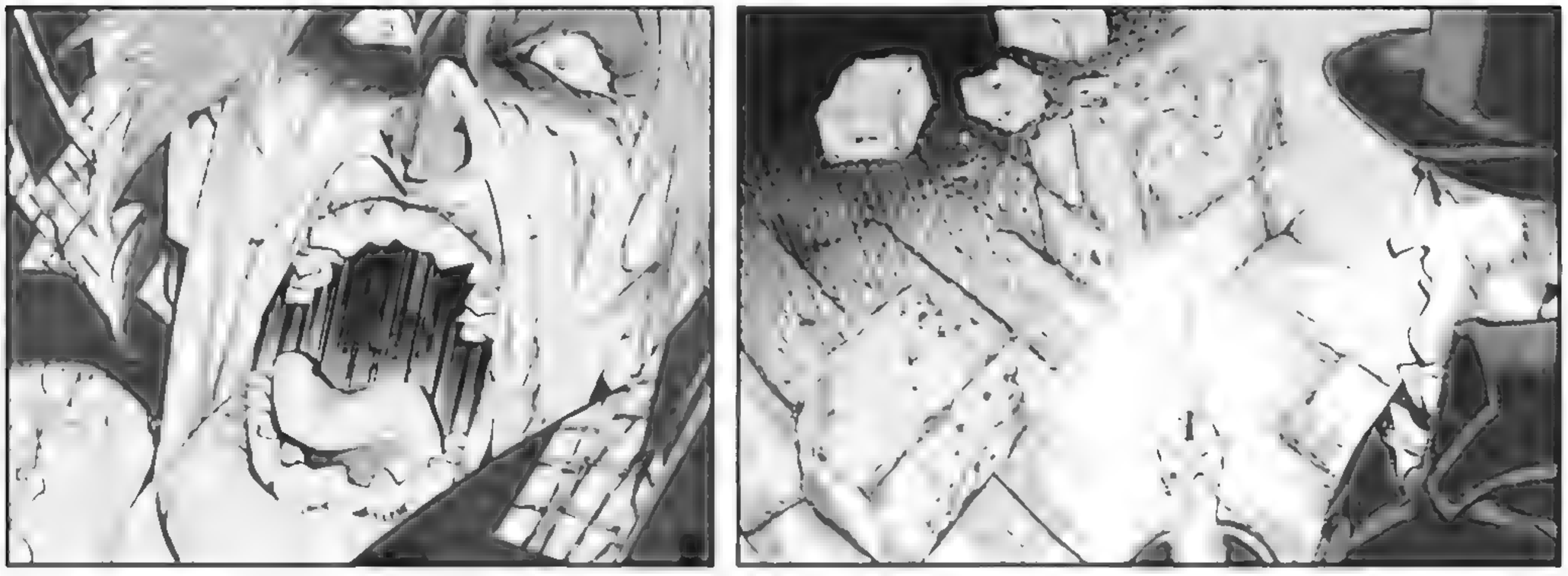
KLAM

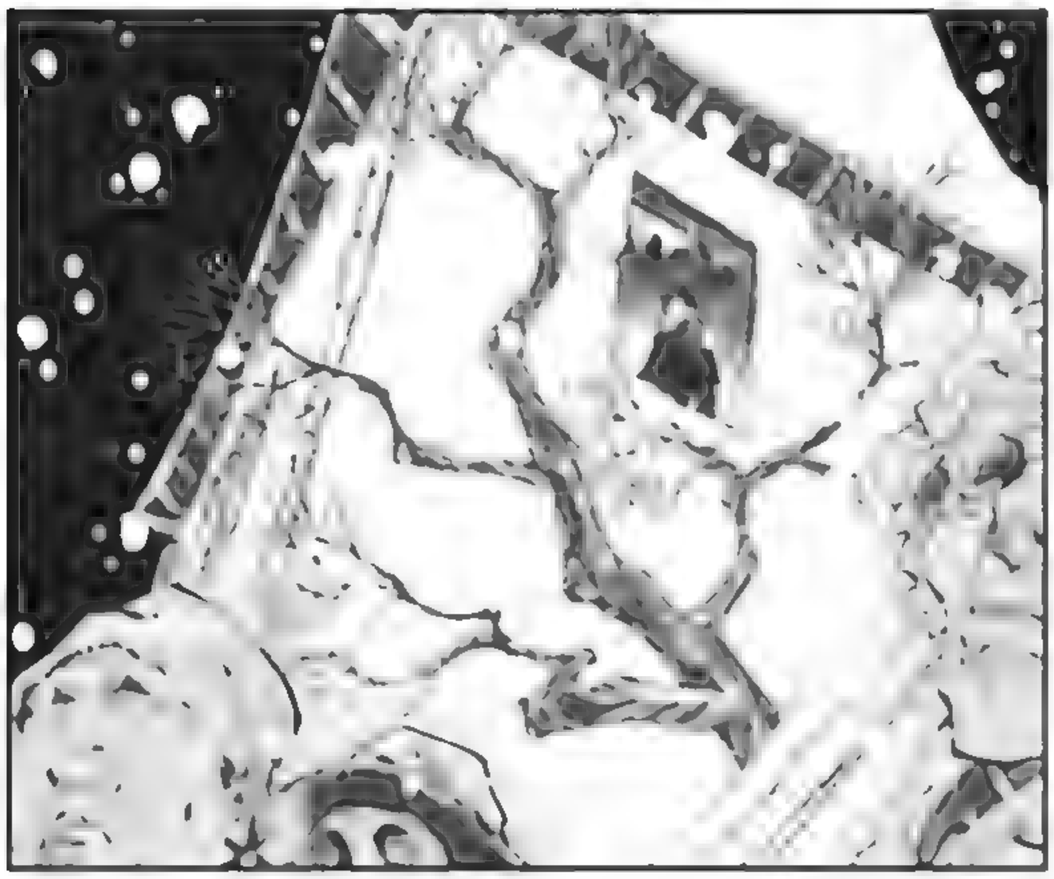
KLAM

BOOK 3: MARIUS
Chapter 6: Jondrette Comes Close to Tears



HANG IN THERE.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?





MUTTER MUTTER MUTTER

WHERE ARE MY GIRLS?!

PARDIEU!

MY GIRLS!

LET GO!

DON'T YOU TOUCH ME!

I'VE ALREADY ARRESTED YOUR DAUGHTERS.

THEY SHOULD BE IN THEIR CELL NOW.

YOU
COWARD!

GOOD DAY, CLAQUE-SOUS.

HOW DO YOU DO, BABET?

HULLO THERE, GUEULE-MER.

AND YOU...

AND YOU, MONSIEUR, ARE THE KING OF DEVILS.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I SURRENDER.

YOU MUST BE JONDRETTE.

WOH

HAVE I SEEN YOU BEFORE?

INSPECTOR JAVERT.

WHERE'S THE GENTLEMAN THEY'D BOUND?

ER, ABOUT THAT...

WE LOOKED ALL OVER.

WE CAN'T FIND THE MAN WHO GAVE THE TIP.

NEVER MIND HIM NOW.

HE PROBABLY GREW SCARED AND RAN AWAY.

SO WE WENT TO GET BANDAGES.

HE WAS SEVERELY WOUNDED ON HIS ARM...

WHILE WE WEREN'T LOOKING, HE VANISHED.

WORRY?

I DOUBT THERE'S ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

HE'S INJURED, YES, BUT IN THIS SNOW I SUPPOSE HE JUST WENT HOME.

YOU MISTAKE ME.

MY ONLY CONCERN...

IS THAT WE LET THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL OF THEM ALL GET AWAY.

WELCOME HOME, FATHER!

YOU'RE AWFULLY LATE.

I ACCIDENTALLY LEANED AGAINST THE STOVE.

OH NO! YOUR ARM!

WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?!

TOUCHING A STOVE WOULDN'T LEAVE THIS NASTY A BURN!

I'LL SUMMON A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY...

NO! DON'T!

TOUS-SAINT!

TOUS-SAINT.

YOU'VE A TERRIBLE FEVER...!

I'LL BE FINE. DON'T WORRY.

NO DOCTOR.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!

FETCH CLEAN WATER AND BANDAGES, PLEASE!

YOU'LL BE OKAY.

LET ME HANDLE THIS, FATHER.

NO DOCTORS...

HERE, HOLD ON TO ME. LET'S GET YOU TO BED.

I'M SORRY...

COSETTE.

IN THE CONVENT IN LE PETIT-PICPUS...

SEVEN YEARS PRIOR TO THE TRAP SET AT THE GORBEAU HOUSE...

THANKS TO THE BUD GRAFTING YOU DID...

LOOK AT HOW BIG AND RIPE THE APPLES HAVE GROWN!

BONG BONG BONG

OHO! IT'S TIME.

THANKS TO YOUR HELP, THE GARDENS HERE HAVE BLOSSOMED INTO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR.

OH, IT'S FINE.

I WOULD'VE HELPED IF YOU'D ONLY ASKED.

YOU TRULY DO KNOW EVERYTHING.

TP. TP

FATHER!

HELLO, CATHERINE.

HI, UNCLE FAUCHE-LEVENT!

YES, IT IS!

HELLO COSETTE.

IS IT YOUR RECESS HOUR?

FATHER!

FATHER, LOOK!

I LEARNED THIS!

LOVELY. YOU DID WELL.

Hee!

THIS WAY! OVER HERE!

OUI. THAT'S THE CONVENT'S RULE.

DO I HAVE TO GO FOR TODAY?

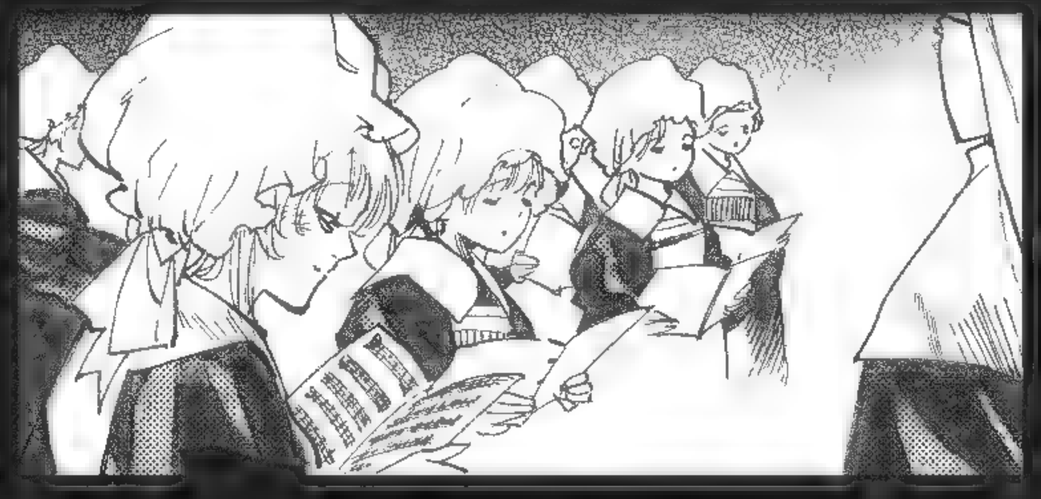
IT'S TIME YOU WENT BACK.

BONG BONG

I LOVE YOU, TOO, COSETTE.

I'LL COME AGAIN TOMORROW.

I LOVE YOU, FATHER.



FATHER...!

WHEN SHE WAS STILL ALIVE...

I'M SURE SHE MUST'VE BEEN A SAINT.

SHE LOOKED BEAUTIFUL.

SHE HAD TWO BIG, WHITE WINGS.

FATHER, GUESS WHAT.

I SAW MOTHER IN MY DREAMS LAST NIGHT.

SHE SUFFERED MUCH...

TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

PARIS...

SHE DID.

WHEN SHE GAVE BIRTH TO ME...

SHE LIVED SOME-WHERE HERE IN PARIS, RIGHT?

IT'S RIGHT THERE...

JUST OUTSIDE OF THESE WALLS.

KOFF KOFF

HO HO. NO ONE CAN FIGHT THE SANDS OF TIME LONG.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY, UNCLE FAUCHELEVENT?

I'LL VISIT TOMORROW.

THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY FLOWERS.

LET ME CUT AN APPLE FOR YOU.

SHE'S GROWN.

BOTH IN MATURITY AND IN BEAUTY.

THIS YEAR WAS ANOTHER GOOD HARVEST.

NOM

AND IT'S PLEASANTLY TART.

SNIF

MM. IT SMELLS WONDERFUL.

WOULD COSETTE BE A GOOD NUN?

OF COURSE!

I WONDER.

BUT IF SHE TAKES THE VOWS...

SHE'LL NEVER AGAIN SET FOOT OUTSIDE OF THESE WALLS.

FAUCHELEVENT, I AM HAPPY AND CONTENT HERE. FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART.

AND I'LL DIE HERE.

THEN SHE'LL GROW OLD...

I'LL GROW OLD HERE...

AND MY DAUGHTER WILL GROW UP.

WILL IT MAKE HER HAPPY AS WELL?

BUT THAT'S *MY* HAPPINESS.

THE MOST JOYOUS PART OF THAT IS THAT WE'LL NEVER BE SEPARATED.

ARE MY SELFISH WISHES CRUSHING ANY CHANCE SHE HAS OF FINDING OTHER JOYS?

A FATHER'S WORRY.

I JUST DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.

I NEVER HAD CHILDREN. I CAN'T SAY EITHER WAY.

BUT...

YOU'RE A KIND MAN.

YOU'RE THINKING EVEN OF ME. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL HERE.

I KNOW.

BUT IF YOU'VE THOUGHT SO FAR...

DOESN'T THAT MEAN YOU'VE ALREADY FOUND YOUR ANSWER?

I'LL ADMIT, I'VE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF YOUR KINDNESS.

LIFE HERE WAS HAPPINESS TO ME, JUST AS IT IS TO YOU.

I WAS ALONE. YOU GAVE ME FAMILY.

I GOT A BROTHER AND A NIECE.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU SO MUCH.

WITH MY BROTHER'S INHERITANCE AND MY SAVINGS, I NEEDN'T WORK ANYMORE.

I'D LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS LIVING QUIETLY WITH MY DAUGHTER.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS.

OUI.

YOU WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS CONVENT?

I DOUBT WE'LL FIND ANOTHER GARDENER AS SKILLED AS YOU.

BROTHER FAUVENT.

THAT IS A PITY...

I'M SORRY, REVEREND MOTHER.

NO.

DO YOU RECALL HOW I TOLD YOU TO BECOME AN UGLY GIRL?

WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED HERE...

COSETTE.

I SAID THAT INNER DEVOTION IS INVERSELY PROPORTIONAL TO OUTER BEAUTY.

BUT IN YOUR CASE... WELL.

OUI, REVEREND MOTHER. THANK YOU.

AND IN ALL TIMES.

SUPPORT YOUR FATHER IN ALL THINGS...

FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS?

PLEASE, ACCEPT THIS SMALL OFFERING.

THEN AT LEAST ALLOW ME TO OFFER IT AS A DONATION TO THE CONVENT AS A WHOLE.

A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR THE FIVE YEARS OF SCHOOLING YOU GAVE COSETTE.

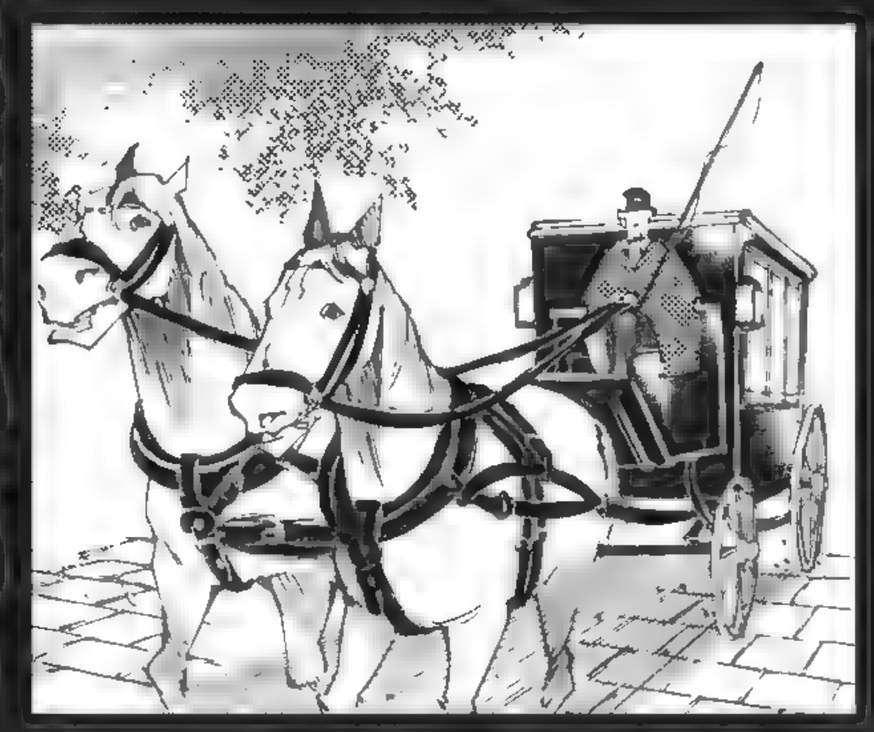
IT'S MUCH TOO MUCH.

NO.

MAY GOD WATCH OVER YOU BOTH.

FARE THEE WELL.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



KLOP
KLOP

Ooh!

MADE-MOI-SELLE.

IT'S AN HONOR...

ASK HER IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

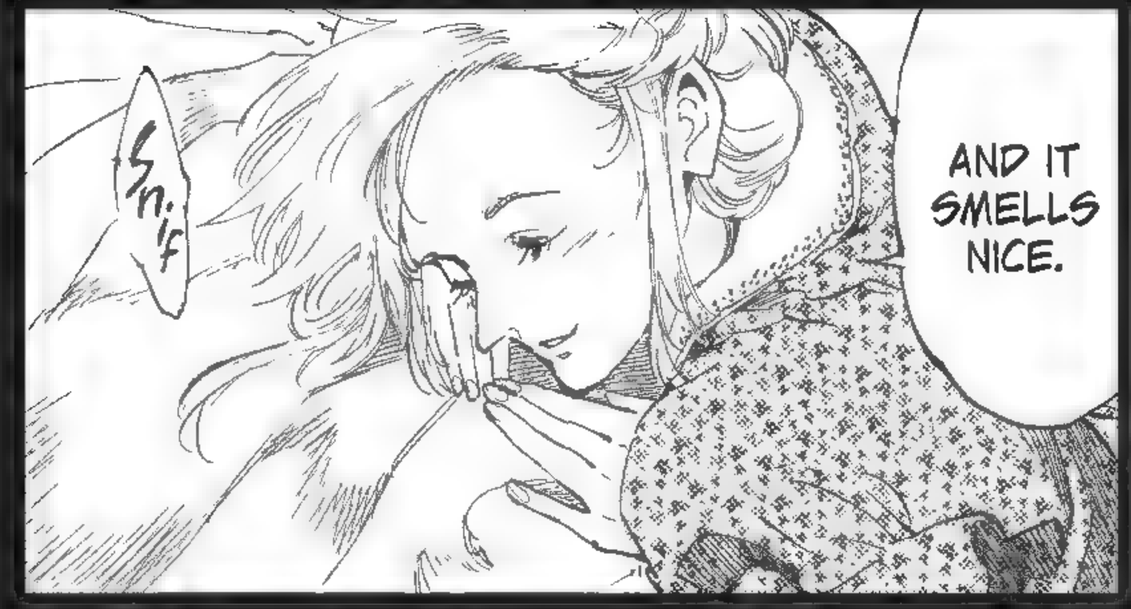
TOUS-SAINT IS OUR MAID.

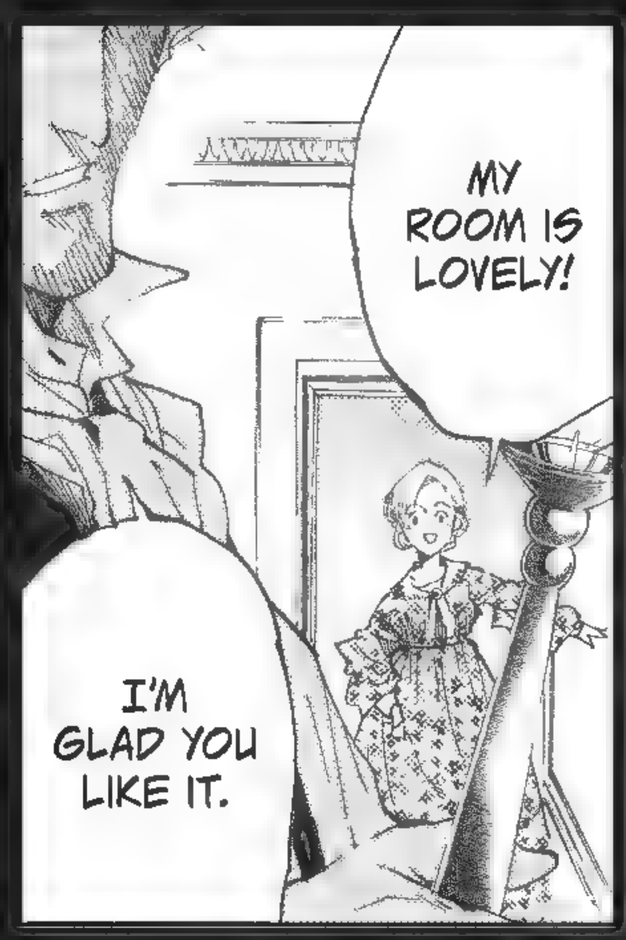
DON'T FLUMMOX POOR TOUSSAINT TOO MUCH, COSETTE.

I WOULDN'T DARE...!

OH, THAT'S FAR TOO STUFFY!

CALL ME COSETTE.


Sniff
AND IT SMELLS NICE.


I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.
MY ROOM IS LOVELY!

IT'S SO SOFT!
OH, WOW!

THOSE FIRST AGAIN?

YOU'VE SPENT MORE TIME WITH THESE CANDLESTICKS THAN YOU HAVE WITH ME.

WE'RE GOING TO BE TOGETHER FOREVER NOW!

BUT NOT TOO MUCH.

I THINK I'M JEALOUS.

EMPTY

I FEEL MORE AT EASE LIKE THAT.

IT LOOKS SO EMPTY.

BUT...

I DON'T NEED THEM.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE RUGS OR A STOVE?

IT MAY WELL BE COLD, YES.

IT WILL BE SO COLD IN THE WINTER.

FATHER, LET'S TRADE ROOMS.

I WANT THIS ONE!

YOU REALLY ARE GOING TO INSIST, HM.

I'LL COME VISIT YOU IN YOUR ROOM SO MUCH YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP A FIRE GOING.

ALL RIGHT, HOW ABOUT THIS?

HOW CAN YOU ASK THAT?

YOU'LL FREEZE.

COSETTE...

SO WILL YOU.

HEE HEE!

ALL RIGHT. YOU WIN.

BECAUSE I WANT TO.

THERE'S PLENTY OF WHITE BREAD.

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS EAT THAT HARD, BLACK BREAD?

Hee!

OKAY, OKAY.

I GIVE UP.

WHY NOT?

COSETTE!

THEN I'LL HAVE IT, TOO!

MNCH MNCH

I WANT TO HAVE IT...

JUST LIKE YOU.

OF COURSE, FATHER.

WOULD YOU PASS ME A PIECE OF THAT SOFT WHITE BREAD?

WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?

THANK YOU.

I JUST WANT TO.

BEING WITH YOU MAKES ME HAPPY.

CAN WE STAY LIKE THIS?

AND I WITH YOU...

COSETTE.

JUST A LITTLE LONGER...

JUST A LITTLE LONGER...

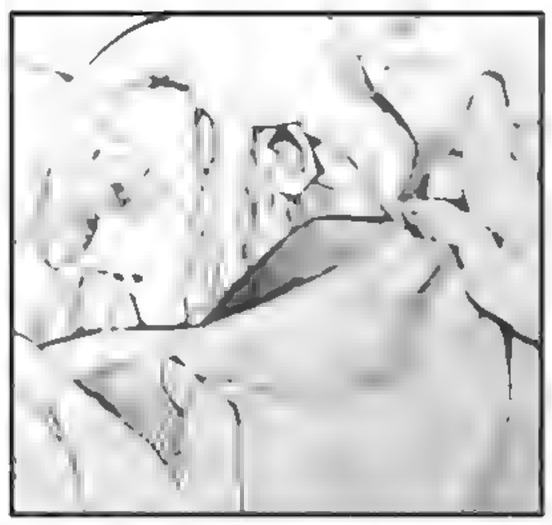
SO VERY MUCH.

SHE'S GROWN...

I BELIEVE LEAVING THE CONVENT WAS THE RIGHT CHOICE.

WHAT A TWIST OF FATE.

TONIGHT SHOWS THERE'S STILL RISK, THOUGH.



BUT AFTER TONIGHT THEY'LL PROBABLY BE IN PRISON FOR LIFE.

TO THINK I'D MEET THE THÉNARDIERS AGAIN.

IS THAT COSETTE DOESN'T KNOW THEY WERE THERE.

THE BIGGEST BLESSING...

SHE'S FINALLY BEGUN TO SMILE AGAIN.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO REMIND HER...

OF THOSE COLD AND CRUEL DAYS.

THEY'RE GONE, NOW.
NOTHING REMAINS TO THREATEN OUR PEACEFUL LIFE TOGETHER.
NOTHING.

HAVE A PLACE FOR ME TO STAY?

WELL, YOU LOOK AWFUL!

I WAS WORRIED FOR YOU!

WHY?

WORRIED?

NEVER MIND.

WELL...

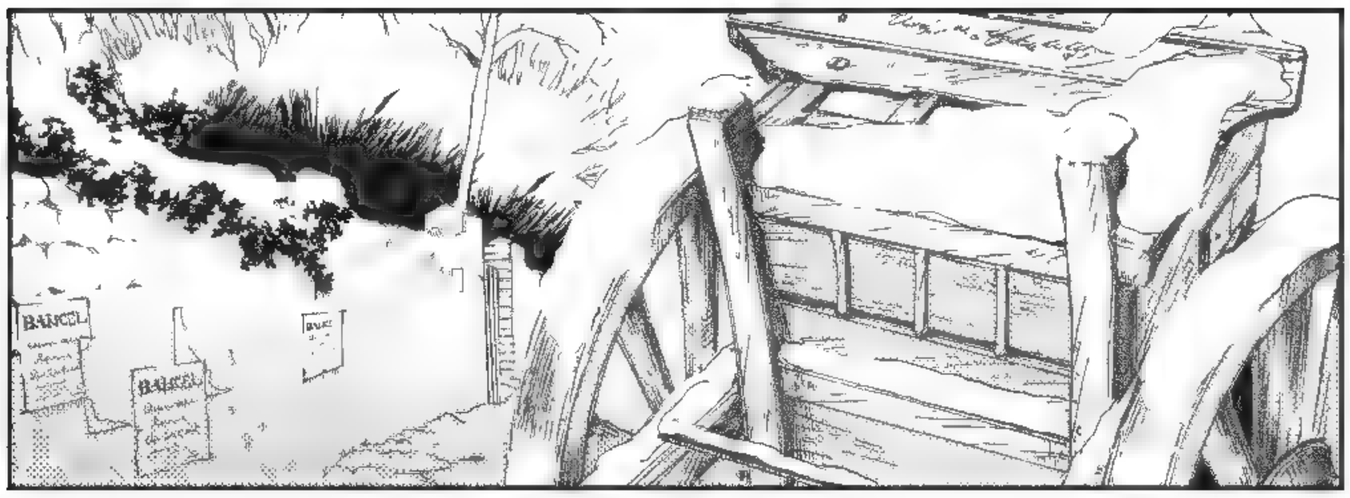
I CAUGHT SIGHT OF YOU EARLIER...

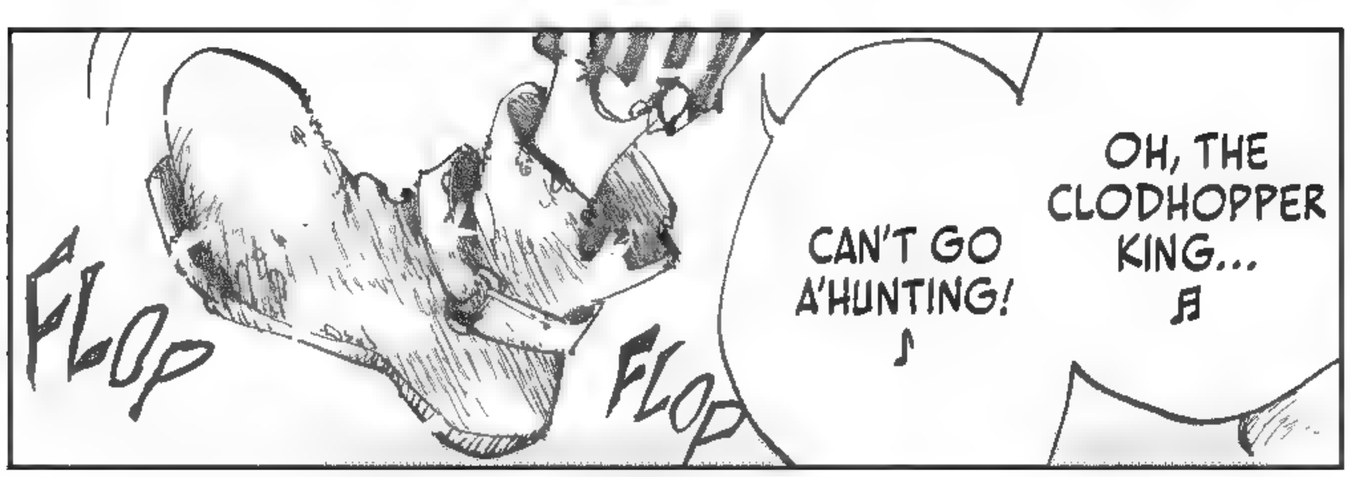
GO AHEAD AND SLEEP!

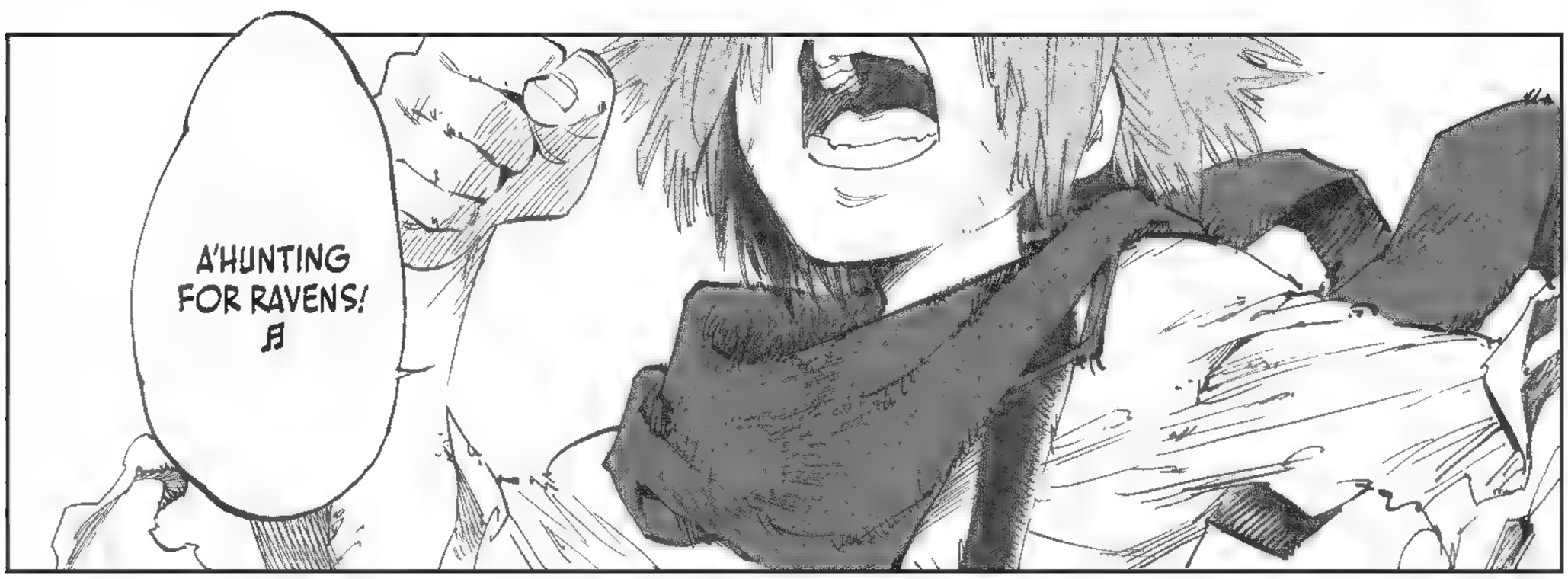
WANT A WARM DRINK?

THINK NOTHING OF IT.

MERCI, COURFEYRAC.


BANCEL
BANCEL


FLOP
FLOP
CAN'T GO A'HUNTING! ♪
OH, THE CLODHOPPER KING... ♬


A'HUNTING FOR RAVENS! ♬

The Gorbeau House.

ARE YOU TRYING TO BREAK MY DOOR?!

WHAT!

BAM

I'VE COME TO MEET MY ANCESTORS!

HELLO, OLD LADY!

BAM

ANCES-TORS?

THE ONLY ONE LIVING IN THIS HOUSE NOW IS ME.

WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU ON ABOUT, WAIF?

NO WONDER.

RAGGED

NOW I SEE.

HA!

YOU'RE PART OF THAT FAMILY?

THEN WHERE'S MY FATHER? MY MOTHER AND SISTERS?

HUNH!

OHO!

THERE WAS SOME FUSS WHILE I WAS OUT LAST NIGHT.

A LOT OF BOTHER I DIDN'T NEED!

BY NOW THE LOT OF 'EM ARE IN PRISON!

BTAM

BAH! CHILDREN THESE DAYS.

NOT A WORD OF THANKS?

WELL, THAT'S THAT, THEN!

WALKING UPON TWO STILTS! ♫

CAN'T GO A'HUNTING! ♪

A'HUNTING FOR RAVENS! ♪

OH, THE CLOD-HOPPER KING! ♪

THAT'S ME, GAVROCHE! ♫

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

THAT'S ALL.

MUSAIN

CAFE

Paris, Café Musain.

EVERYONE HEAD TO YOUR ASSIGNED STATIONS.

YAMR

YAMR

LET'S START BY ASKING AROUND.

Enjolras and His Lieutenants, Part ①

CHAPTER 1: A Love Song in Rue Plumet; a War Song in Rue Saint-Denis

!

PRE-CISELY.

GUIDE THE PEOPLE WITH YOUR WORDS.

OF COURSE. IF WE WANT TROOPS, WE NEED TO RALLY THEM.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU, COMBEFERRE.

DAMN.

I FORGOT TO SEND SOMEONE TO THE BARRIÈRE DU MAINE.

TOTK

I'LL GO.

GRANTAIRE?

YOU...

A MAN WITH NO BELIEFS WON'T MOVE ANYONE.

THAT'S EASY.

OH, I HAVE BELIEF.

JUST NEED TO GIVE THEM A GOOD OL' ROUSING SPEECH, RIGHT?

I CAN LIGHT A FIRE IN THE FRIGID HEARTS OF THE REPUBLICANS.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

BELIEF IN A MAN NAMED ENJOLRAS.

ASK ME ANYTHING.

I HAVE ONE REQUEST.

OKAY, GRANTAIRE.

AND SHAVE OFF THAT SCRUFFY STUBBLE.

GO SLEEP OFF YOUR ABSINTHE. YOU'RE DRUNK.

GO HOME.

GOOD.

I'LL EVEN POLISH YOUR SHOES.

I ASK YOU DON'T MEDDLE IN OUR BUSINESS.

YOU'RE SUCH AN INGRATE...

ENJOLRAS.

P-PLEASE...!

DON'T KILL ME...!

Meanwhile, in the back alleys of Paris...

OH. YOU?

♪

DON'T LUMP ME IN WITH THOSE OTHER INCOMPE-TENTS.

HEY, MONT-PARNASSE.

I THOUGHT THEY'D GOT YOU.

GAVROCHE.

I'LL KILL YOU.

DON'T JEST.

THAT'S THE "DEVIL'S DANDY" FOR YA!

HEE HEE!

I KNOW WHAT PRISON THEY SENT MAMA AND PAPA TO...

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY SISTERS WENT.

.....

DO YOU?

The Rose in Chains.

Les Madelonettes (a prison).

YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN, CORRECT?

SILENCE WILL NOT SAVE YOU.

HMPH.

I WANT NAMES. TELL ME THEIR ASSOCIATES...

PAF PAF

YOUR SISTER WAS QUITE COOP-ERATIVE.

SO THAT I MAY PURGE ALL THE MAGGOTS FROM THE ROTTING CORPSE THAT IS THE SLUMS.

SHE USED THEM TO EXTORT CHILD SUPPORT.

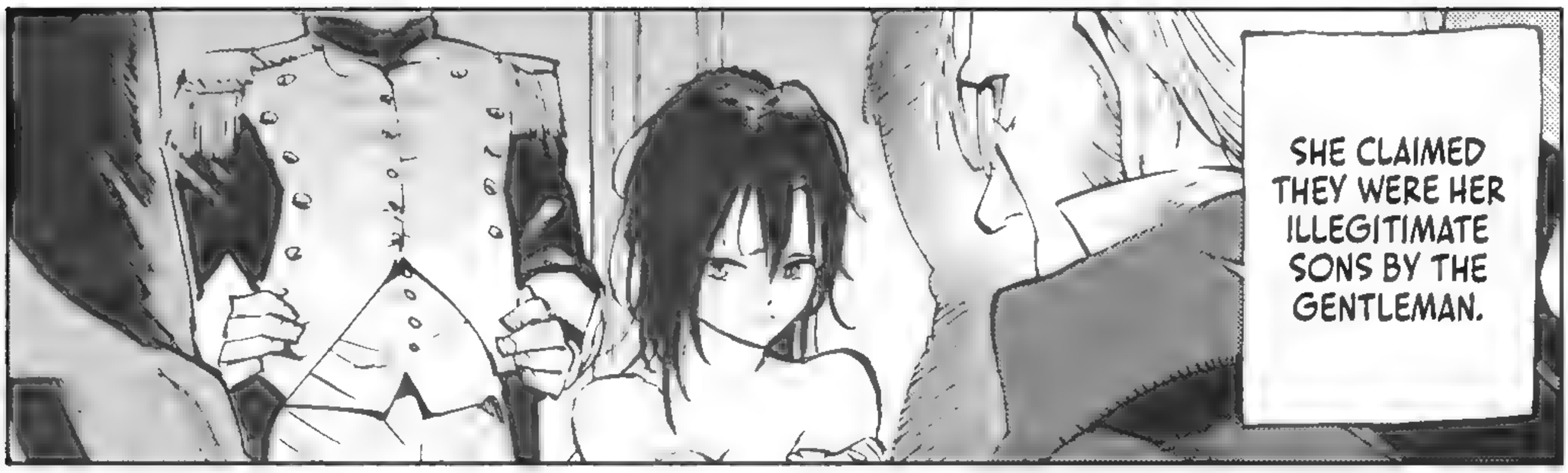
EIGHTY FRANCS A MONTH FROM ONE MONSIEUR GILLENOR-MAND.

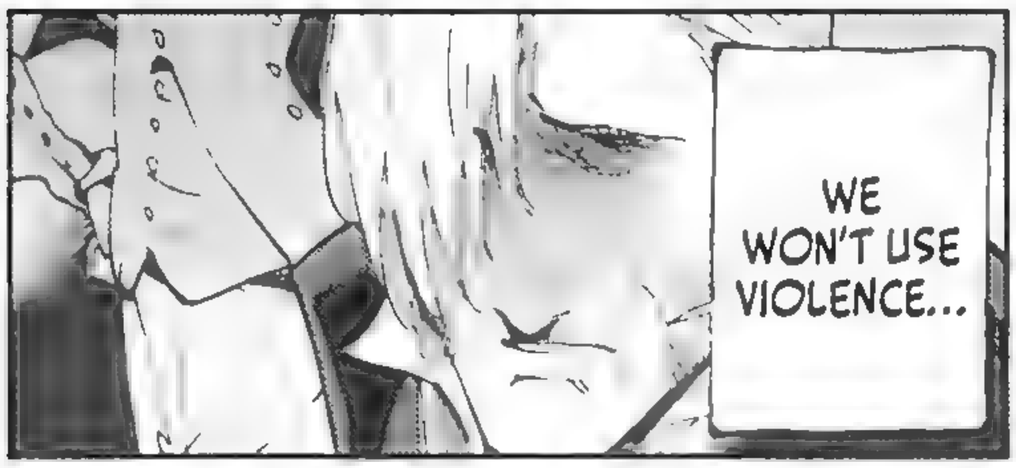
YOUR SISTER'S STATEMENTS LED US TO THIS WOMAN, MAGNON.

SHE SAYS SHE RENTED YOUR TWO YOUNGEST BROTHERS...

FOR TEN FRANCS A MONTH.

PFOO


SHE CLAIMED THEY WERE HER ILLEGITIMATE SONS BY THE GENTLEMAN.


WE WON'T USE VIOLENCE...

ARE YOU GOING TO BEAT ME WITH THAT?
.....

NOT AS LONG AS YOU TELL US THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR EVIL PARENTS.

Enjolras and His Lieutenants, Part ②

AND YOU NO LONGER LIVE AT THAT HOUSE?

I SEE.

THAT'S GOOD.

SHOULD THÉNARDIER GO TO COURT, YOU MIGHT'VE BEEN CALLED TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM.

OUI.

I'M STAYING WITH A FRIEND, NOW.

Poverty and Impatience.

IF I COULD ASK...

TO THINK MY FATHER'S SAVIOR WAS THAT WICKED CRIMINAL.

I WON'T TELL A SOUL OF THIS.

I KNOW.

HIDING FROM THE POLICE IS THE ONLY WAY TO HONOR YOUR FATHER'S MEMORY.

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE EATING PROPERLY?

DO I?

YOU LOOK THINNER, MABEUF.

THOUGH THESE DAYS, THE ONLY ONE I TALK TO IS YOU.

I COULDN'T!

PLEASE TAKE THIS.

SHFL

I HAD AN EGG THIS MORNING.

THAT'S ALL?

YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TO SPARE, I'M SURE.

.....

THANK YOU.

IT'S MONEY I WAS GOING TO GIVE TO THÉNARDIER, IN PRISON.

I'LL BE FINE.

NOW I'D BEST BE OFF.

BETTER THAT YOU SPEND IT INSTEAD.

AH.

ONLY THAT HER FATHER'S NAME IS URBAIN FABRE.

HAVE YOU ANY CLUES?

ARE YOU STILL LOOKING?

I HOPE YOU FIND HER.

I HAVE FAITH THAT I WILL.

Enjolras and His Lieutenants, Part ③

Dupuytren's medical school.

TAKE UP YOUR GUNS!

KEEP THEM LOADED!

LOOK TO TOMOR-ROW!

THERE MUST BE CHANGE!

Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré.

WELL, WE WILL ACCEPT THAT NAME WITH PRIDE!

THEY CALL US "SAVAGES"!

WE WILL DECLARE THIS WITH A ROAR!

WHEN THE CHAOS OF THE REVOLUTION BEGINS...

Rue de Saint-Denis.

WE WILL RAISE OUR VOICES AND SHOUT...

BREAD FOR ALL! EDUCATION FOR ALL! IDEOLOGY FOR ALL!

EGALITÉ!

FRATER-NITÉ!

LIBERTÉ!

IF THEY CALL THAT SAVAGERY, SO BE IT!

THOSE ARE OUR DEMANDS!

BUT WE ARE THE SAVAGES OF CIVILIZATION!

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!

GIVE THE POWER TO THE PEOPLE AGAIN!

BREAD FOR ALL!

FREEDOM FOR ALL!

IT'S COMING!

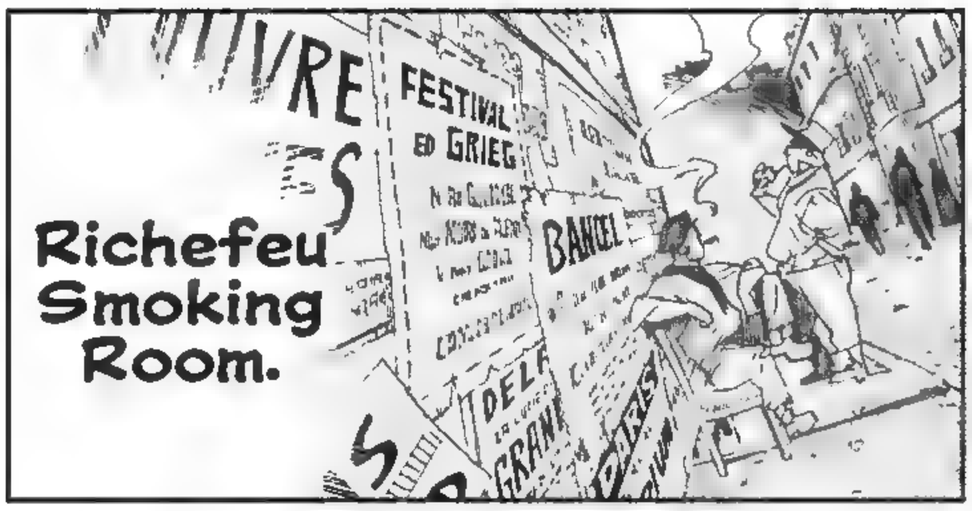
TOGETHER WITH THE ABC...

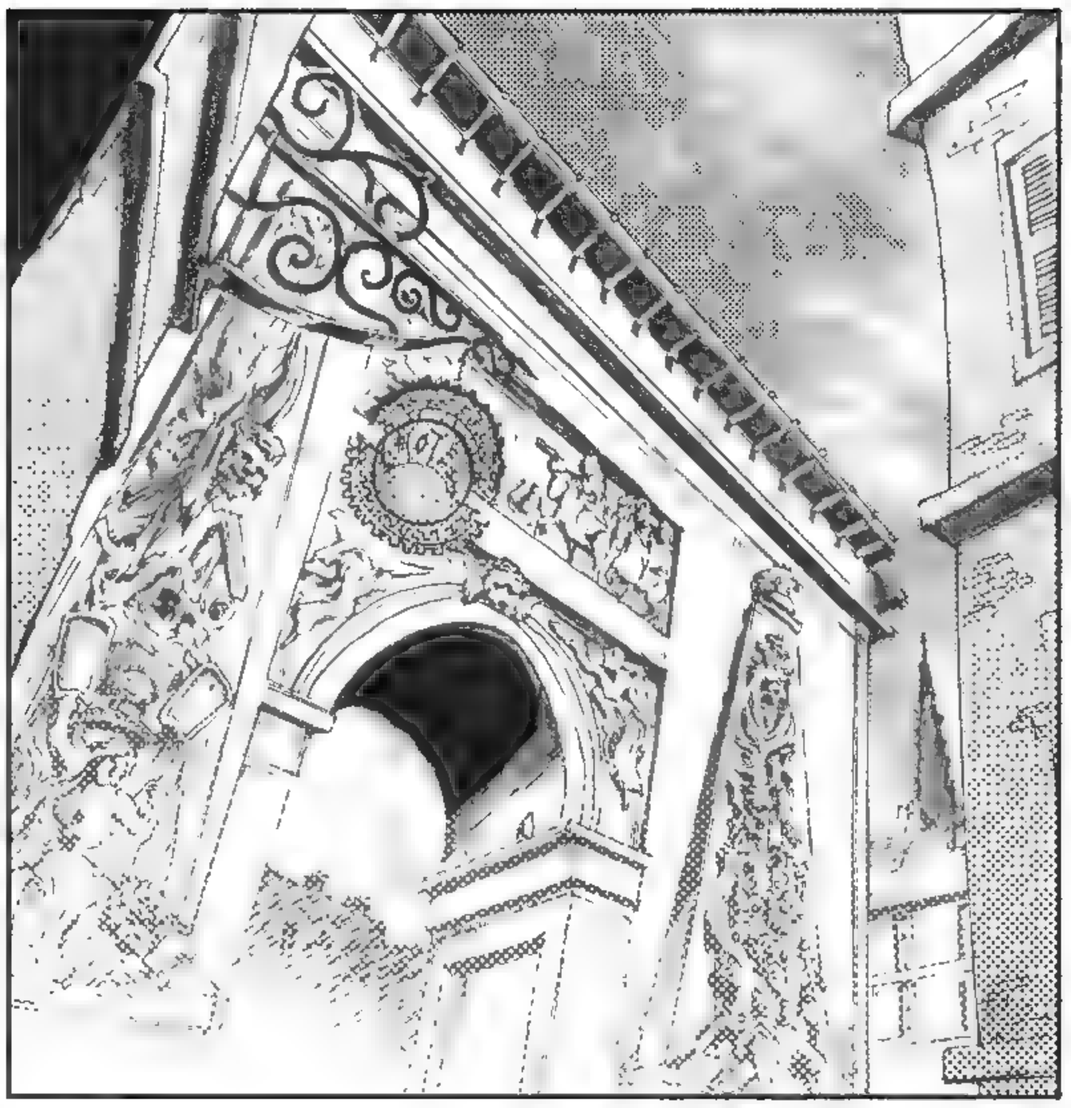
CAN YOU FEEL THIS PASSION, ENJOLRAS?!

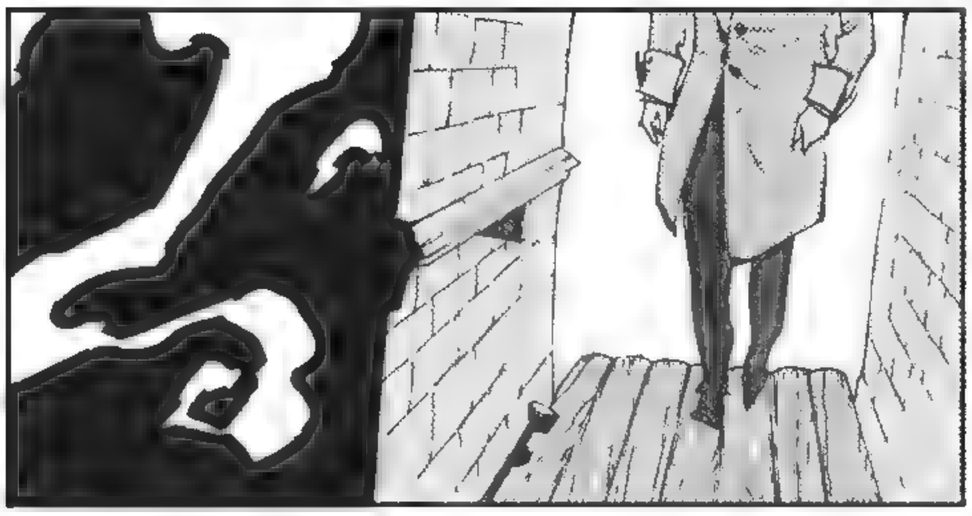
THE REVOLUTION IS CLOSE!

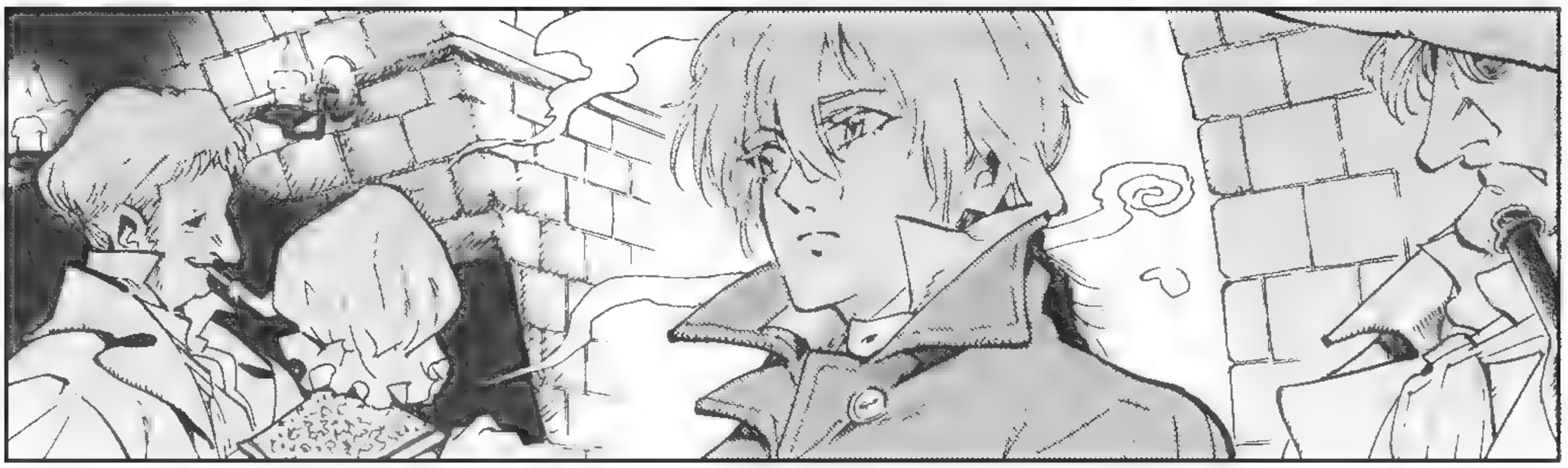
BARRIÈRE DU MAINE.

ENJOLRAS? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?


FESTIVAL
ED GRIEG
BANCEL
Richefeu
Smoking
Room.







DAMN!
IS THERE
NOTHING?

HRN. NO ONE OR FIVE LEAVES ME IN A BIND...

ONE.

OH WAIT, THERE IS!

I'VE A TWO.

AUGH! YOU THIEF!

AND DOMINO.

MY THANKS FOR THE DRINK!

DAMMIT!

SURE, SURE. BRING IT ON.

WHAT'S YOUR WAGER?

WILL YOU PLAY ME NEXT?

OHO!

ENJOLRAS! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

CONCERN FOR YOU.

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT...

I'VE ALREADY LOST MY WAGER.

.....

OH.

OOPS...

HA HA

OH GOOD.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR BURN IS HEALING WELL.

Rue Plumet.

SOON WE'LL BE ABLE TO GO FOR OUR STROLLS AGAIN.

THANKS TO YOUR CARE, COSETTE.

TRUE.

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?

A Family's Troubles.

THE GARDENS.

LUXEM-BOURG GARDENS.

THOUGH IT'S NEARLY SPRING, THE BREEZE IS STILL COLD.

NO. ON SECOND THOUGHT, LET'S NOT.

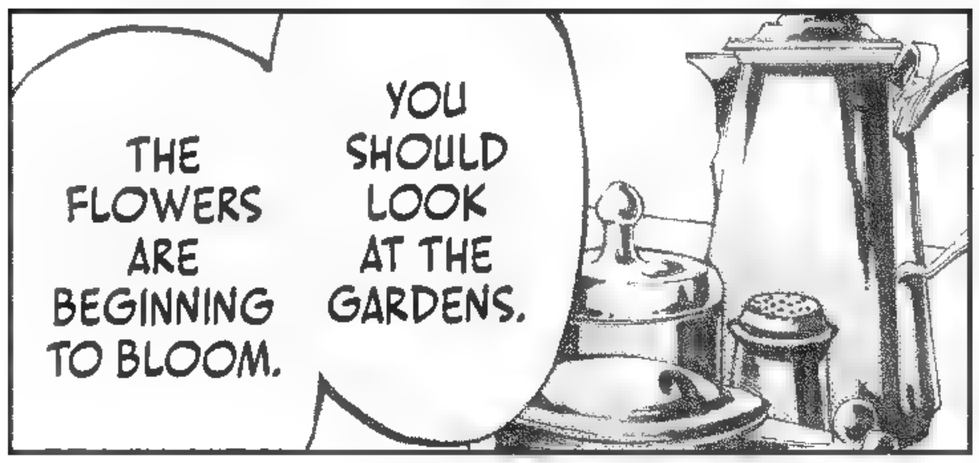
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU CATCHING A CHILL.

BOOK 4: IDYLLS AND EPICS

CHAPTER 1: A Love Song in Rue Plumet; a War Song in Rue Saint-Denis

The little house on Rue Plumet.
CHAPTER 2:
Prisoners' Cortege

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH YOURSELF TODAY...
COSETTE?


THE FLOWERS ARE BEGINNING TO BLOOM.
YOU SHOULD LOOK AT THE GARDENS.

YES.
THAT WOULD BE UNDER-STANDABLE.
THOUGH I SUPPOSE IF YOU WERE LOST IN YOUR READING ALL DAY...

YOU DIDN'T LEAVE YOUR ROOM.

COSETTE?

AH!

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

OH! YES, FATHER?

MY HEAD WAS IN THE CLOUDS FOR A MOMENT.

YES. I'M SORRY.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH!

NO, IT WAS DELICIOUS, TOUSSAINT.

WAS DINNER NOT TO YOUR LIKING...

MADEMOI-SELLE?

BUT--

IF YOU'RE FULL, THEN YOU'RE EXCUSED.

DO YOU FEEL UNWELL?

GO TO YOUR ROOM AND REST.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT... FATHER.

DON'T BE.

I'M SORRY, TOUSSAINT.

OH YES.

COSETTE?

THEATER ACTS ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, AND MORE.

JOUSTS BY THE SEINE.

I HEAR THERE'LL BE A MILITARY PARADE TOMORROW.

NOW THAT MY BANDAGES HAVE COME OFF, I'M IN A MOOD TO GO OUT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE FESTIVITIES WITH ME?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

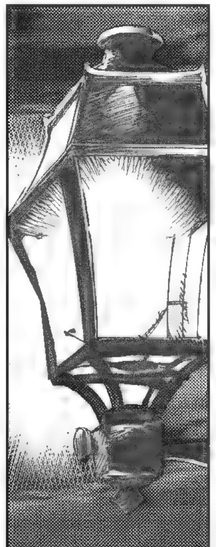
OH, YES...

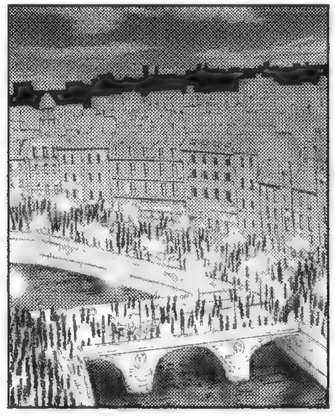
THAT SOUNDS FUN.

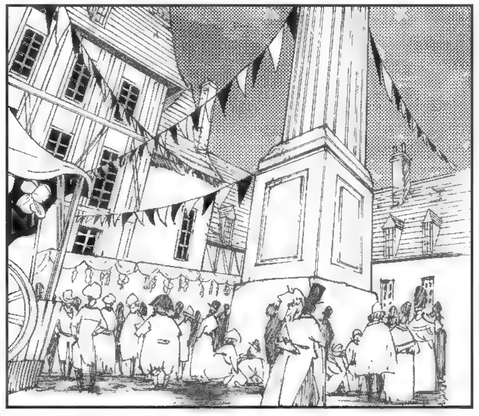
KNIFE

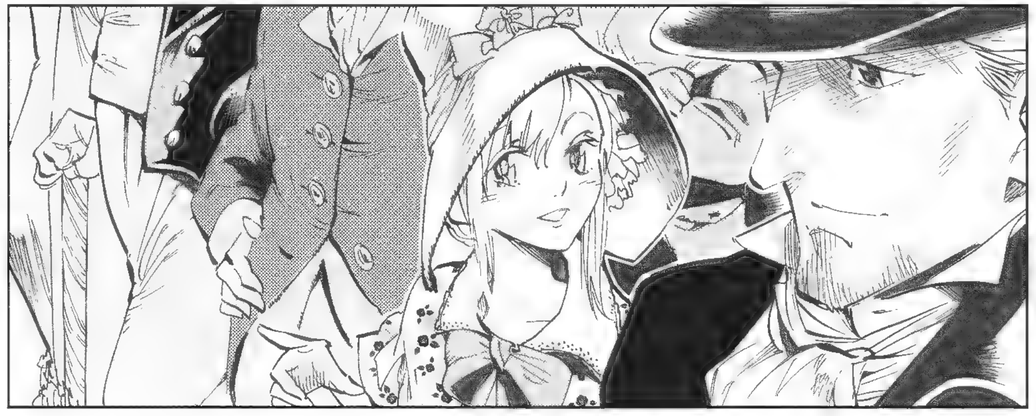
UNTIL TOMORROW...

FATHER.



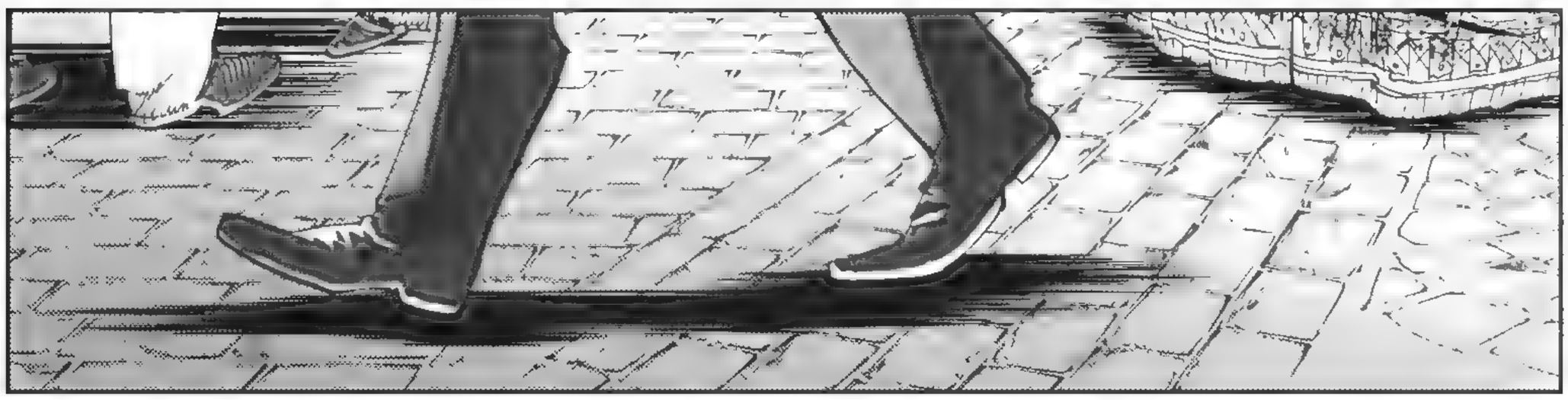


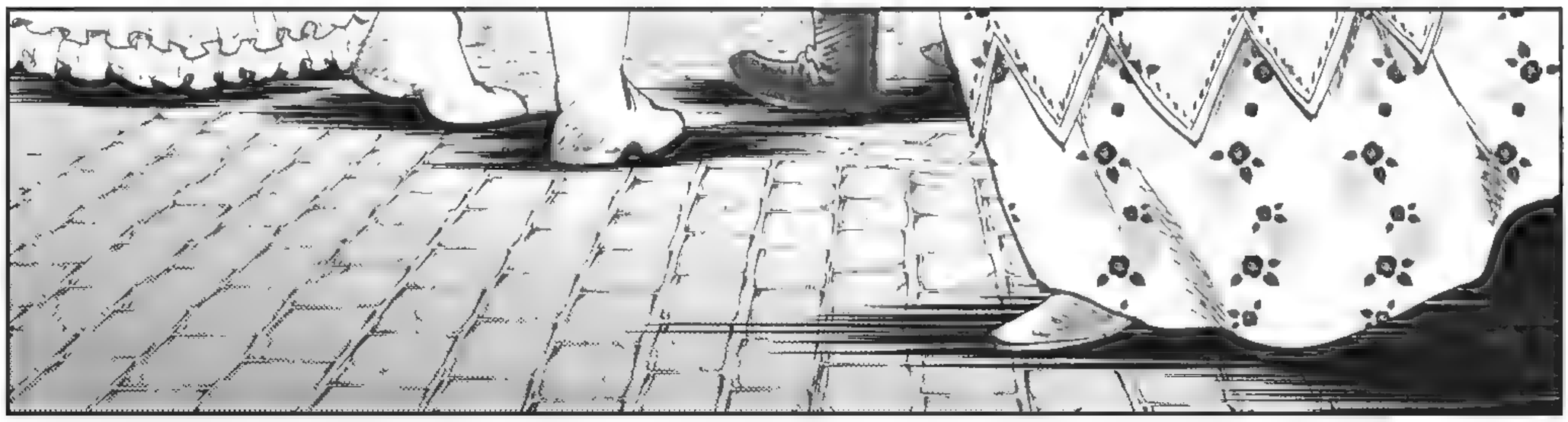


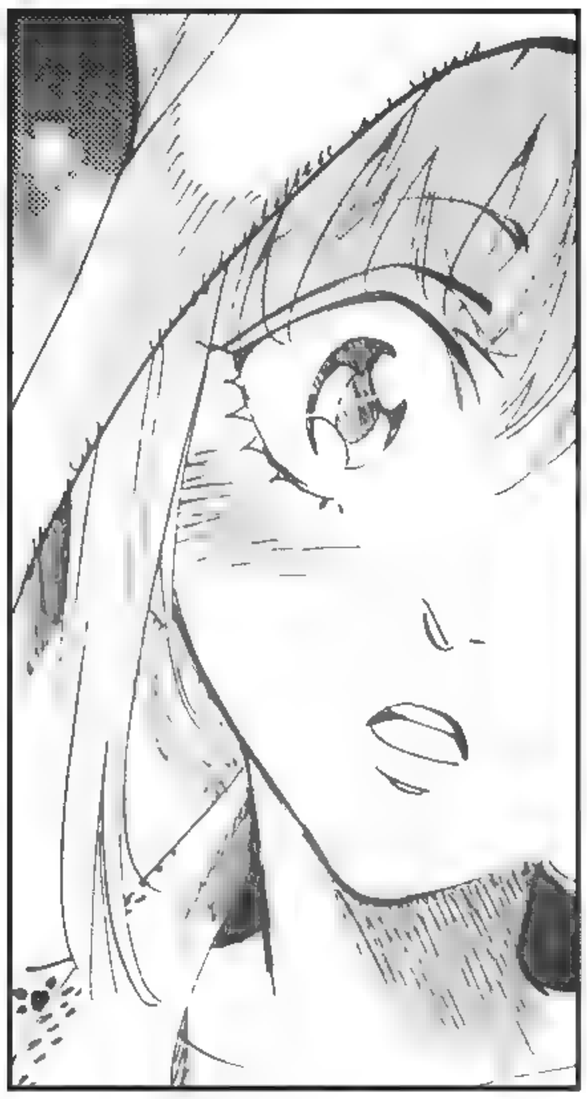


COSETTE?

TA







WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?

YOU SURPRISED ME.

YOU SUDDENLY DASHED OFF.

NOTHING. I'M SORRY.

OH.

THESE?

WHICH ONE IS YOUR FAVORITE?
WHAT LOVELY DOLLS.

I'M NOT A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE.

NONE OF THEM.
I DON'T WANT ONE, FATHER.

BESIDES, I ALREADY HAVE CATHERINE.

SHE'S THE FIRST DOLL YOU BOUGHT FOR ME.

THAT'S ALL I NEED.

LET'S HEAD HOME.

THE SUN HAS LONG GONE DOWN.

OH!

OUI.

WE SHOULD GO OUT FOR A STROLL AGAIN SOMETIME.

FATHER. I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME TODAY.

WE SHOULD. OUI.

YAMR YAMR

.....

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S ALMOST HERE!

THIS WAY! HURRY!

H" RATL ニ!!

THEY'RE CRIMINALS.

FATHER?

WHO ARE THE MEN RIDING IN THAT CART?

.....

RATL RATL

THEY'RE UGLY.

HOW FILTHY...!

Hee hee hee!

Ha ha!

Ha ha ha!

Tee hee!

WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHIN' AT, HUH?!

Ha ha

TAKE A GOOD LOOK.

OOOOH!

WAK WAK

WAK

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA!

BEAT 'IM HARDER!

GET 'IM!

THE GALLEYS?

THE GALLEYS.

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THOSE MEN?

HOW CRUEL!

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?
YAMR
YAMR

GRR
Ha Ha Ha!

HELP...

I'M SCARED.

I'M TERRI-FIED...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

PLEASE ...!

246 —HELP ME—

FATHER...?

GRA

COME...

LET'S GO HOME.

Mm..!
SNOR
SNOR
PEEP
FUF
FUF
ACHOO
Yaawn!

SNIF
SHUF
SHUF

RUMMAGE

SNIF SNIF

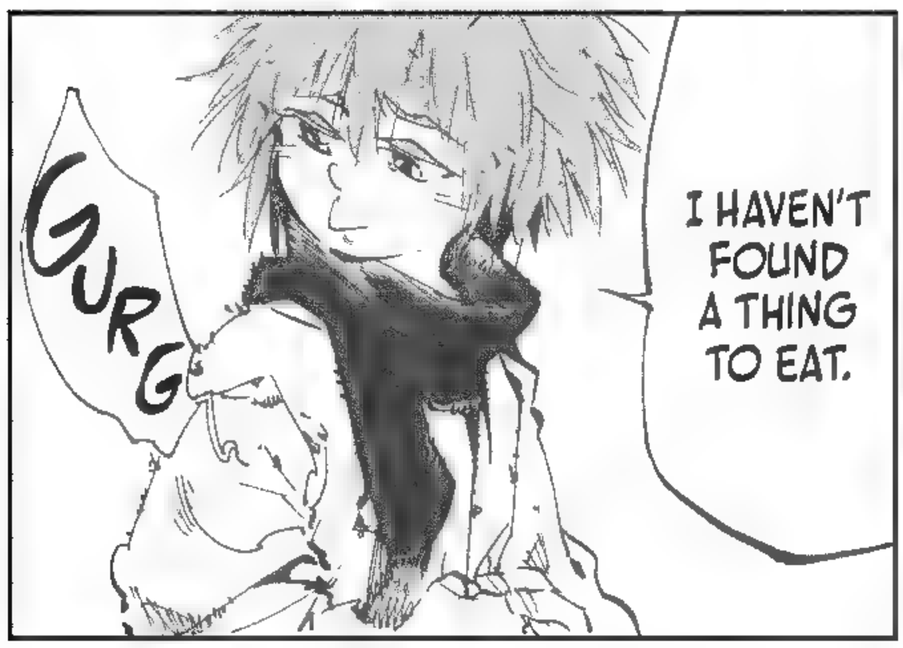
MNF MNF

NIBL

AFTER THEY HAD THAT BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT, TOO.

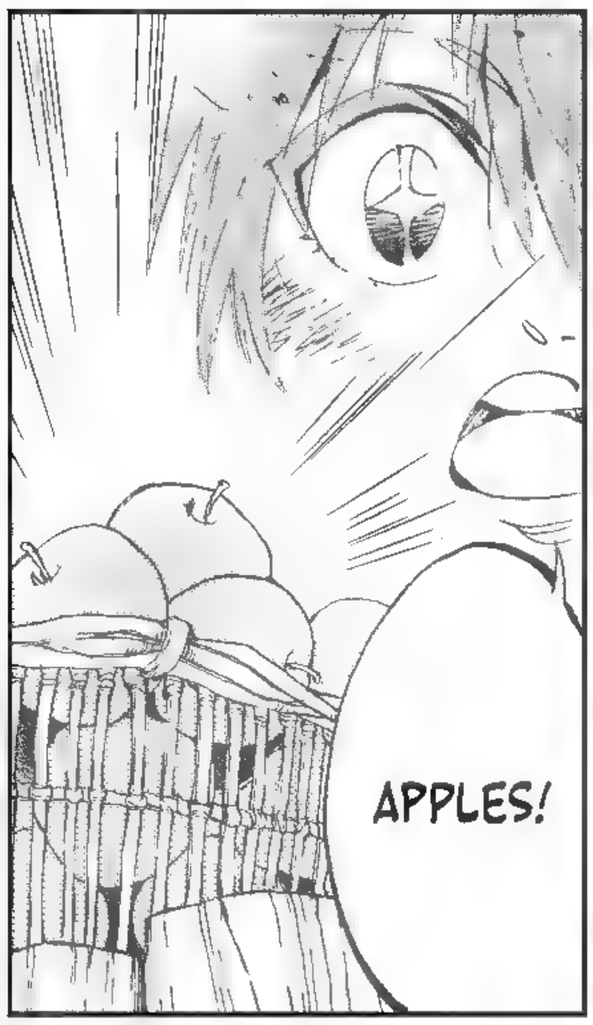
PTOO

BAH. NOT A DECENT CRUMB IN THIS WHOLE MOUNTAIN.


GURG
I HAVEN'T FOUND A THING TO EAT.

I WONDER WHERE I AM...

UGH. TODAY'S BEEN A WASTE!


APPLES!

HN?

GLANCE
GLANCE
GLANCE
GLANCE
KSH
Heh heh heh!
OH...
OF COURSE, SIR.
I NEED FOR YOU TO PAY YOUR RENT!
ENOUGH OF THIS DELAY MABEUF.
AND IN THREE MONTHS, IT'LL BE FOUR.
THREE.
HOW MANY QUARTERS DO I OWE?

ONCE I CAN HARVEST THE LEAVES AND MAKE *COCAGNE*, THE MONEY WILL COME...

A SOURCE OF BLUE DYE.

THAT IS *PASTEL*, SIR.

IF YOU'VE THE FREE TIME TO RAISE ALL THESE WEEDS...

YOU'VE A TAB AT THE GROCER, TOO.

I HEAR YOU GET YOUR MEAT FROM THE BUTCHER ON CREDIT.

MABEUF.

PLEASE, SIR! YOU MUSTN'T!

IF YOU DON'T PAY YOUR RENT, I'LL HAVE TO TURN YOU OUT.

I WON'T WAIT ANY LONGER.

Sigh

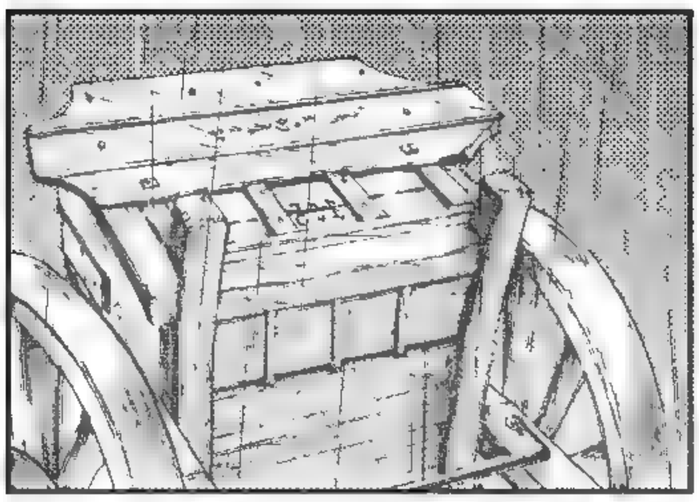
THIS'LL TAKE A WHILE.

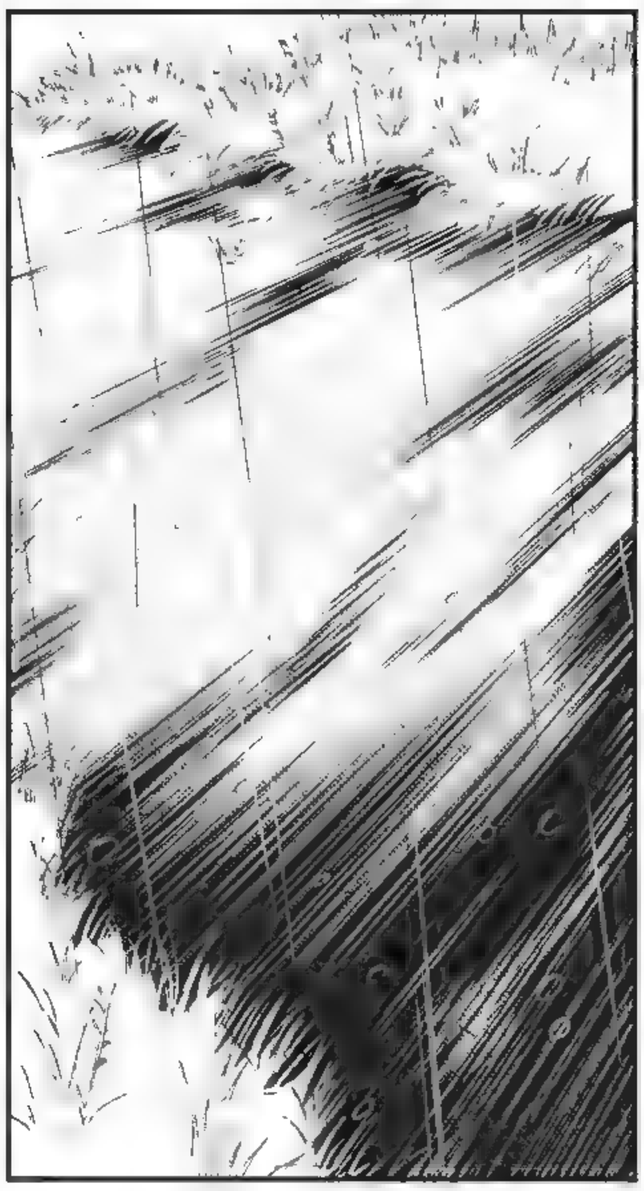
YES, BUT...

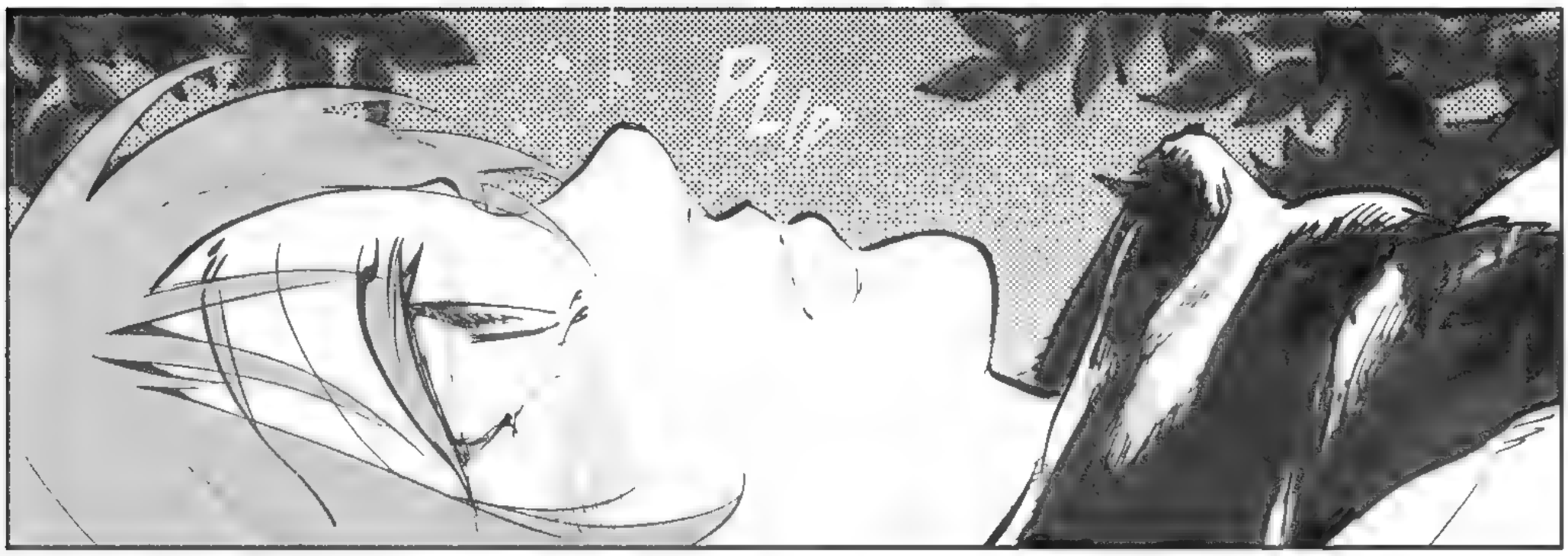
NIGHTY-
NIGHT!

FLOP
MEBBIE
I'LL TAKE A
QUICK NAP.

YEAH.
THAT
SOUNDS
GOOD.






Hmm...
THE OLD MAN'S STILL THERE.
HN?
AWW. RAIN?
RUSTLE
.....

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO.

IF YOU DON'T...

PLEASE JUST HAND HIM YOUR WALLET.

POOR SAP.

ONCE MONTPARNASSE PICKS YOU AS PREY, YOU'RE DONE.

SPLASH!!

HOPE HE HASN'T KILLED THE GUY...

Peek

THAT WHITE-HAIRED OLD VET'S GOT MONTPARNASSE ON HIS BACK?!

HA HA!

CLAP

CLAP

WHAT A SHOW!

WHO ARE YOU, OLD MAN?!

NFF! NOT BUDGING.

YOU KNEW I WAS THERE.

NGK... DAMN ...!

Hah!

WHAT, COULDN'T YOU TELL? I WAS TRYING TO ROB YOU.

I'M A THIEF.

WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU DOING?

BECAUSE I SAW IT.

WHY MY MONEY?

I THOUGHT I MIGHT HELP MYSELF TO YOUR WALLET.

I CAN SMELL 'EM.

ONLY PEOPLE WHO HAVE IT.

NOT ANYONE.

SO ANYONE WOULD DO?

I SEE.

NINE-TEEN...

YOUNG MAN.

NINE-TEEN.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

?

SWF

YOU DON'T GET MONEY BY STEALING IT.

YOU WORK TO EARN IT.

QUICKER JUST TO TAKE IT.

BAH! TOO DULL.

TAKE MY HAND, YOUNG MAN.

RUL

STAND.

TUG

IF YOU WANT MY WALLET, YOU CAN HAVE IT.

BUT MAKE THIS THE LAST YOU TAKE.

NEVER STEAL FROM ANOTHER AGAIN.

IF YOU DON'T, IT WILL CATCH UP TO YOU.

SERVE YOUR FULL SENTENCE...

AND YOU WILL STEP BACK OUT INTO A WORLD OF REGRET.

YOU'LL BE CLAPPED IN CHAINS AND WALK IN A CORTEGE TO THE GALLEYS.

THERE, ONLY DARK DAYS OF PAIN, WORK, AND DESPAIR AWAIT YOU.

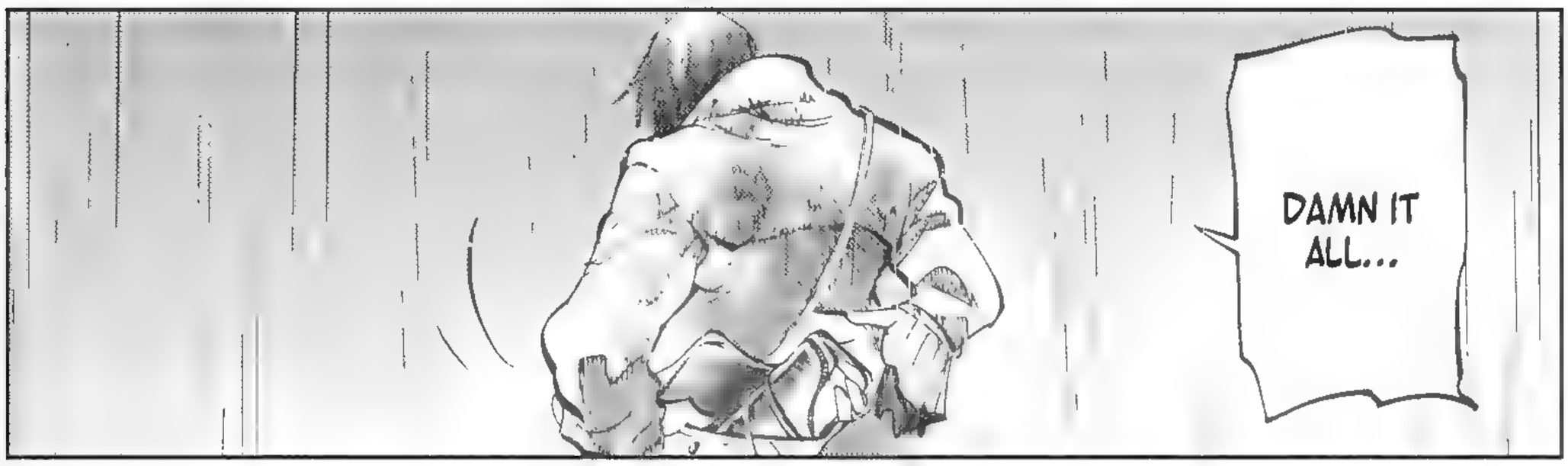
YOU'LL REALIZE YOU WASTED YOUR YOUTH...

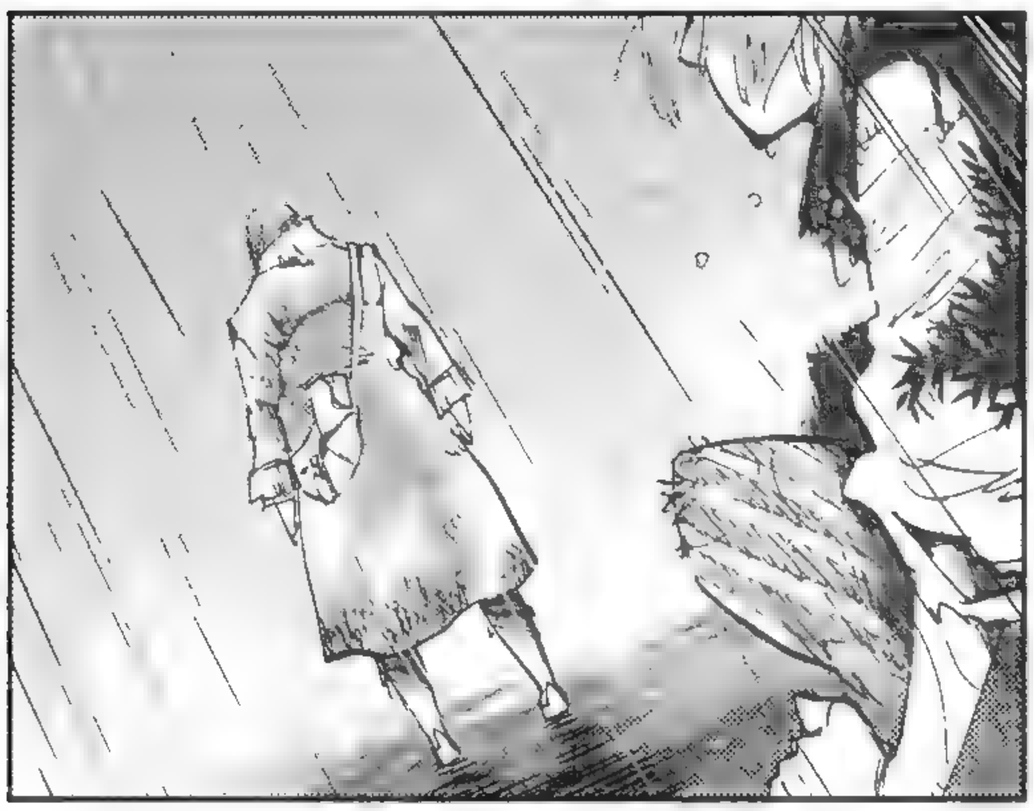
AND LOST THINGS NO MONEY COULD EVER BUY BACK.

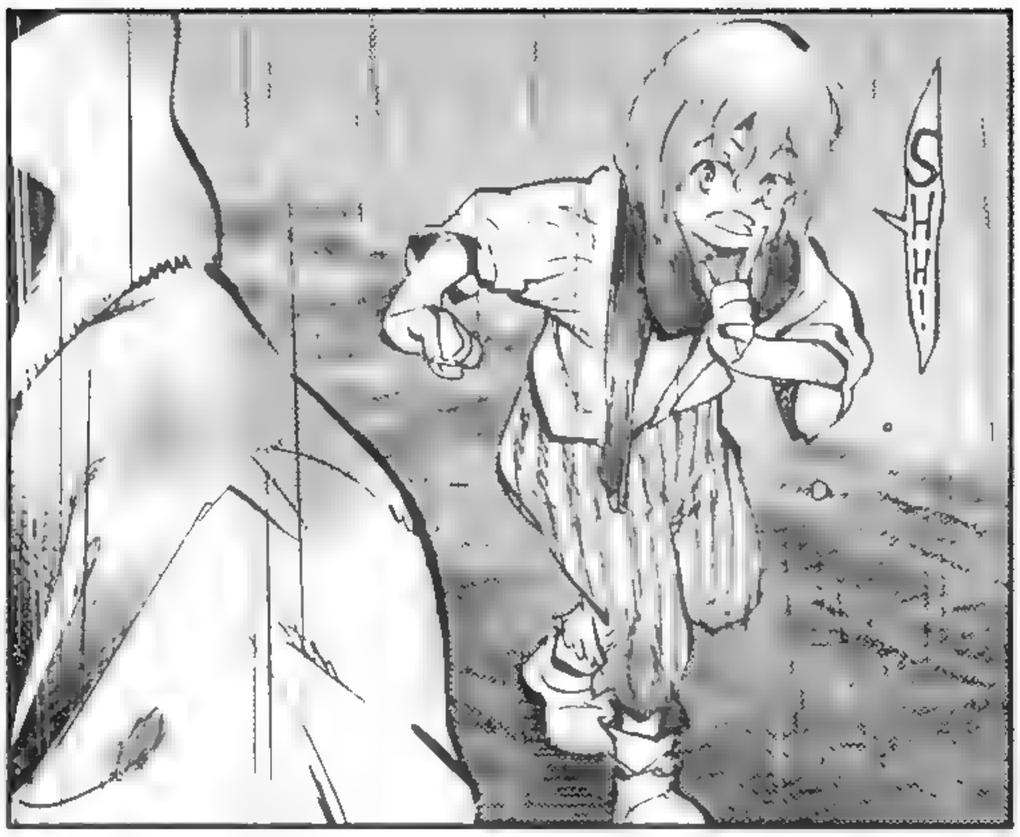
PLEASE.

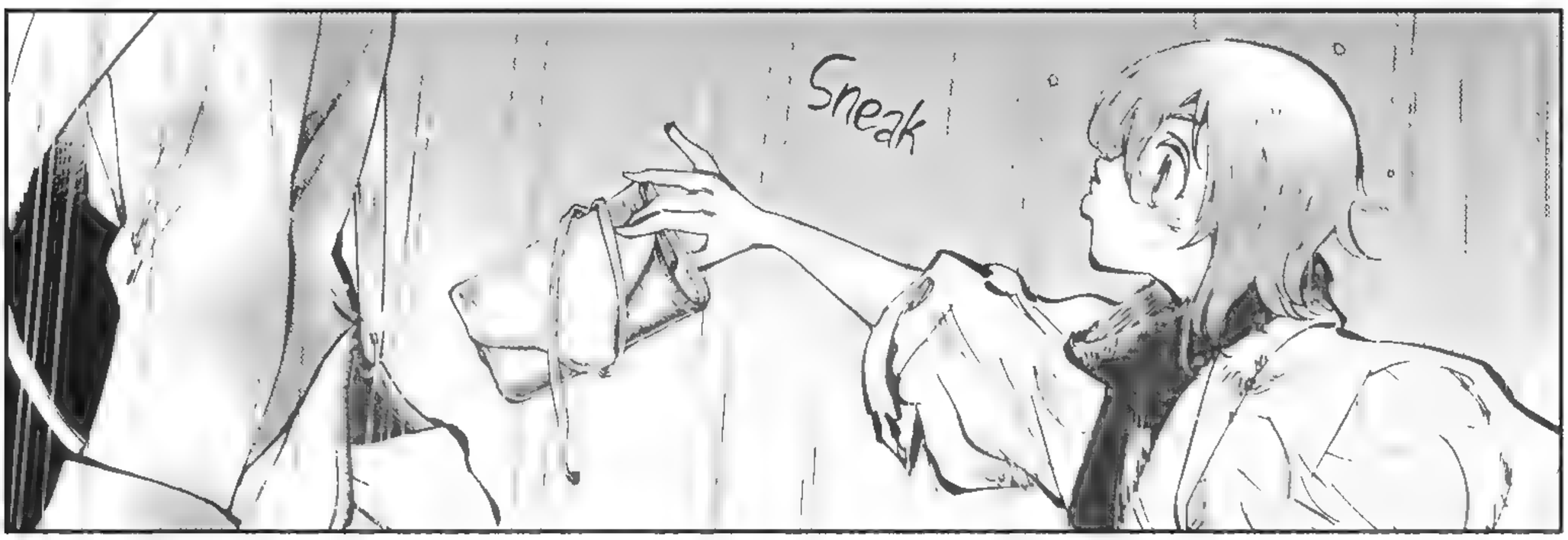
THINK ABOUT IT.

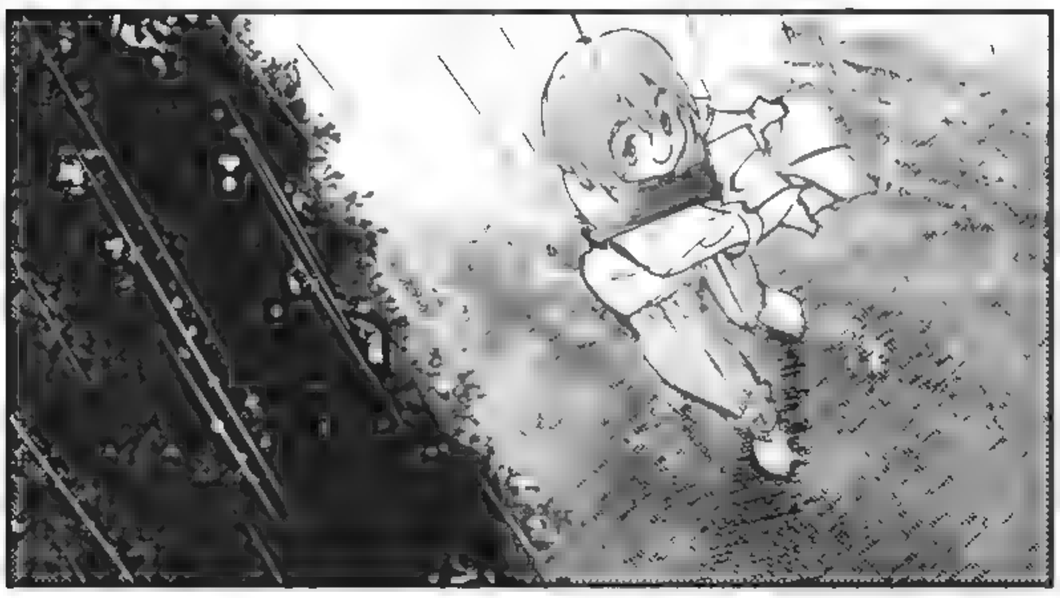
HAH. OLD FOOL.
HE HANDED HIS WALLET TO ME...!
TCH!


DAMN IT ALL...




SHH!


Sneak



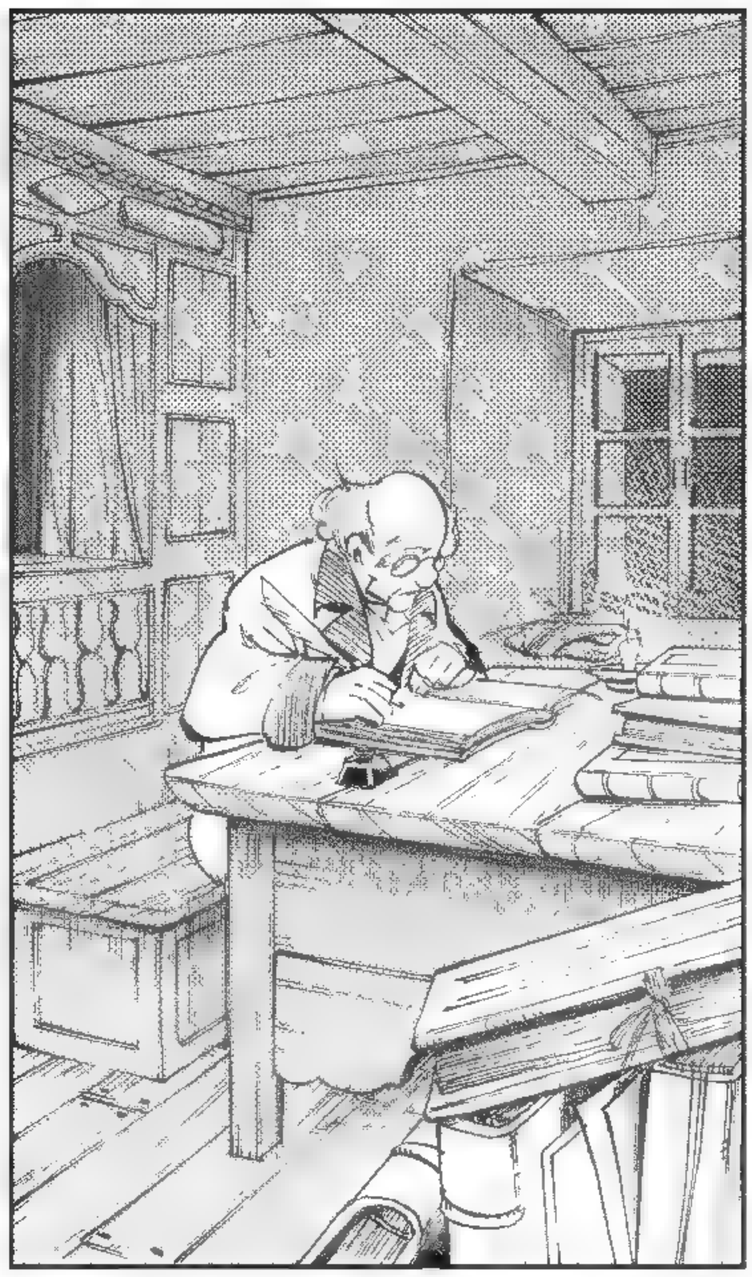
OUCH!

?

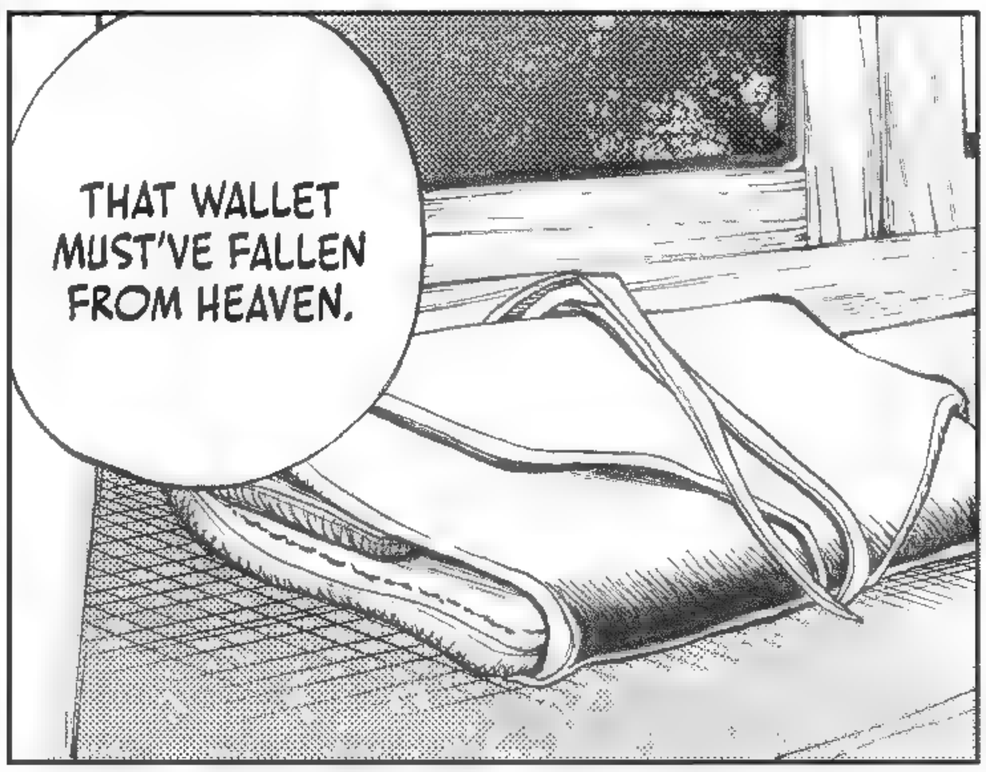
?
?

Heh heh heh!

BOY.
I'M HUNGRY.



BUT...
I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE CHARITY.


THAT WALLET MUST'VE FALLEN FROM HEAVEN.

THANK YOU.

SIR. WHERE IS THE LOST AND FOUND?

LEFT AT THE CORNER.

NH!

HFF!

I DIDN'T THINK IT'D TAKE SO LONG. I NEED TO WATER MY PLANTS.

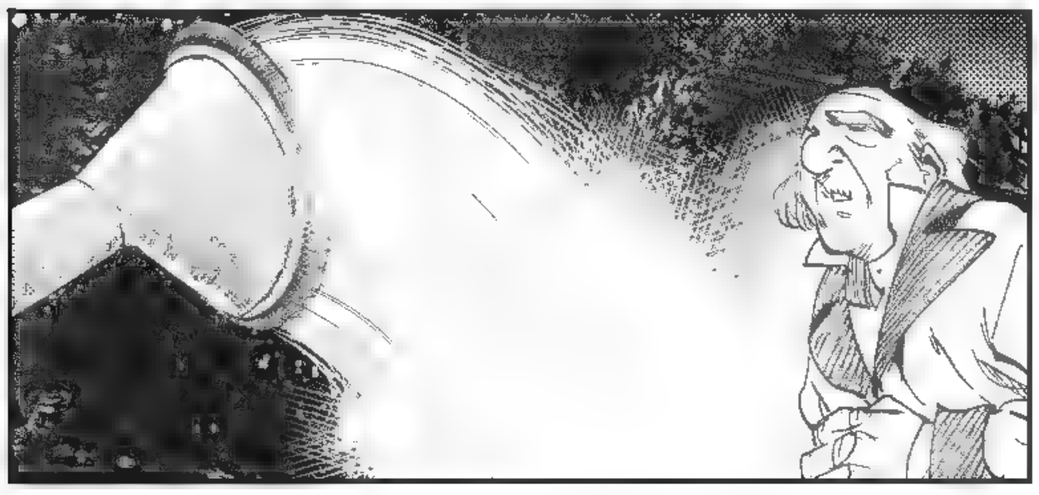
TOTR

HUFF

HUFF

RATL
RATL

WOULD YOU LIKE HELP?



NOT THAT ANY OF IT MATTERS.

IF ANYTHING, I'M PROBABLY A DEVIL.

NO.

SURELY YOU'RE AN ANGEL.

YOU'VE BLESSED BOTH MYSELF AND MY GARDEN.

WALLET?

AAH! THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE SHOWS ITSELF NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE!

DID YOU BRING THAT WALLET?

DON'T WORRY, OLD MAN.

I'M NOT CERTAIN WHAT I CAN DO.

I'D LOVE TO THANK YOU IN SOME WAY BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M VERY POOR.

THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO.

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE MARIUS LIVES.

MARIUS?

CHAPTER 3:
The Heart under a Stone

HA HA HA HA!

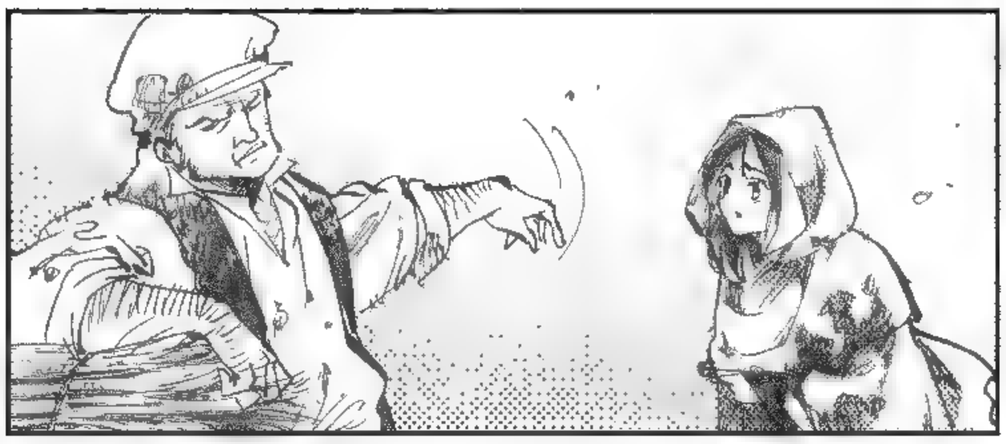
EXCUSE ME?

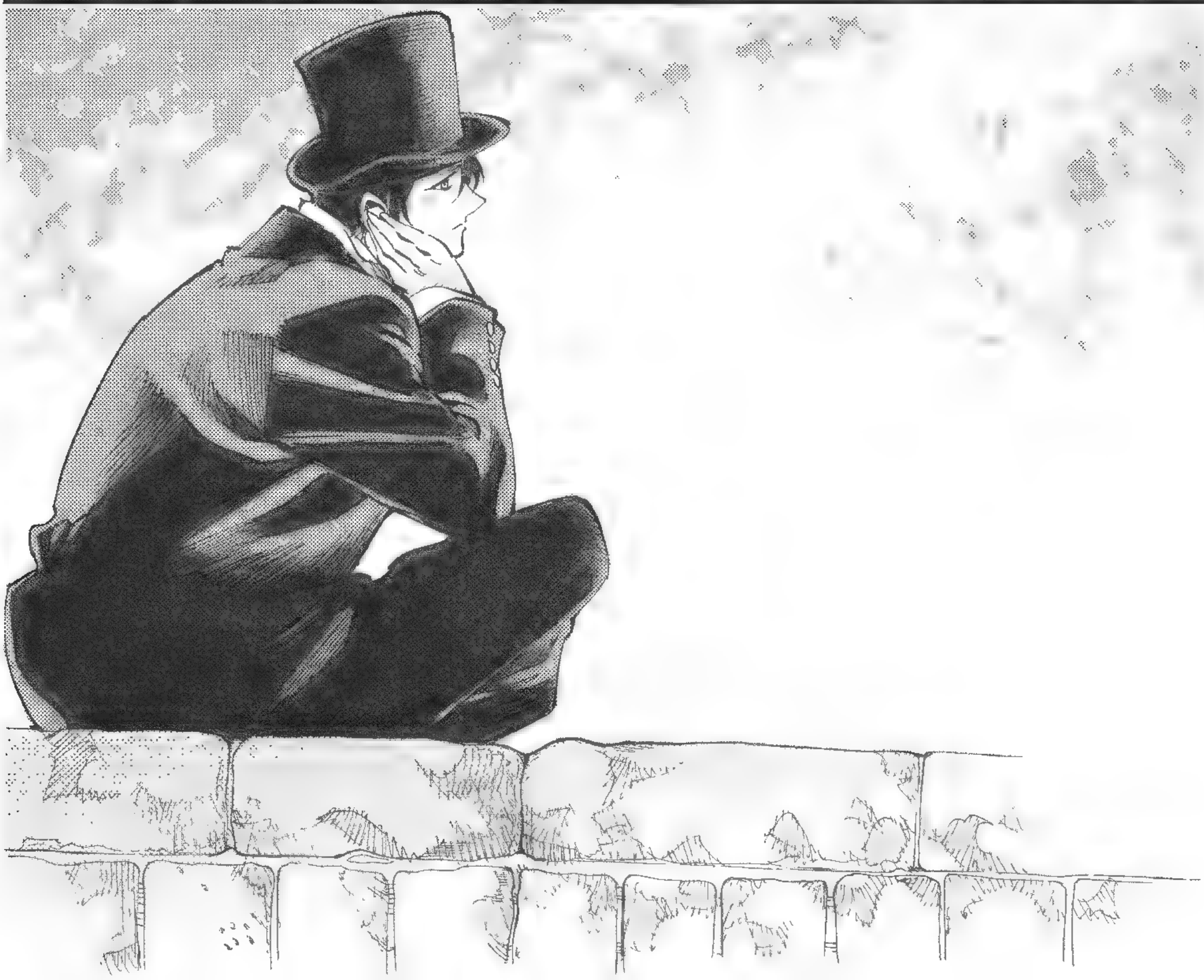
HA HA HA!

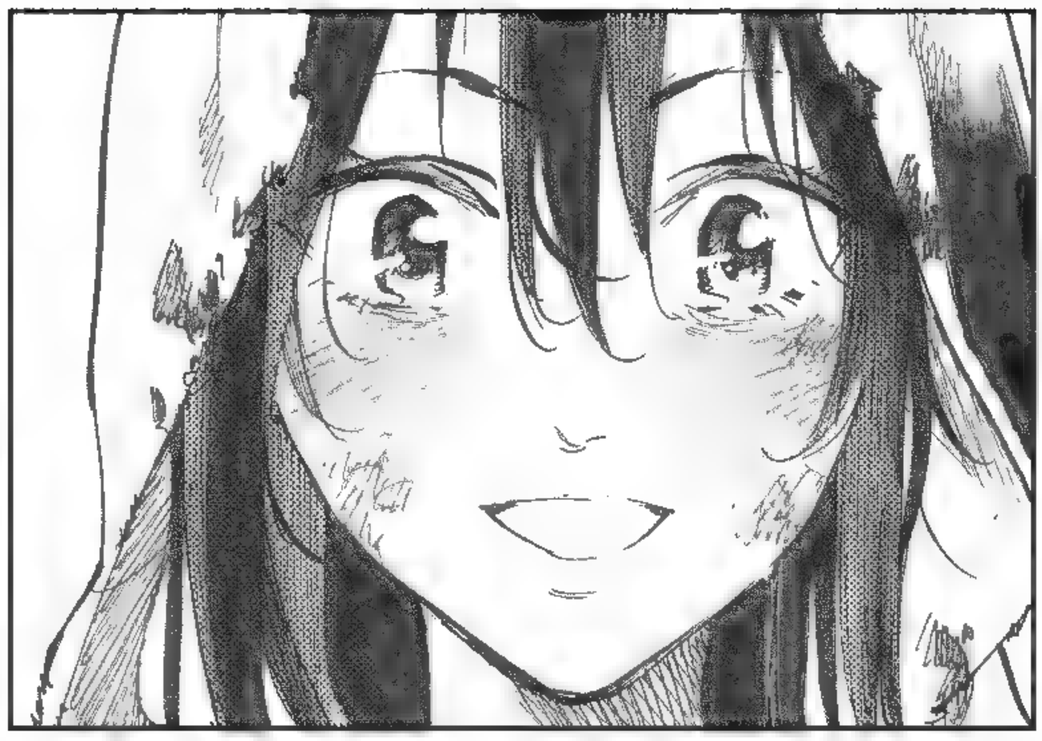
DON'T BOTHER US!

GO AWAY, FILTHY WAIF.

WHAT?







YOU...?

I FINALLY FOUND YOU.

FATHER MABEUF WAS RIGHT.

HE SAID I'D FIND YOU SOMEWHERE IN THE LARK'S MEADOW.

I THOUGHT THE POLICE TOOK YOU.

MARIUS.

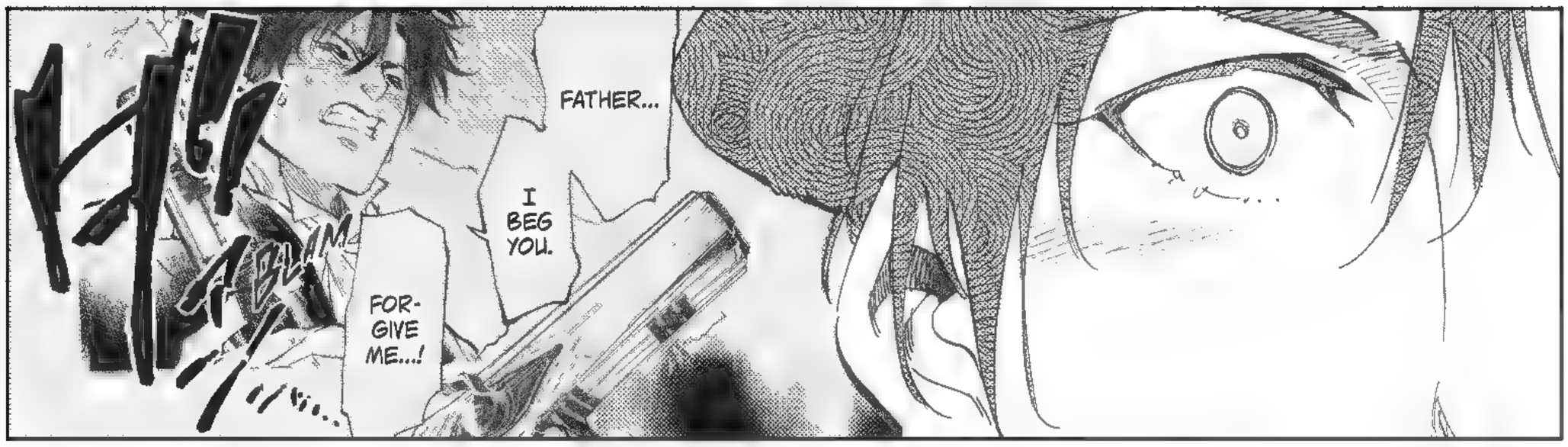
I LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU...

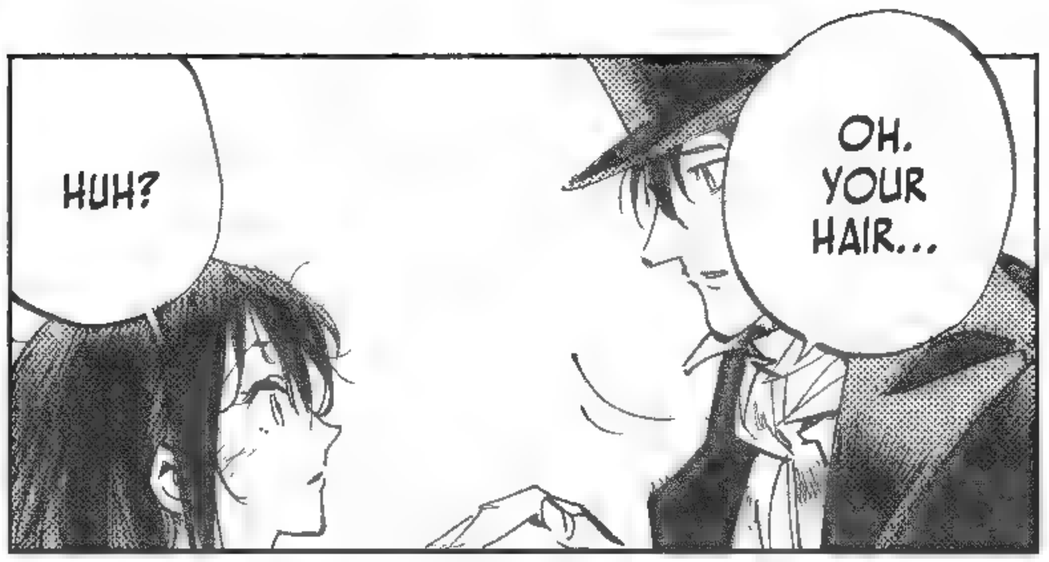
I'M NOT QUITE SIXTEEN, SO NOT YET OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG...

OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I DIDN'T REALLY GET IT.

OUI. SPENT A FORTNIGHT IN THE JUG.

BUT THEY EVENTUALLY LET ME OUT.


FATHER...
I BEG YOU.
FOR-GIVE ME...!
BLAM
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
WHAT FOR?
I'M SORRY.
I'M FINE.
I HAVE A ROOF OVER MY HEAD.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU'RE NO LONGER THERE EITHER, RIGHT?
HAVE YOU A PLACE TO SLEEP?
I SUPPOSE THAT'S NO SURPRISE, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED.
SO YOU MOVED OUT OF THE GORBEAU HOUSE.


HUH?
OH. YOUR HAIR...

YOU, AH...
HAVE A BIT OF STRAW...

OH.
THANK YOU.

.....

OH GOSH.
SNIFF SNIFF
I PROBABLY REEK OF HORSE.

I TRIED HARD, TOO.

COMPLI-MENT ME?

?

YOU ALWAYS LOOKED SO GLOOMY I WANTED TO CHEER YOU UP.

AH! THAT'S RIGHT!

I'VE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

DID YOU FORGET?

WE PROMISED.

A PROMISE?

I WANT THEIR ADDRESS.

THAT'S IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ME...?

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

CAN YOU DO THAT?

I KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES.

OUI. I FOUND IT.

WHAT. DID YOU...?

TAKE ME THERE! PLEASE!

IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.

GOOD! LET'S GO!

RIGHT NOW! IMMEDI-ATELY!

SURE...

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS.

ARE YOU HAPPY?

YES, YOU DID!

DID I CHEER YOU UP?

OF COURSE YOU DID!

ÉPONINE!

I'LL FINALLY LEARN WHERE SHE IS...!

AAH, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

MARIUS.

YOU SAID MY NAME...

COME! WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT AWAY!

I HAVEN'T MUCH MORE THAN THIS ON ME RIGHT NOW...

NO, NO.

AH! YOU MUST LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO REPAY YOU.

AND HAVE A WARM, FILLING MEAL.

USE THIS TO BUY YOURSELF SOME CLOGS...

I DIDN'T DO IT BECAUSE I WANTED YOUR MONEY.

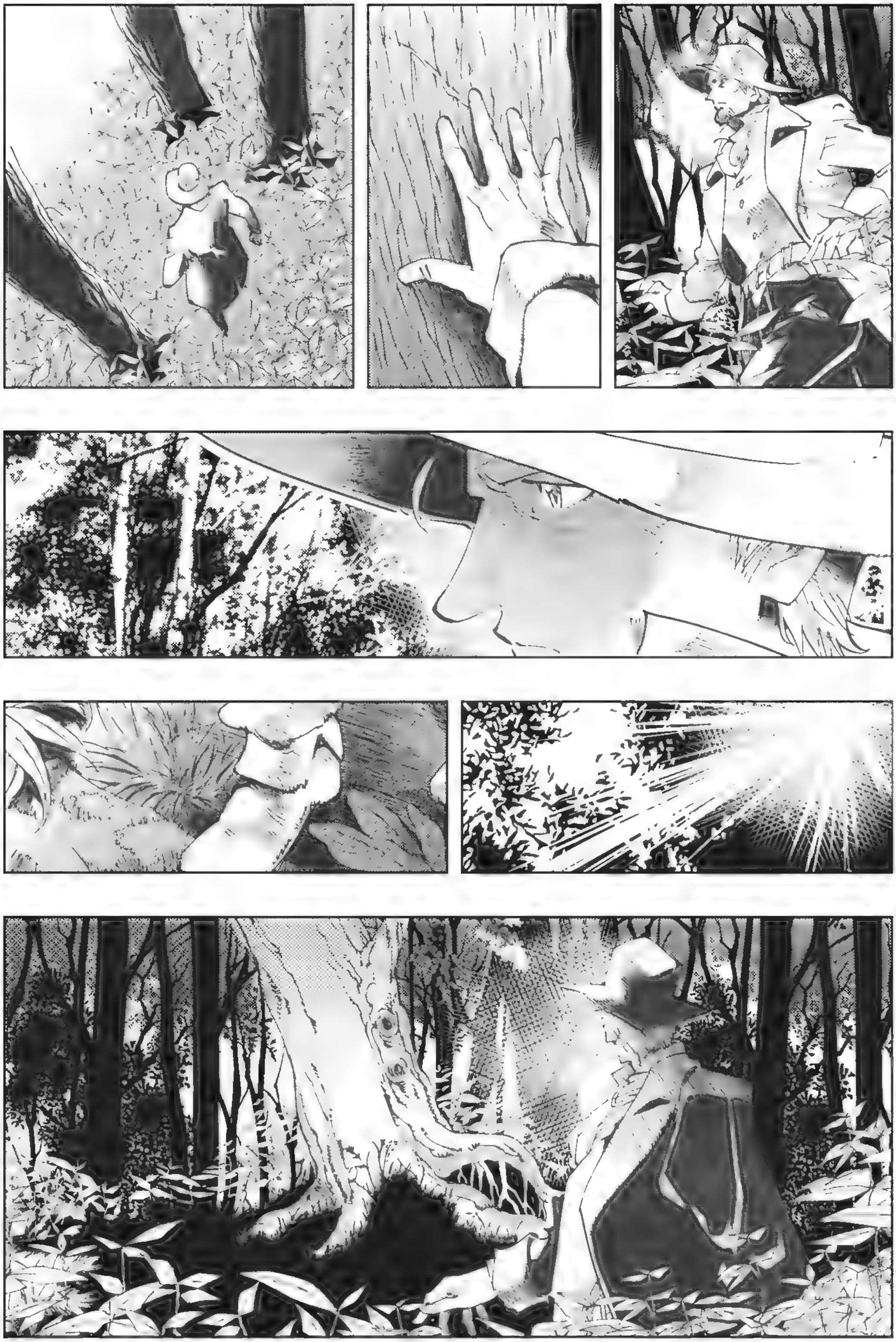
YOU'RE A FINE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SEEN WALKING WITH A WOMAN LIKE ME.

YOU SHOULD WALK A LITTLE BIT AWAY FROM ME.

IT...ISN'T RIGHT.

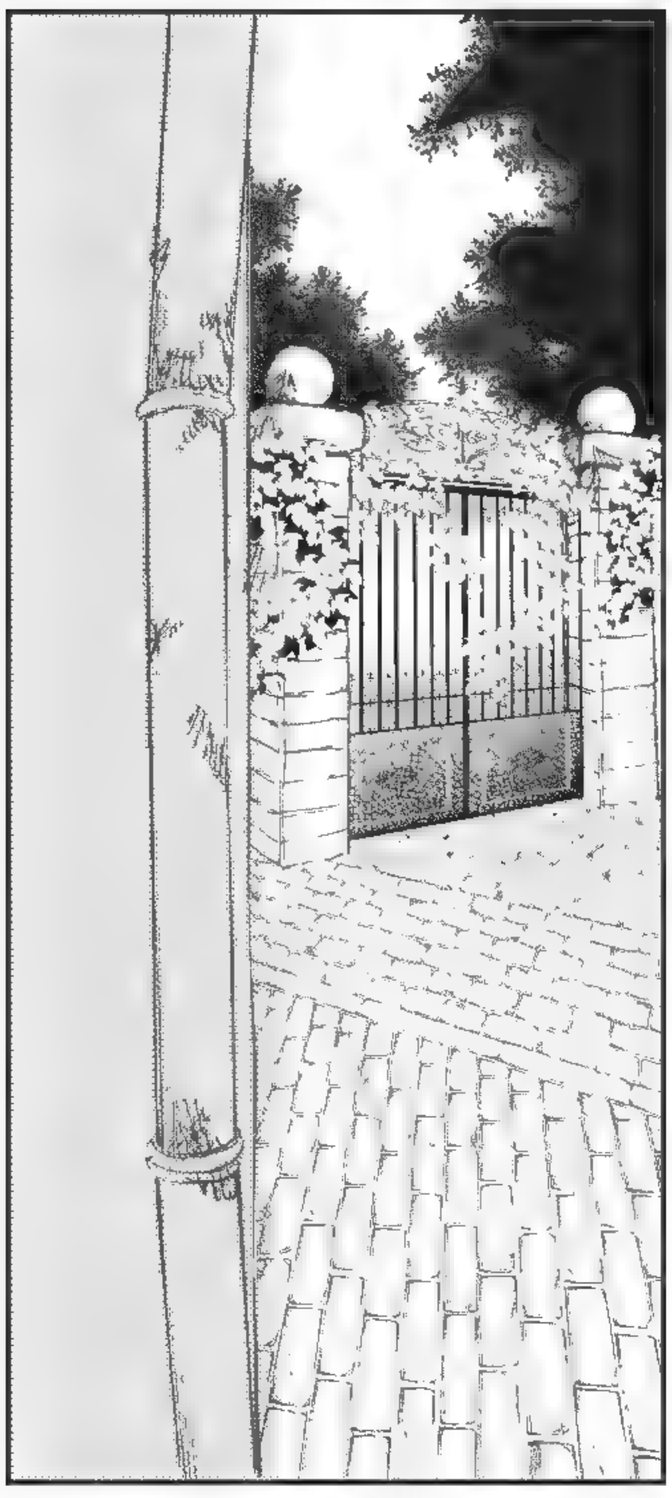
RATL RATL



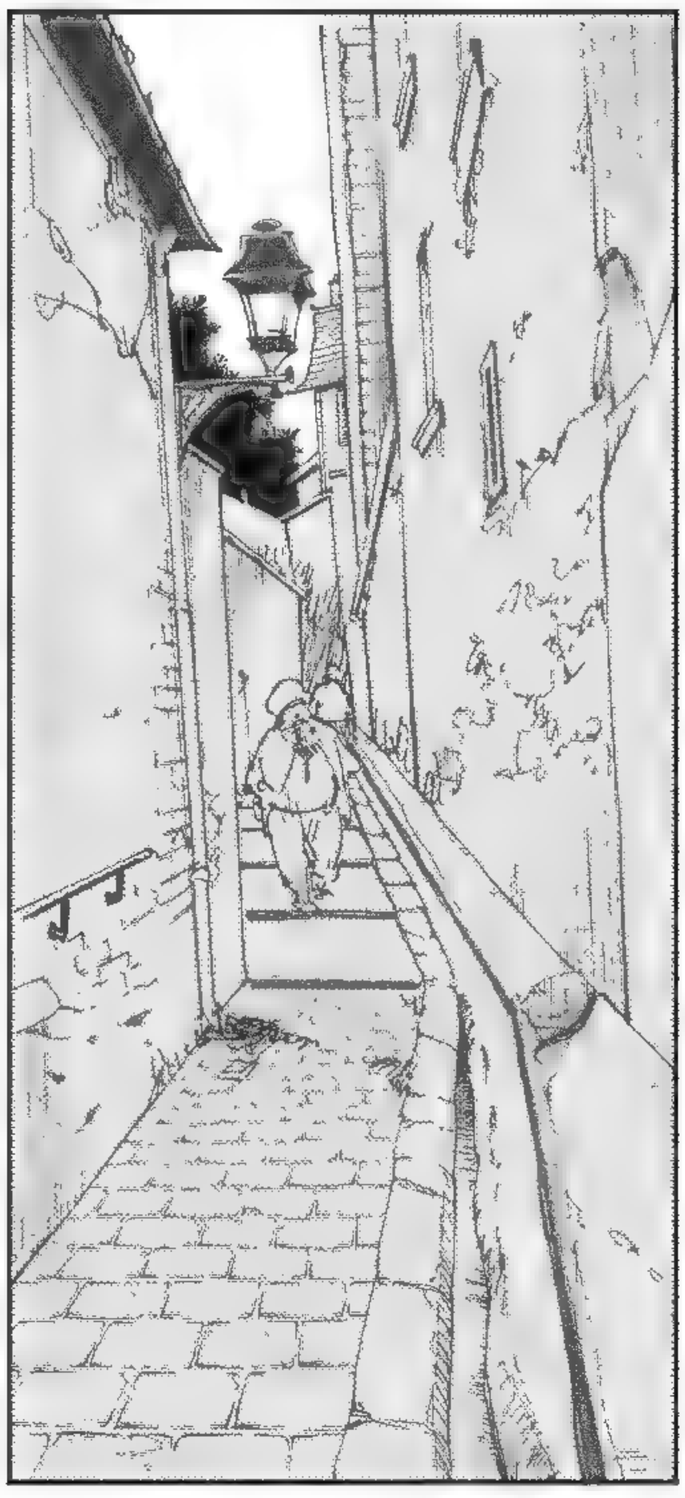
SKCH
SKCH
500.
ASSIGNAT
de Mille
Série 2989
Numéro 303.
Série 2989
Numéro 303.

Rue Plumet.
CERTAIN
FERRE PERRU

CIMETIERE de VIS.t FIACRE



FES



TOUSAINT.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE FATHER IS?

OH.

HE SAID HE'D RETURN IN TWO DAYS.

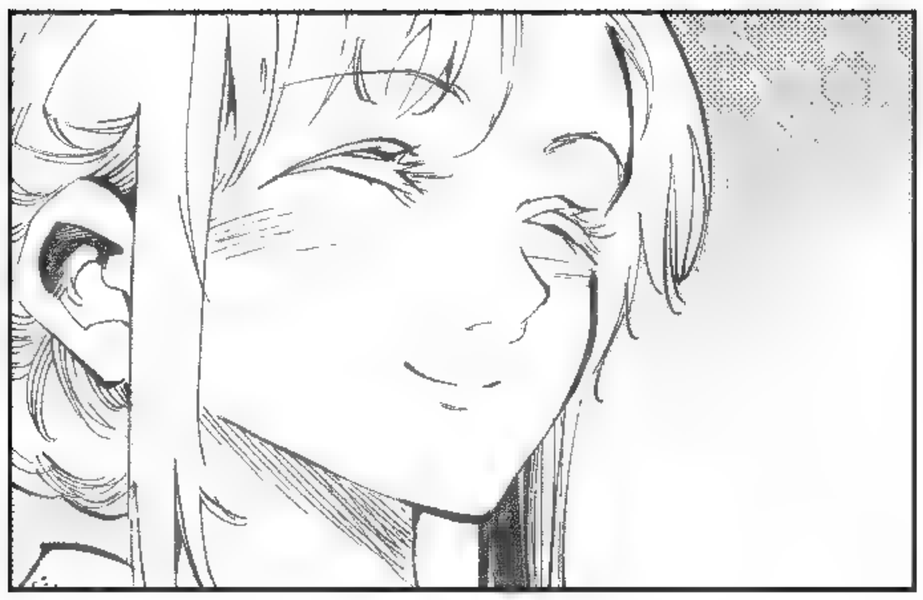
HE STEPPED OUT, MADEMOISELLE.

I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE HERE. DID YOU NOT WANT TO ACCOMPANY HIM?

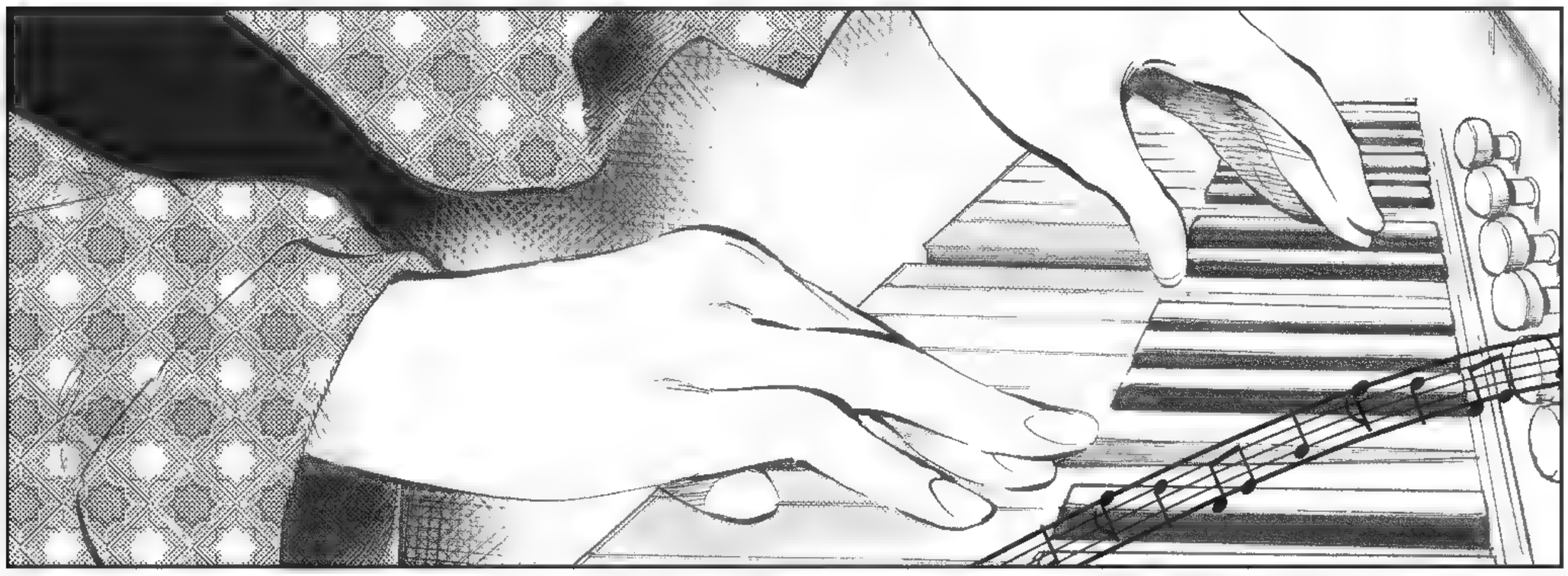
Oh...

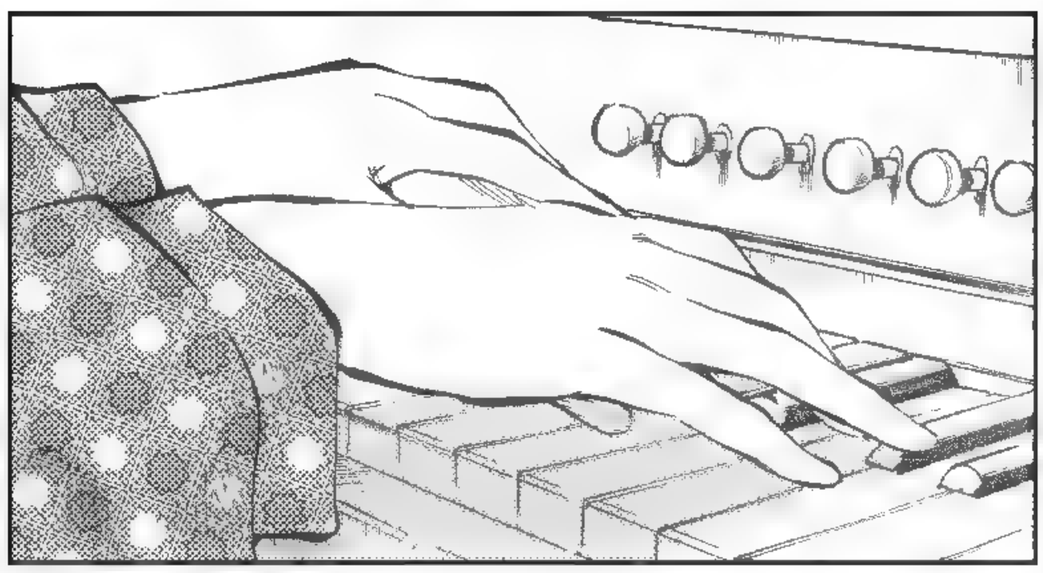
HE NEVER TELLS ME WHERE, EITHER.

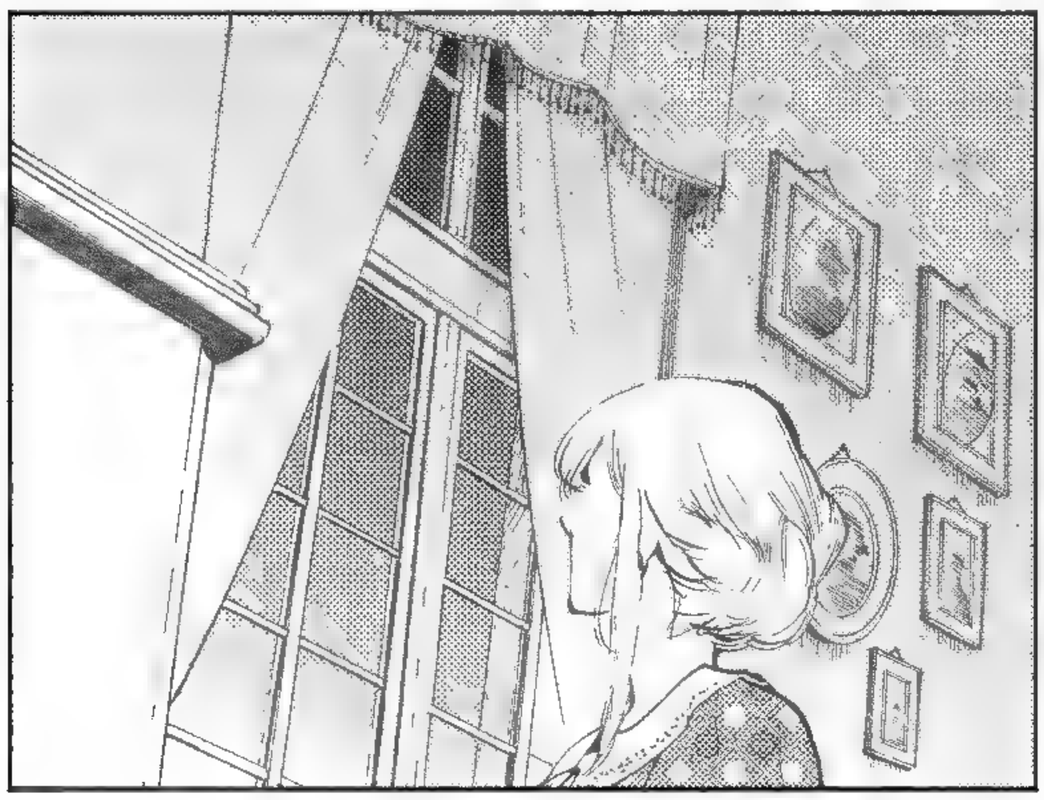
HE GOES SOMEWHERE ALONE A FEW TIMES A YEAR.

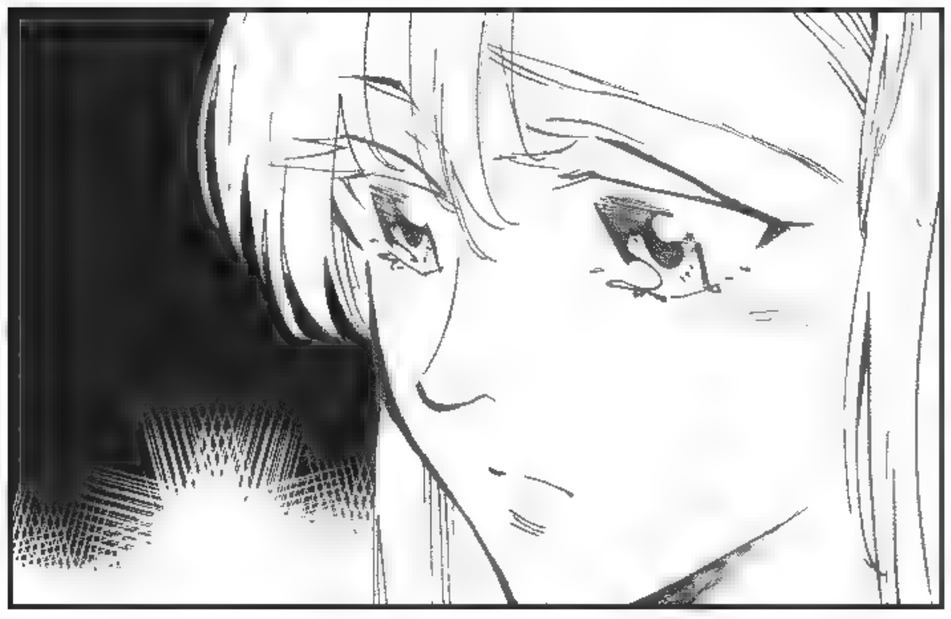


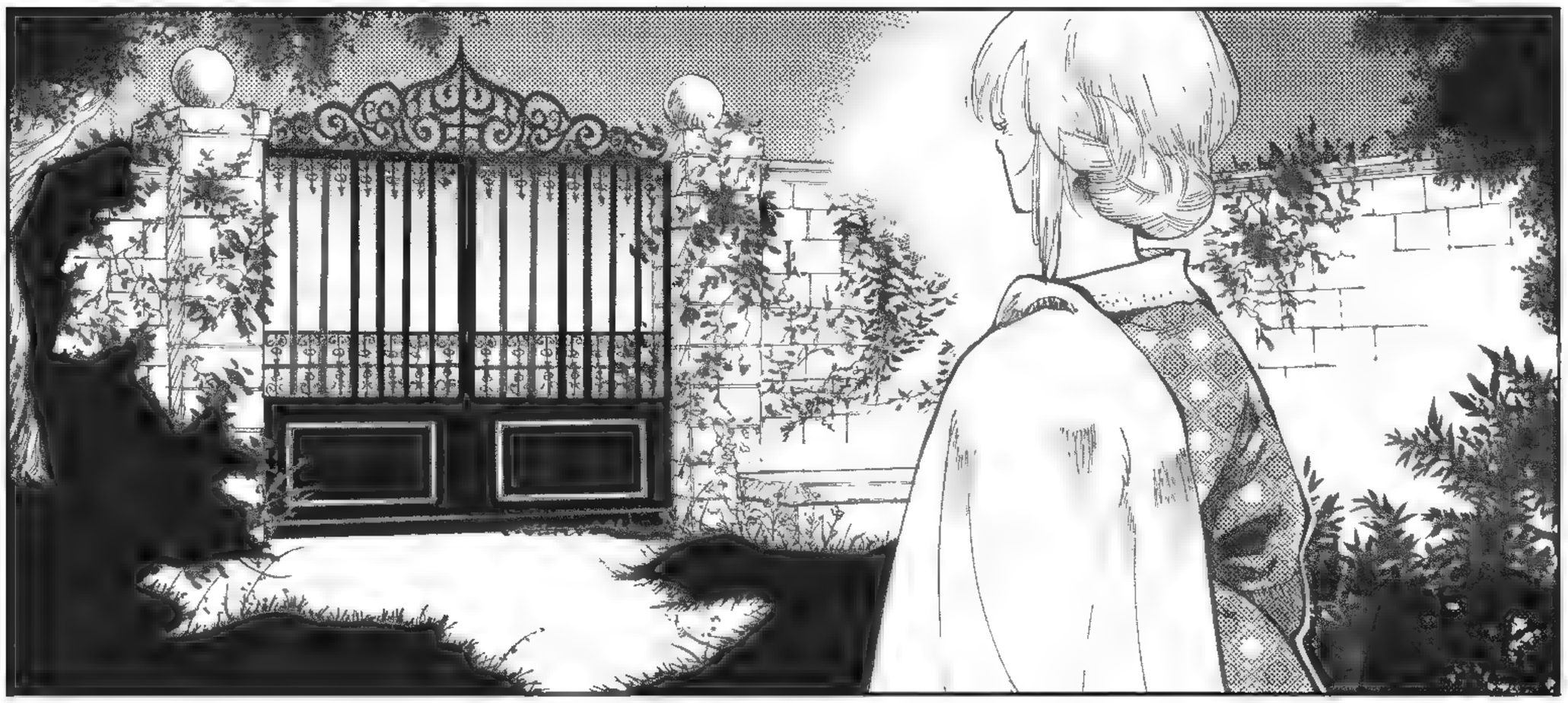
WELL THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.
THEN THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME.

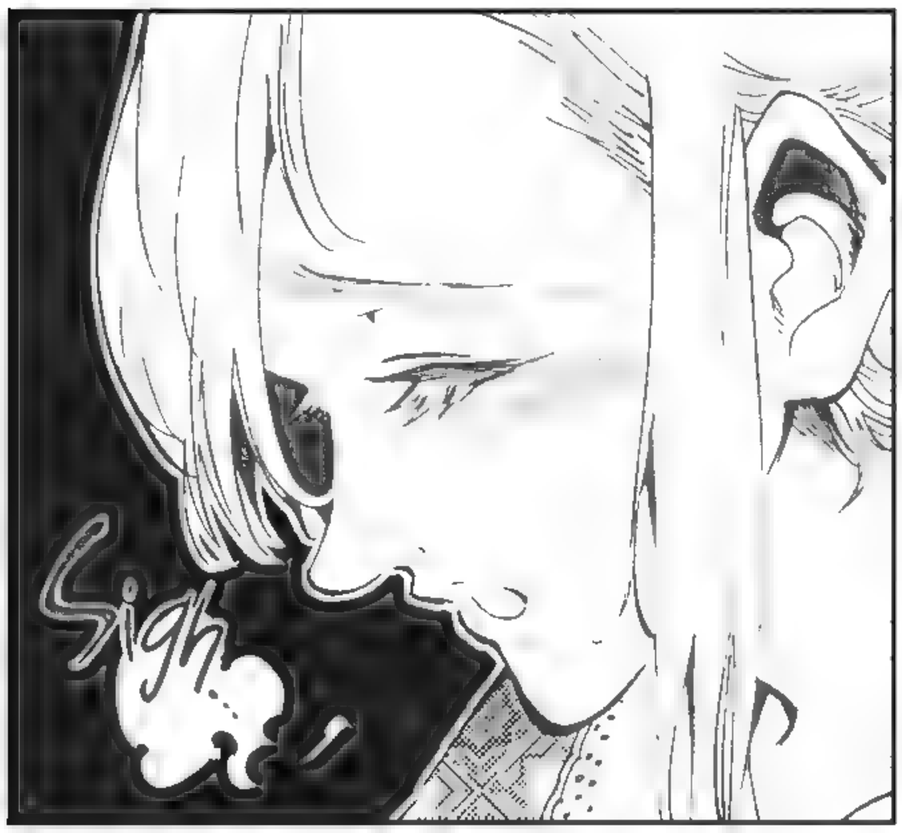


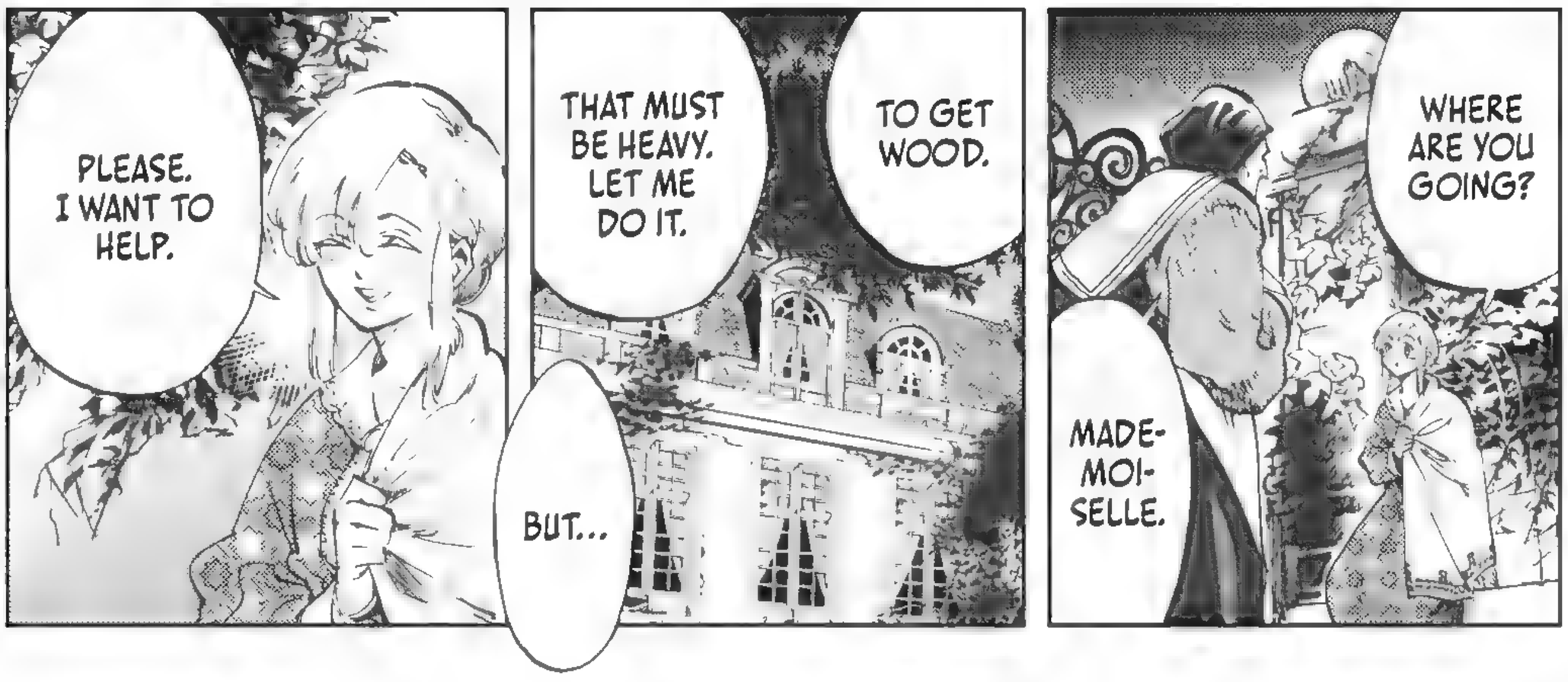




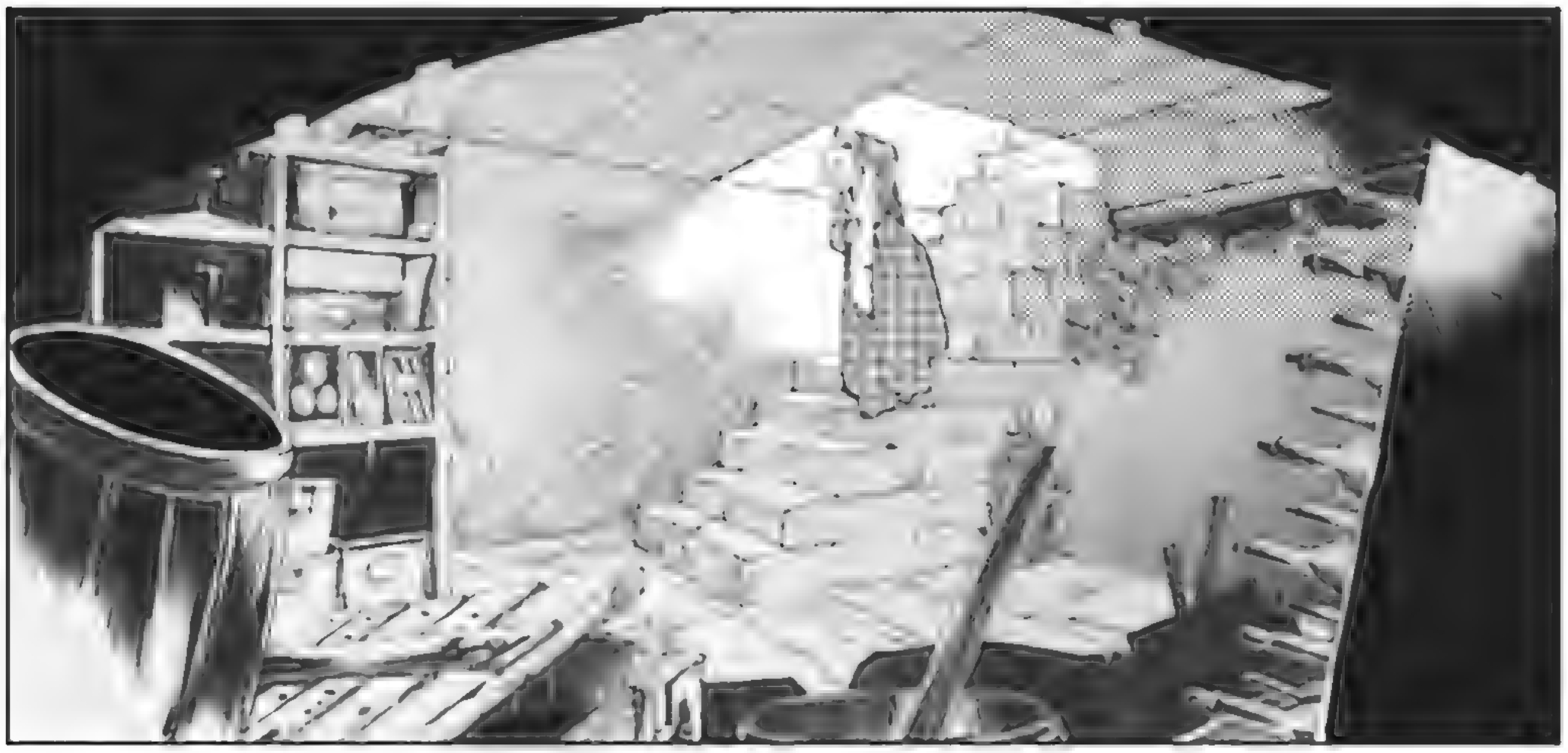


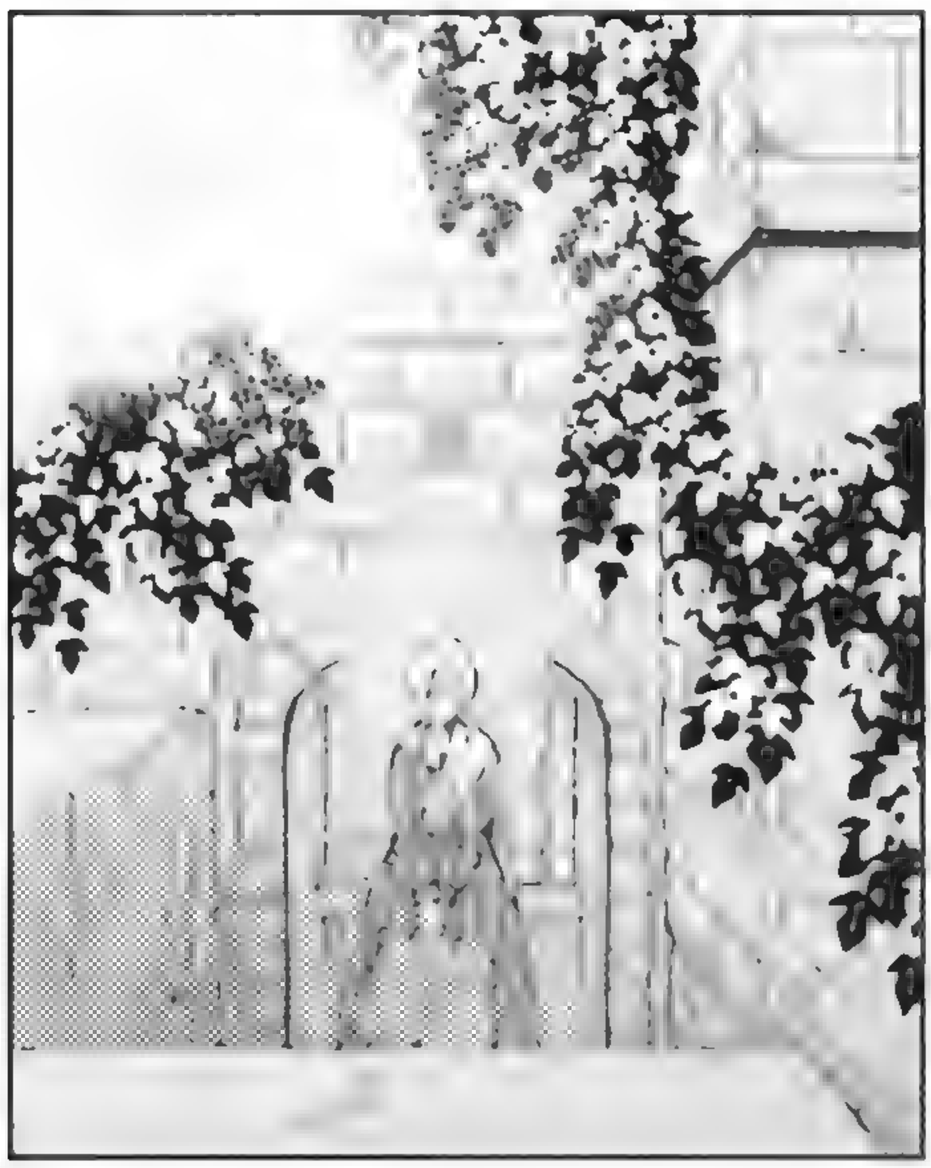


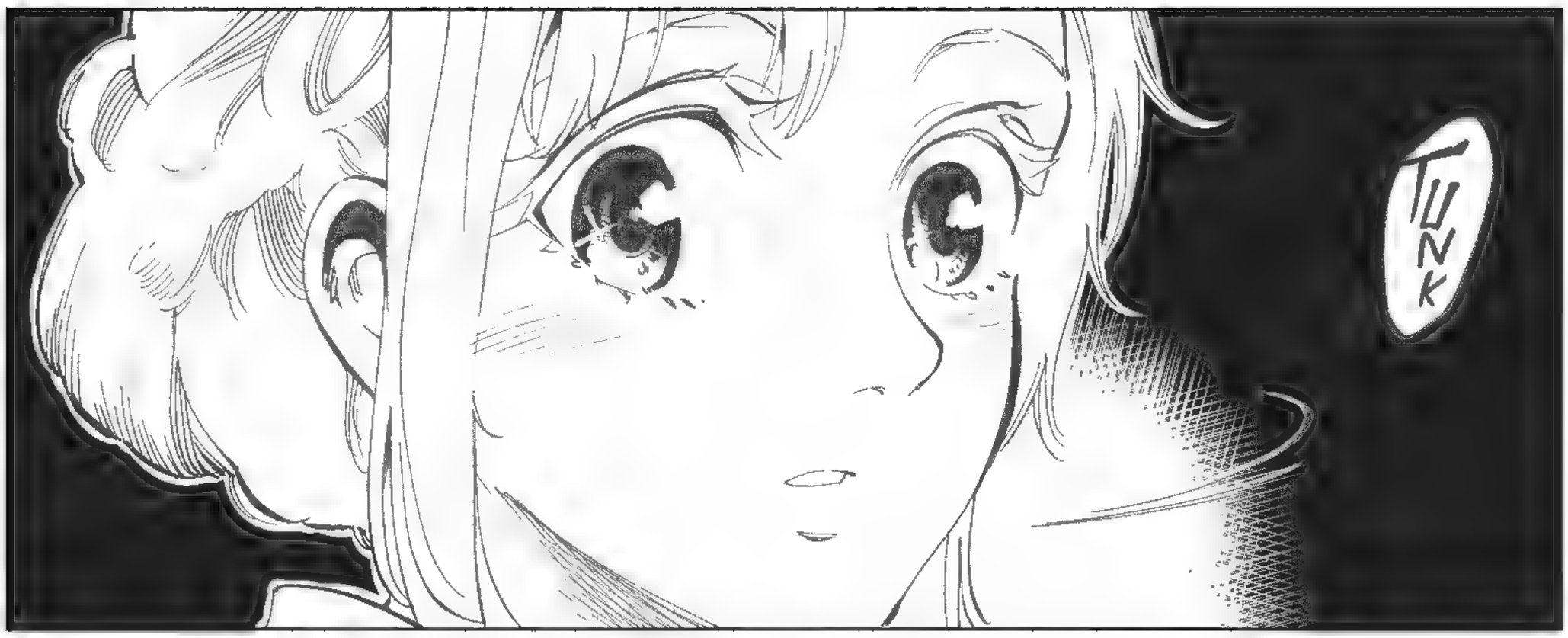

Sigh...

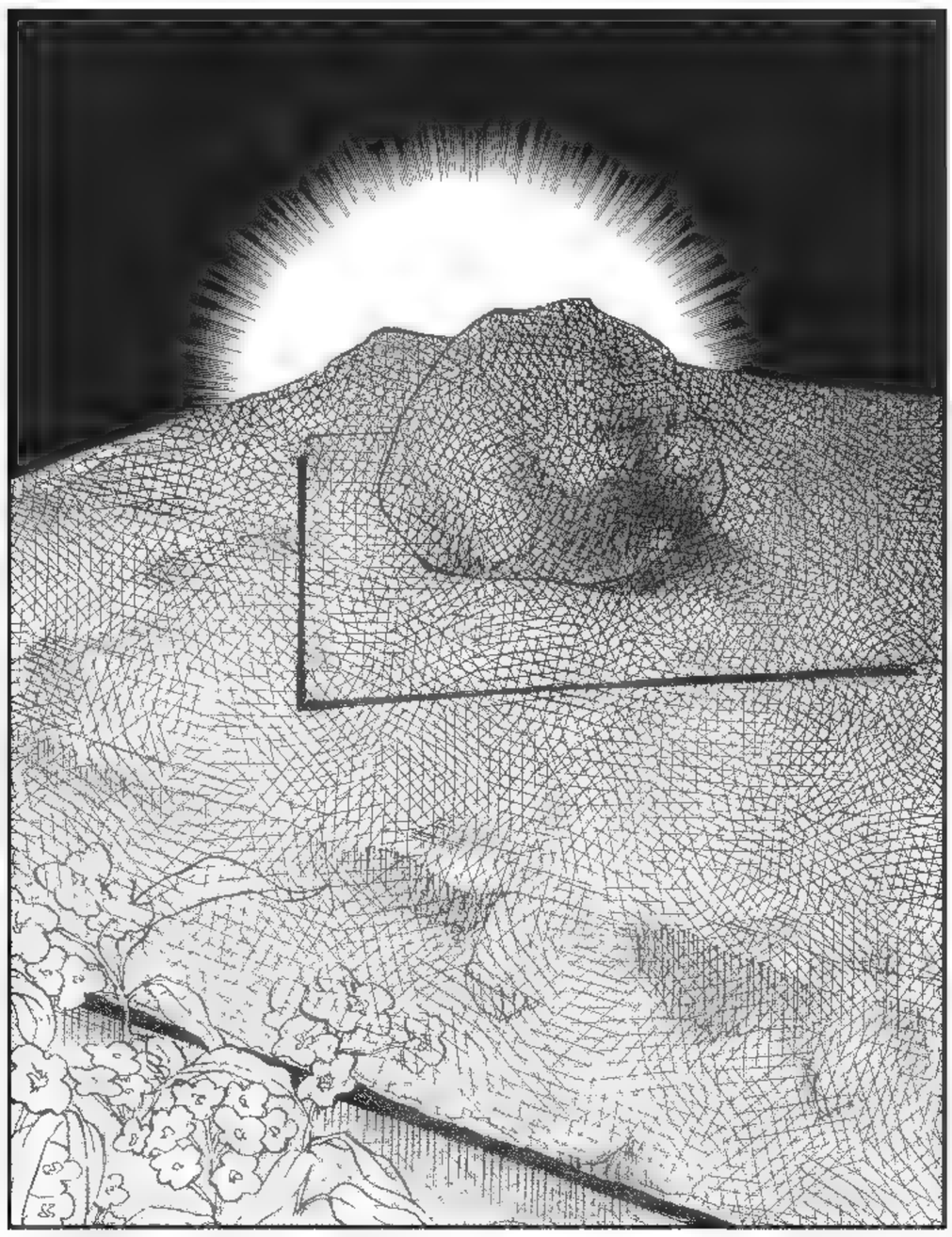

PLEASE. I WANT TO HELP.
BUT...
THAT MUST BE HEAVY. LET ME DO IT.
TO GET WOOD.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MADE-MOI-SELLE.

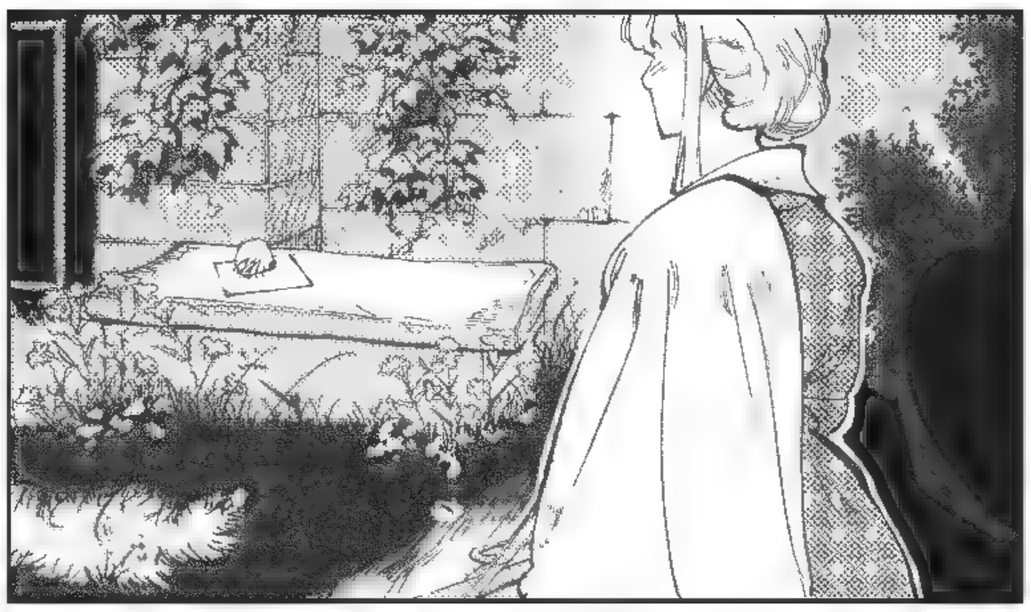
I'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT.
GO ON BACK INSIDE.

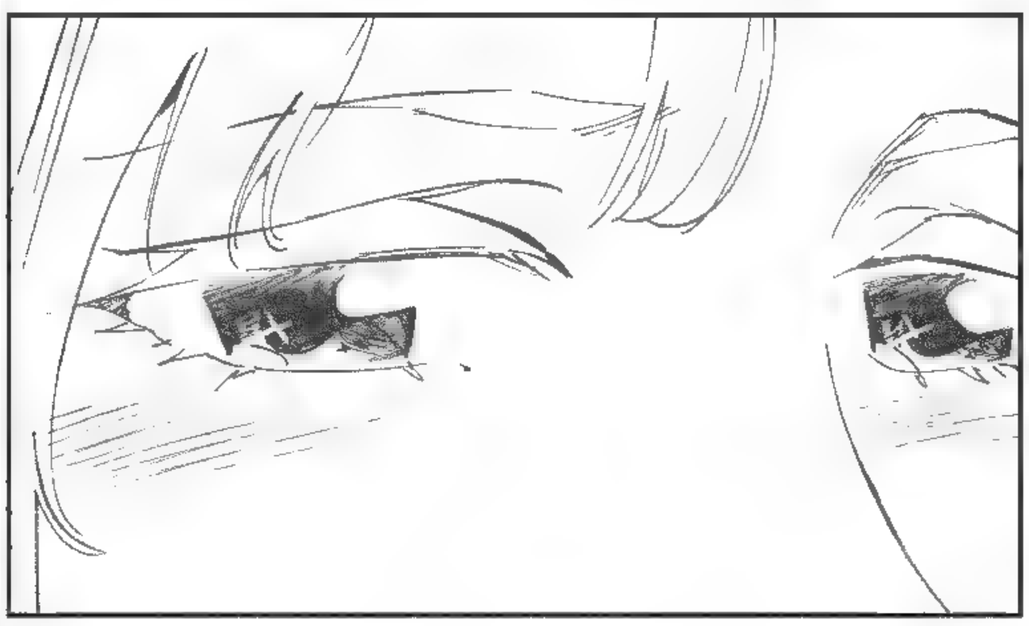





KNET



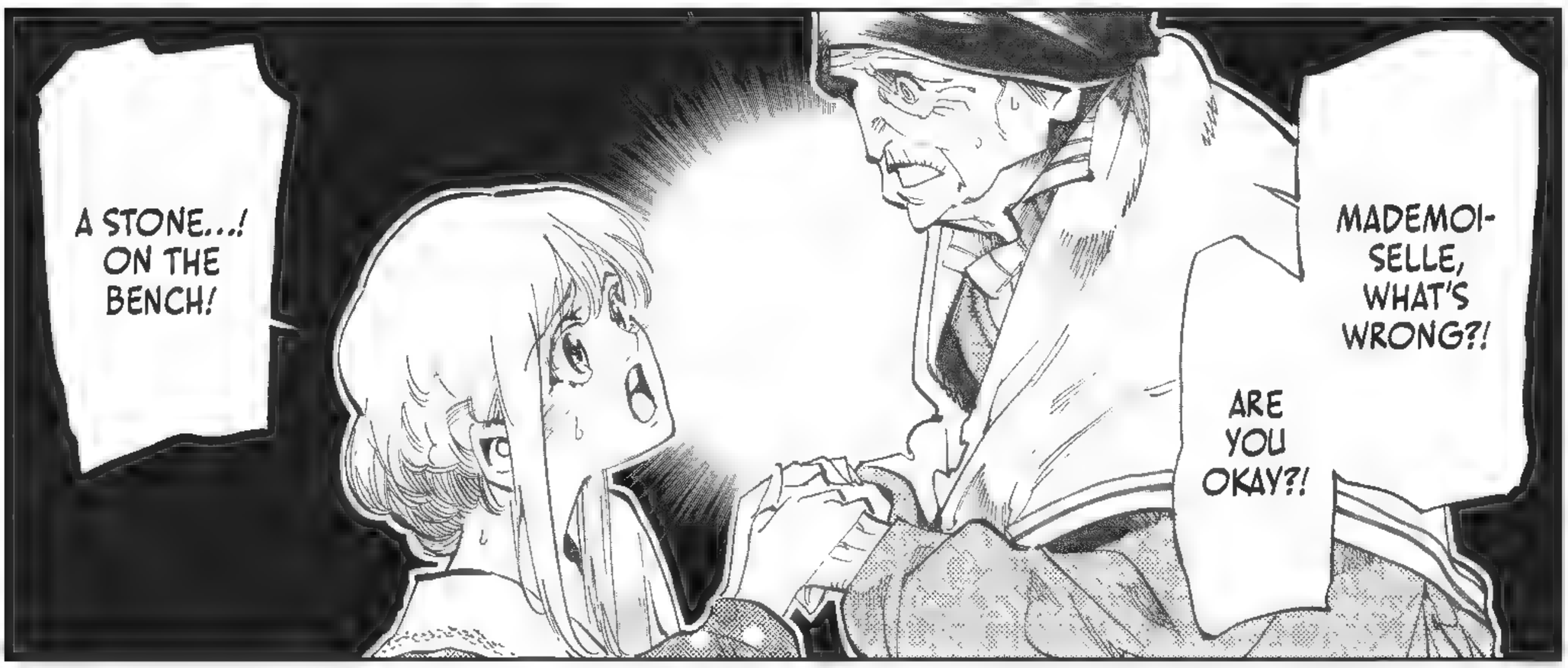


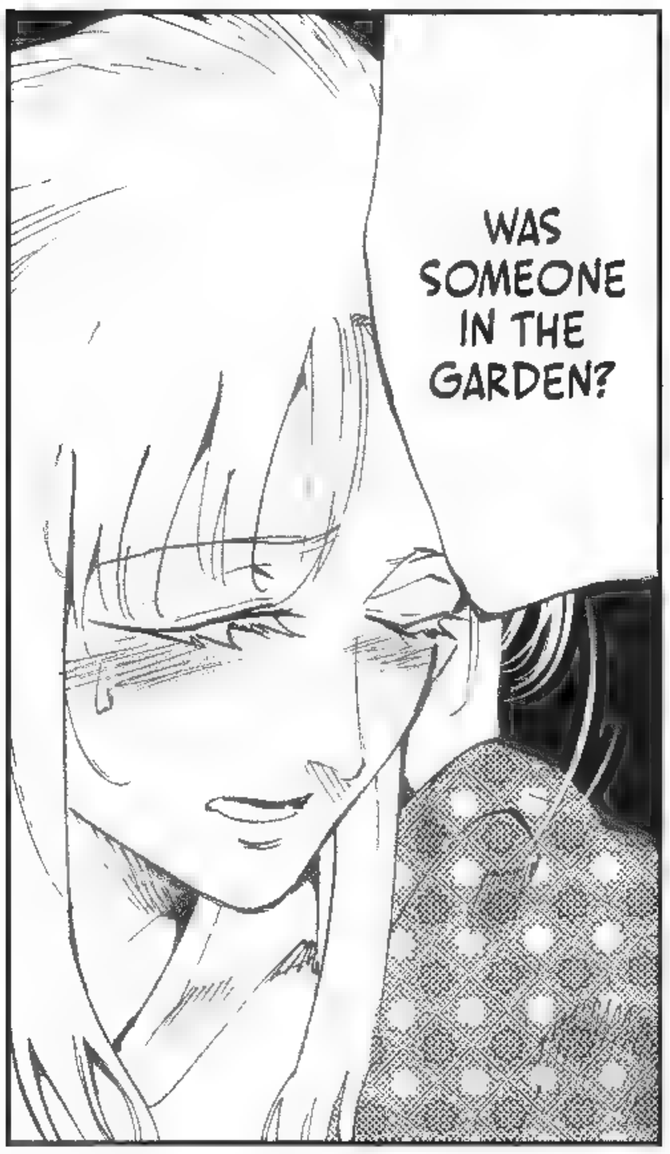


KLAT
KLOT

HFF
HFF

SLAM


A STONE...! ON THE BENCH!
MADEMOI-SELLE, WHAT'S WRONG?! ARE YOU OKAY?!


WAS SOMEONE IN THE GARDEN?

WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED OUT THERE?
IT WASN'T THERE A MINUTE AGO.

A STONE ON THE BENCH?

NOW, WHY DON'T YOU RETIRE FOR THE DAY?

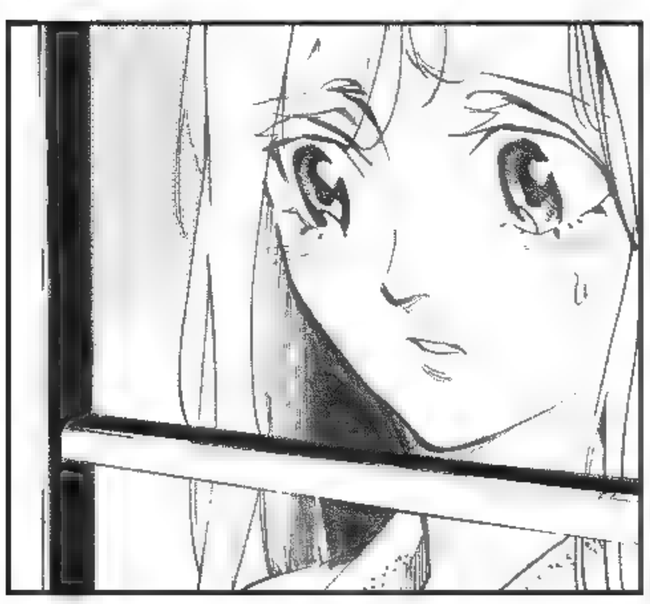
I'LL BE SURE TO LOCK UP TIGHT TONIGHT, DON'T YOU WORRY.

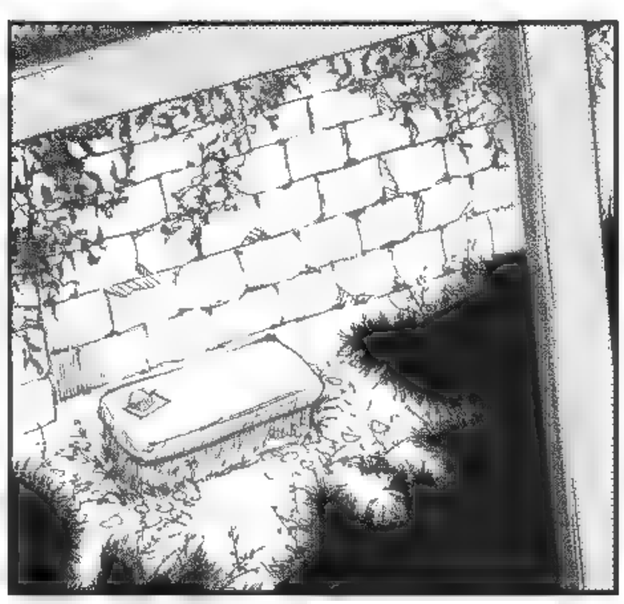
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

OH NO. I DROPPED THE FIREWOOD OUTSIDE.

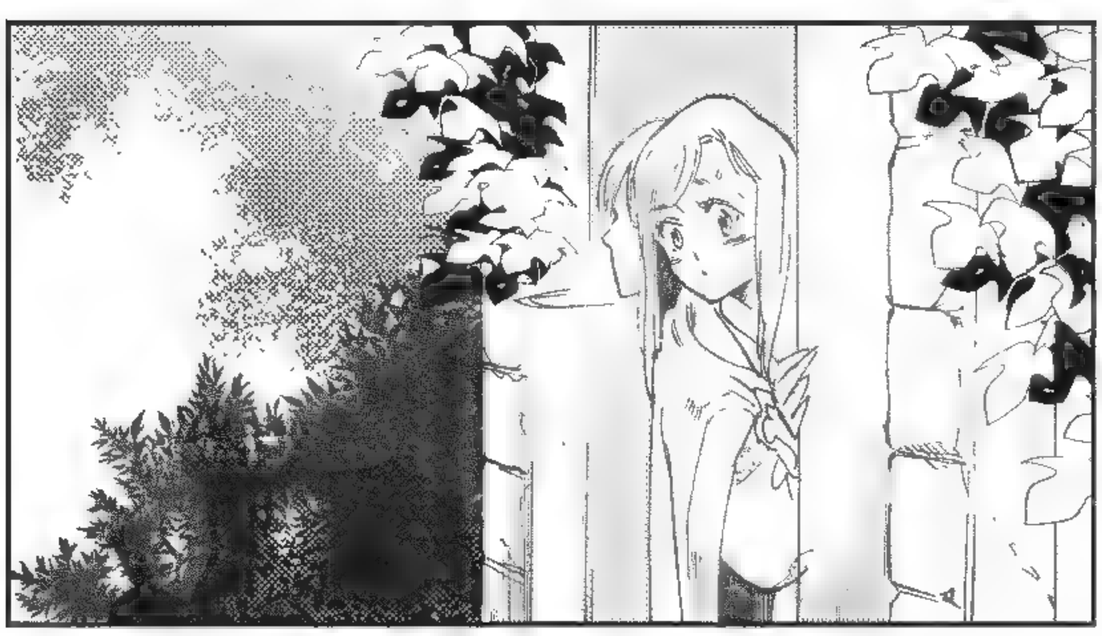
WITH THE MASTER AWAY, WE CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING HAPPENING TO YOU.

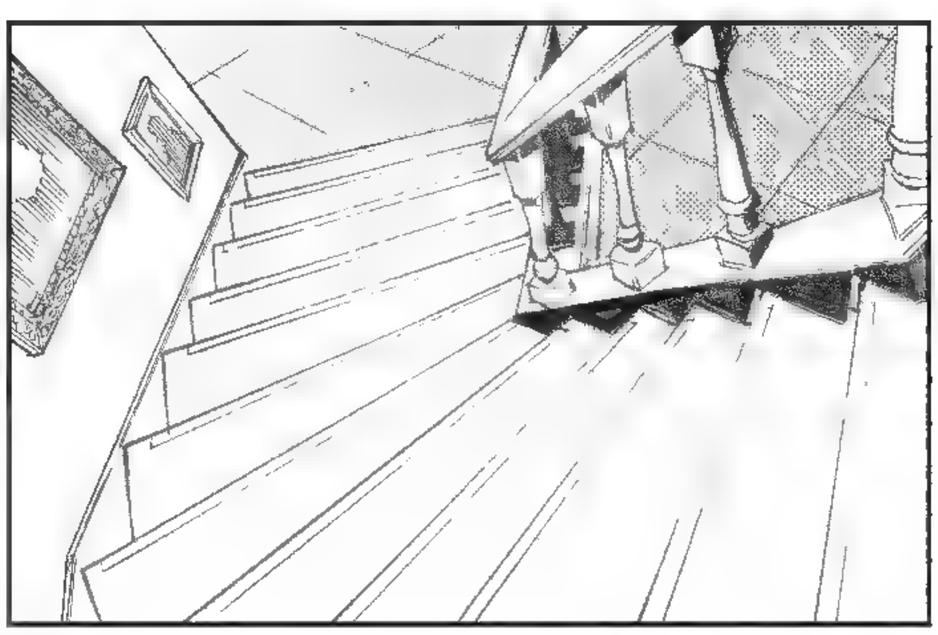
I'LL COLLECT IT TOMOR-ROW.

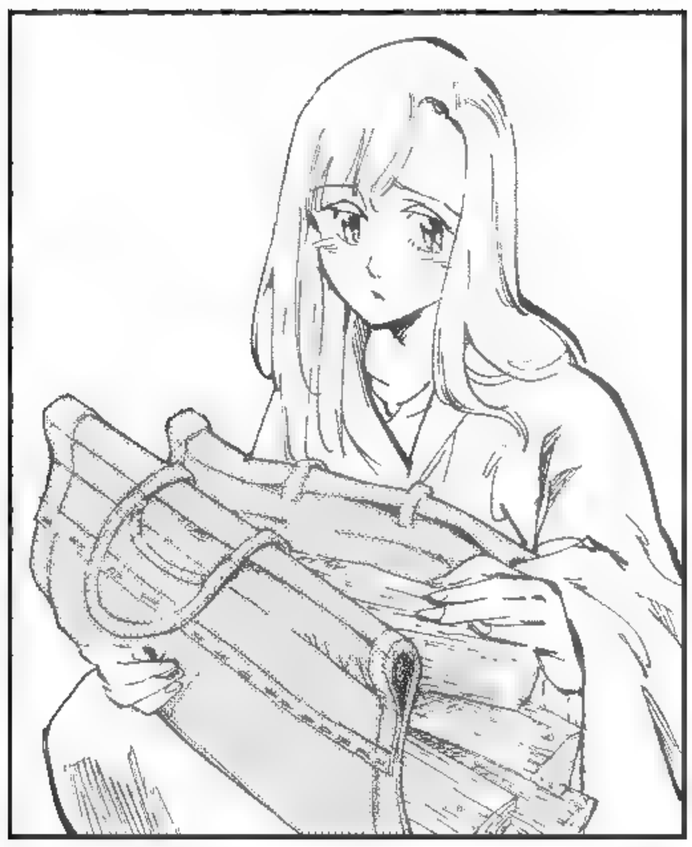


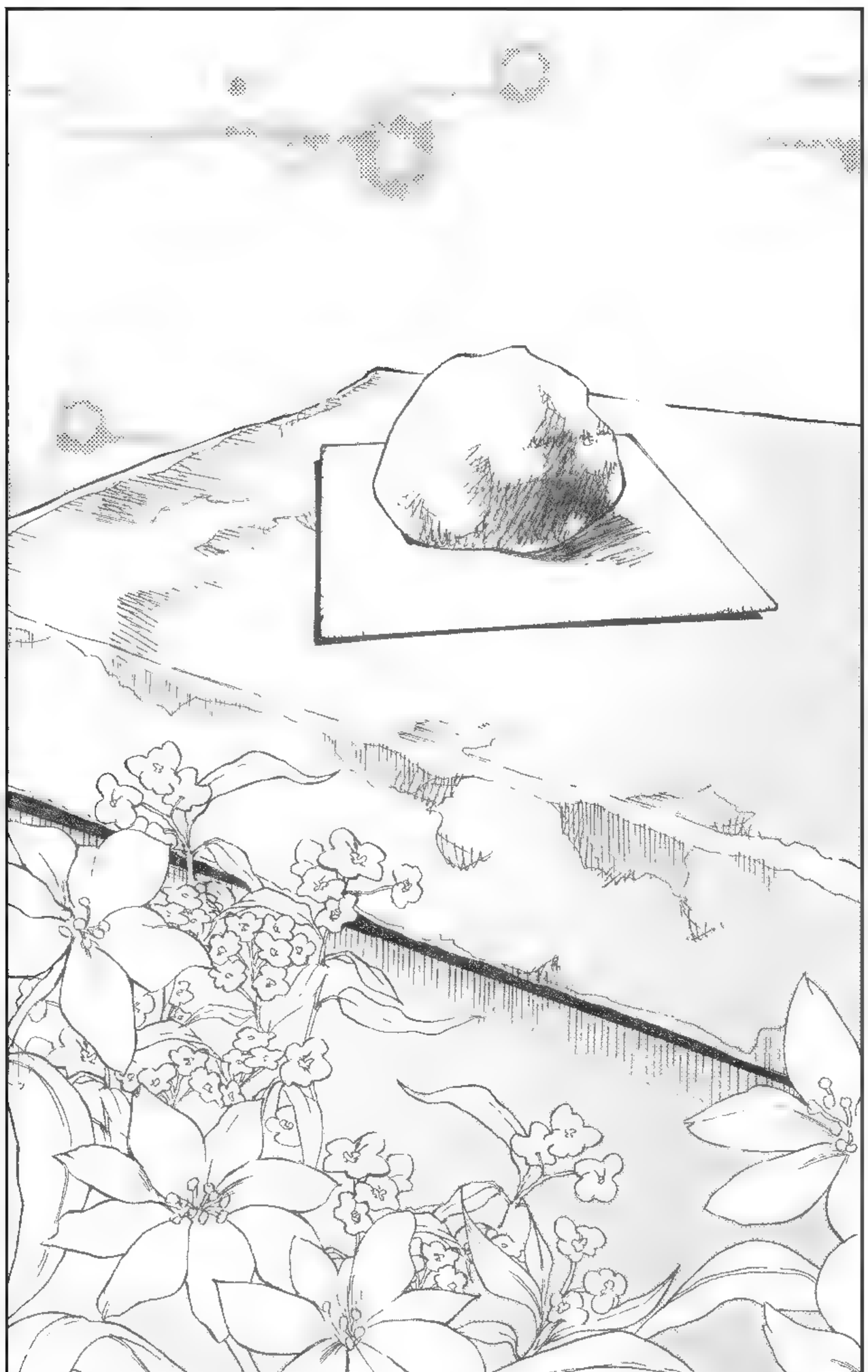


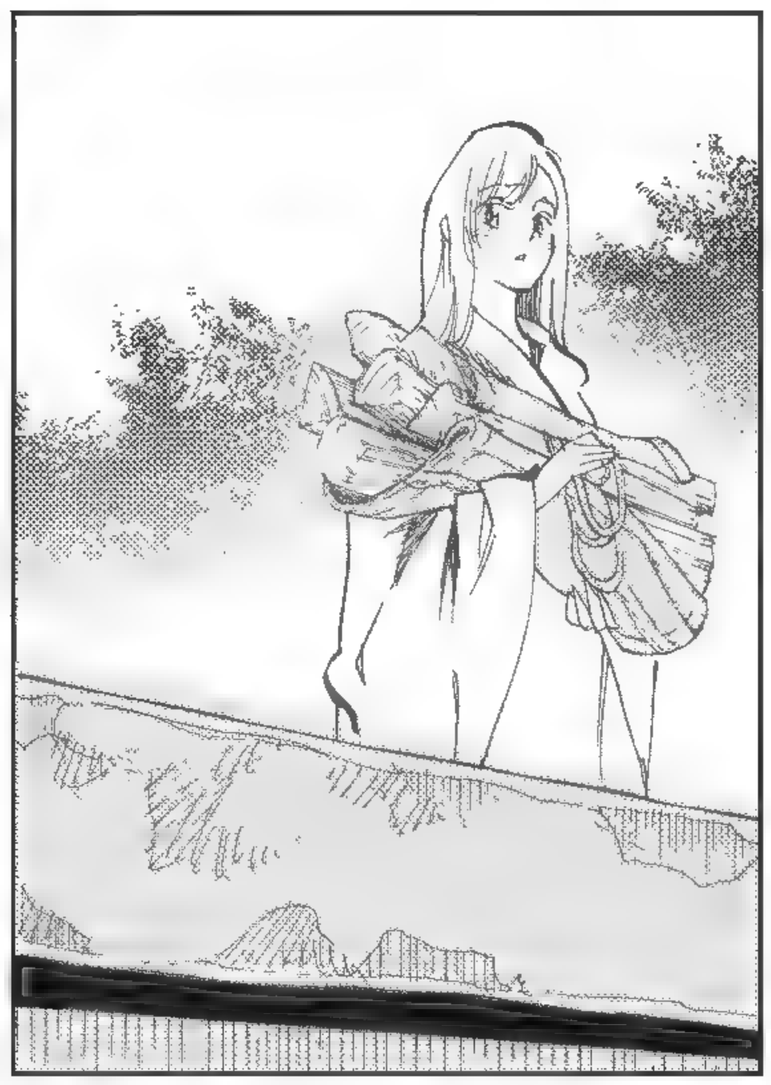
TOUSSAINT?

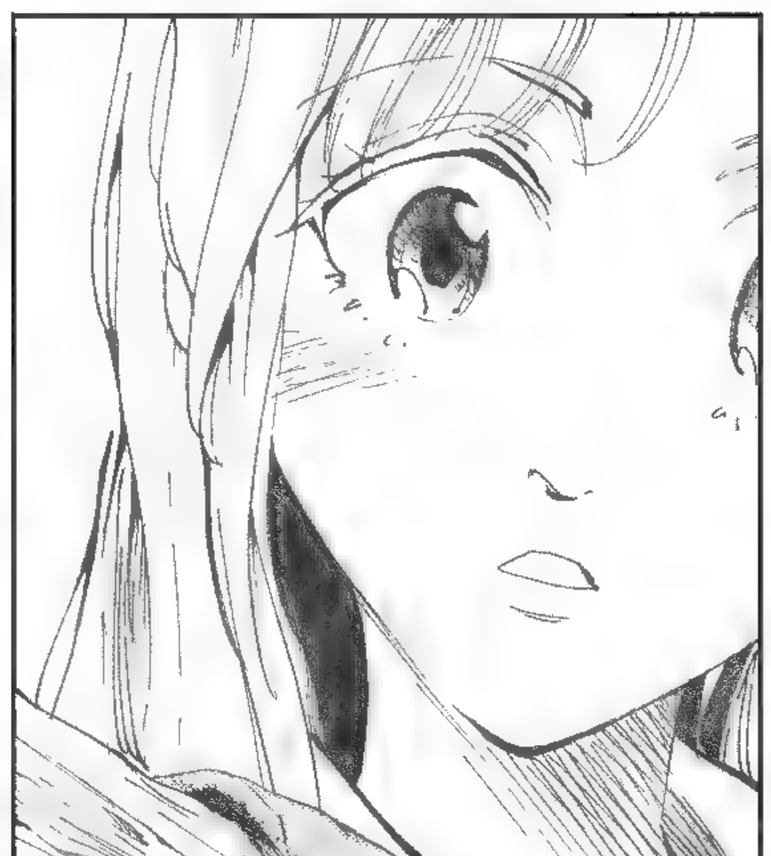












SHUF

!

MADEMOI-
SELLE...

GOOD
MORN-
ING.

DID YOU LOOK AT THE BENCH?

THANK YOU FOR BRINGING IN THE WOOD.

I BROUGHT YOU A CAFÉ AU LAIT.

I'M SURE IT MUST'VE BEEN YOUR IMAGINATION.

NOR ANYTHING ELSE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

I CHECKED IT AND DIDN'T SEE ANY STONE...

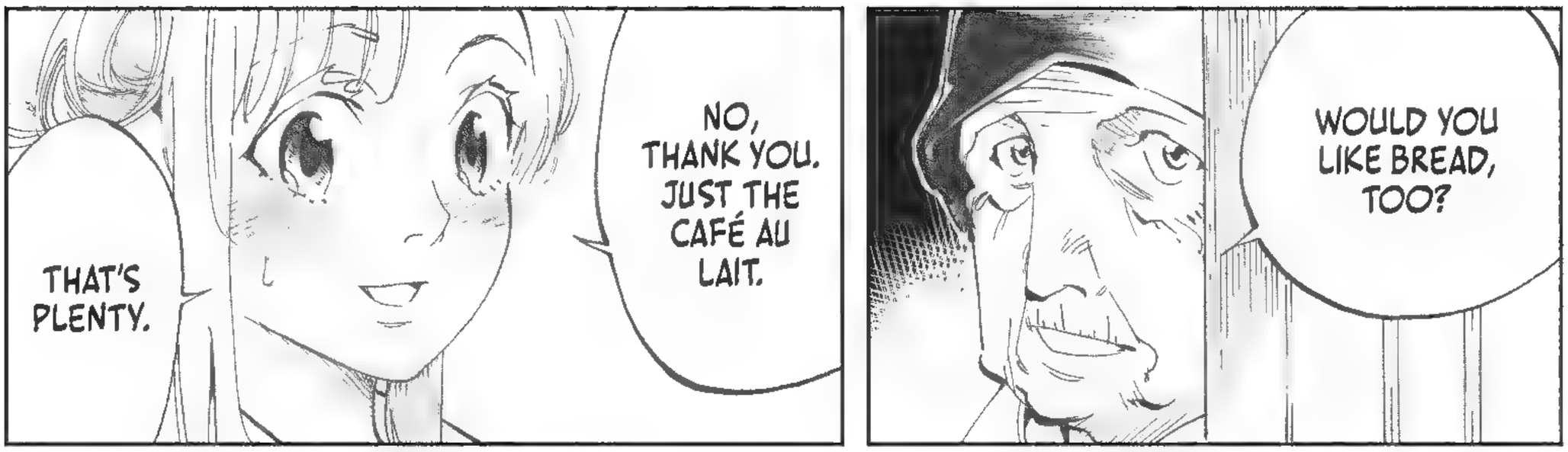
THE MASTER WILL BE HOME BEFORE LONG.

PLEASE REST EASY.

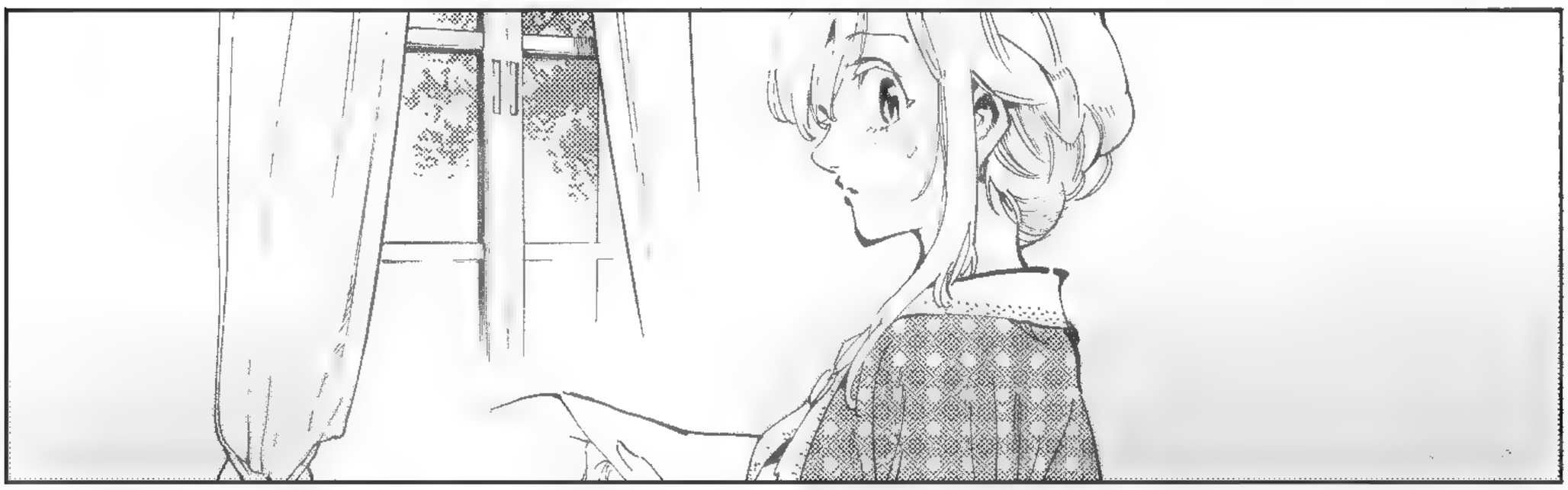
OH, MADE-MOI-SELLE?

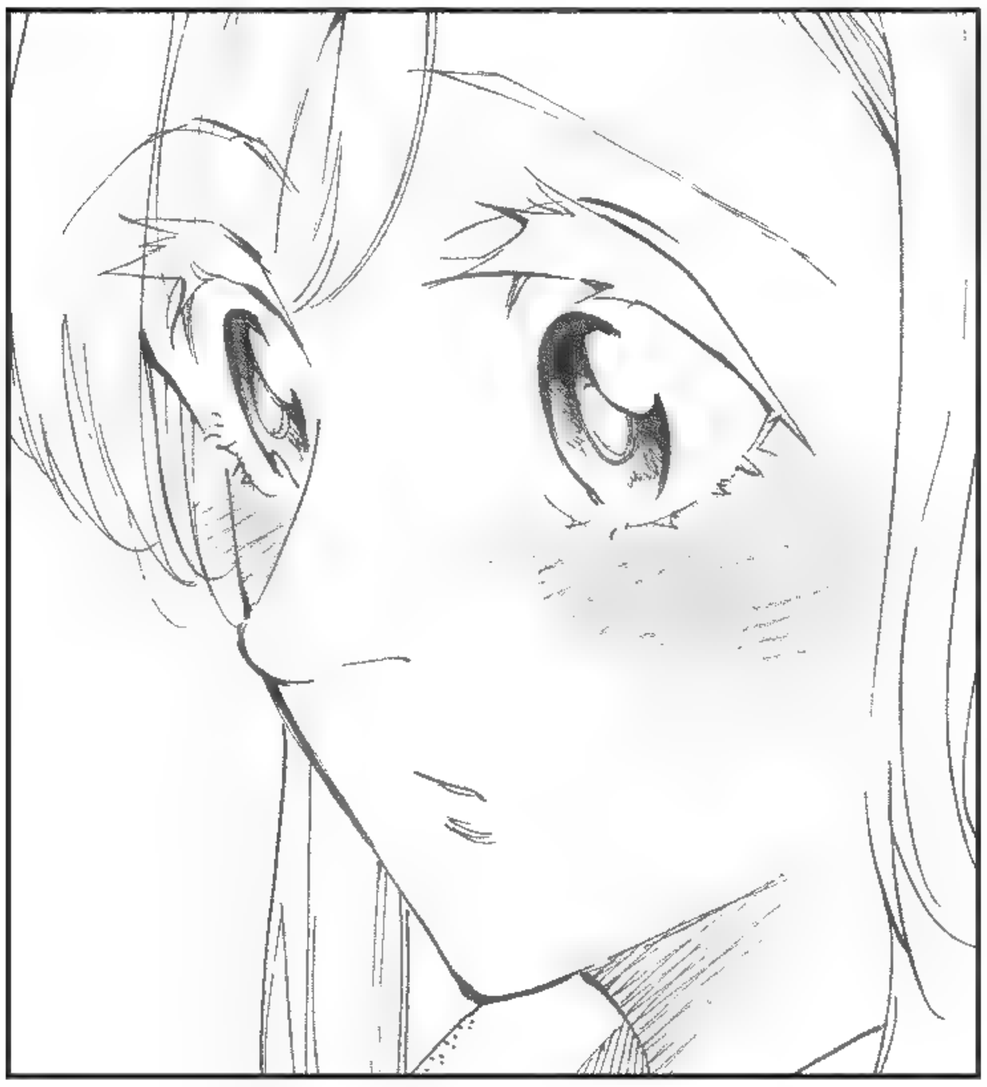
YES?

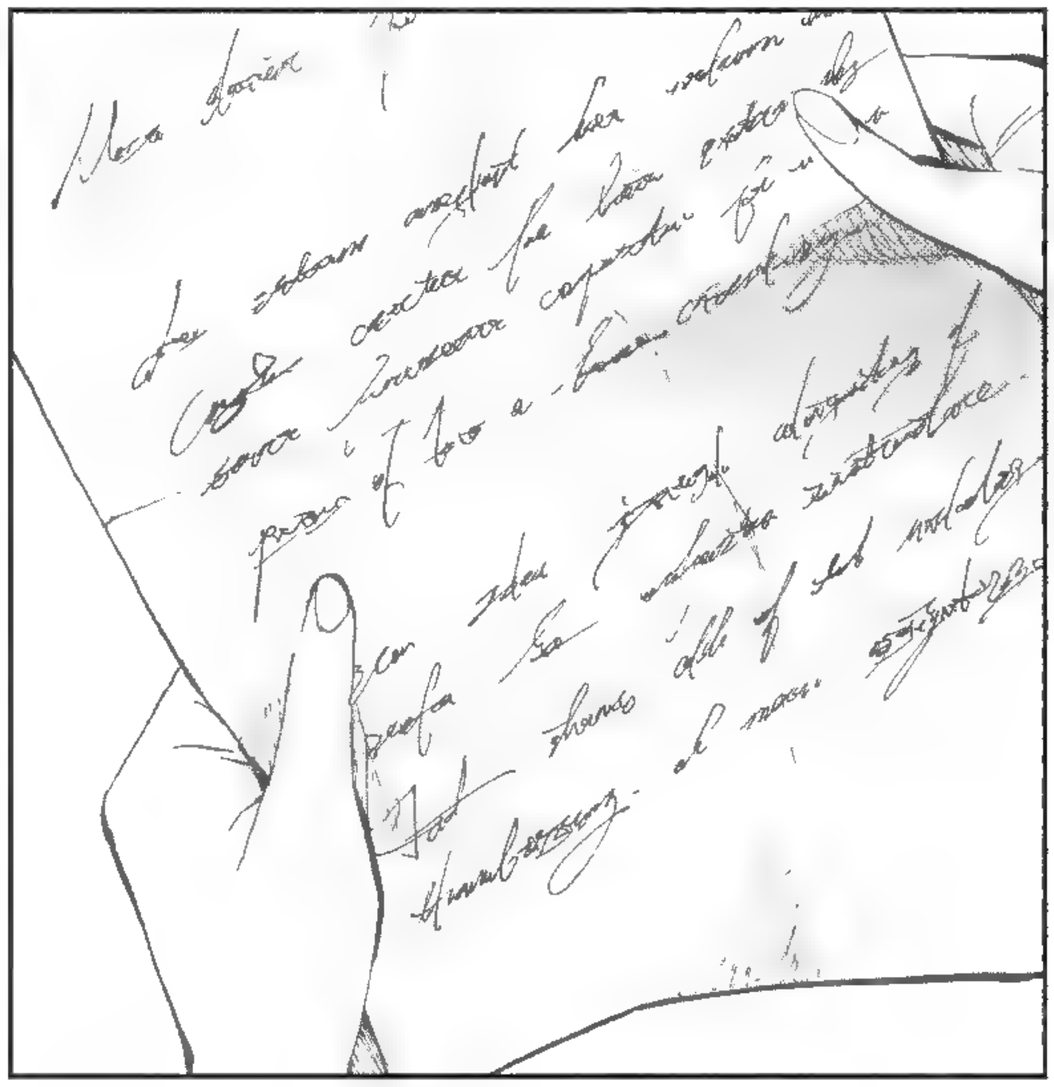
SWISH


THAT'S PLENTY.
NO, THANK YOU. JUST THE CAFÉ AU LAIT.
WOULD YOU LIKE BREAD, TOO?

AAH. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, THEN.
PTAM







YOU WHO SUFFER BECAUSE OF LOVE...

LOVE EVEN DEEPER.

TO DIE FOR LOVE...

IS TO LIVE FOR LOVE.

AND RAISE THAT ONE PERSON UP AS LIKE UNTO THE COSMOS.

TO SHRINK ALL THE UNIVERSE INTO ONE PERSON...

THAT IS LOVE.

SHOULD LOVE DISAPPEAR FROM THE WORLD, THEN SURELY, TOO, WOULD THE SUN GO OUT.

LOVE.

IT IS THE ANGELS' SONG OF PRAISE TO THE STARS.

OH, LOVE.
OH, ADORATION.

TWO SOULS WHICH UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. TWO HEARTS WHICH CONNECT TO EACH OTHER. TWO GAZES THAT PENETRATE EACH OTHER.

WHAT UNSPEAKABLE JOY.

THOSE ARE THE WINGS OF A SOUL. THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL.

LOVE.
LOVE AND SOAR.

HOW GRAND IT IS TO BE LOVED.

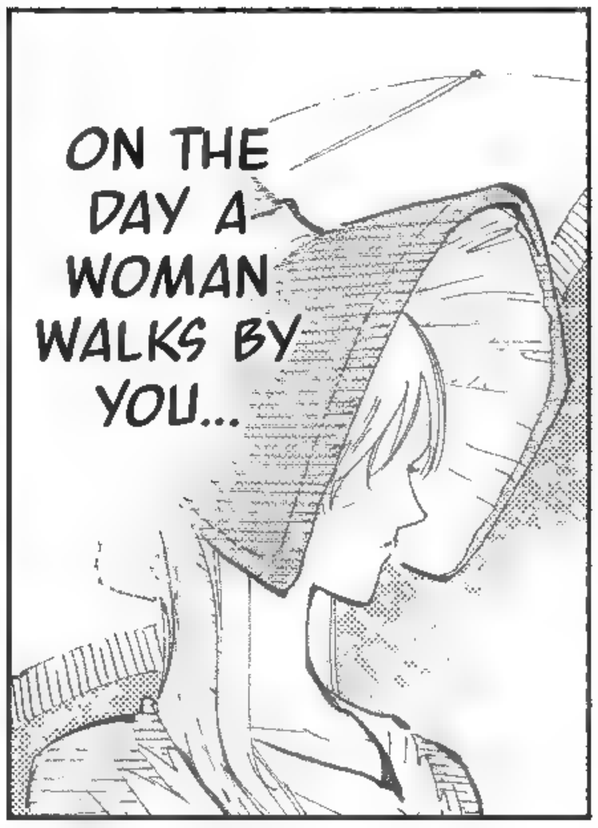
HOW GRAND TO BE able TO LOVE.

IT RESTS ONLY ON THE LOFTIEST THINGS.

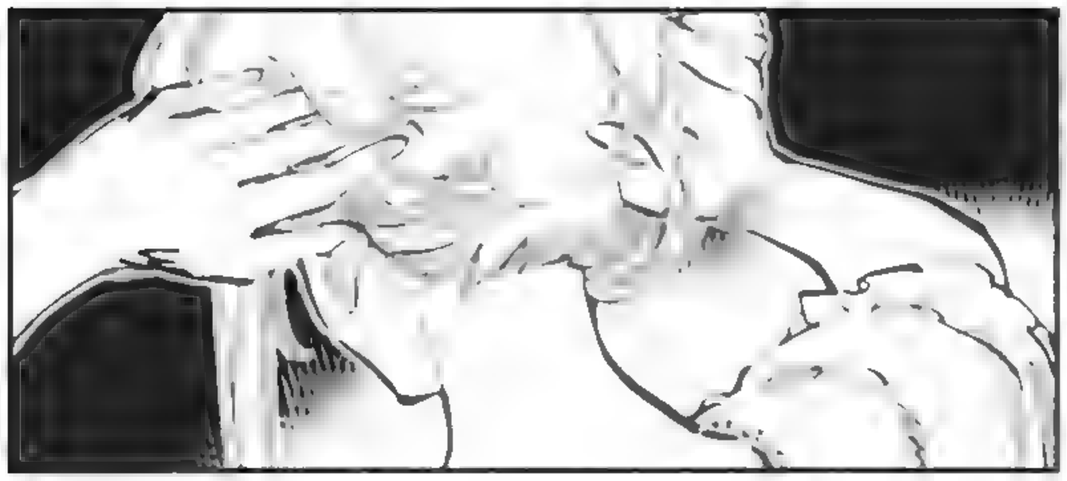
AND THEN THAT HEART...

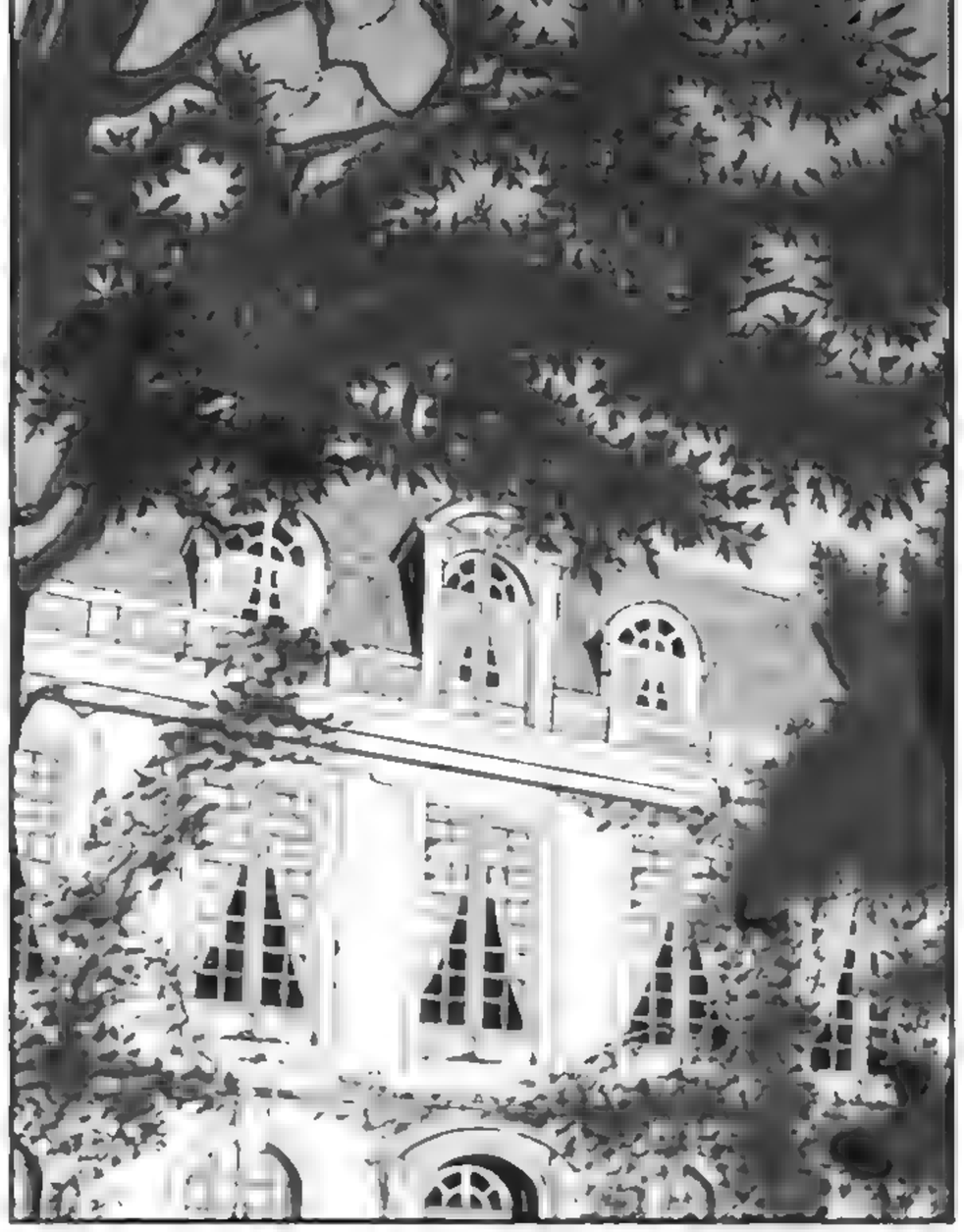
IS MADE ONLY OF THE PUREST THINGS.

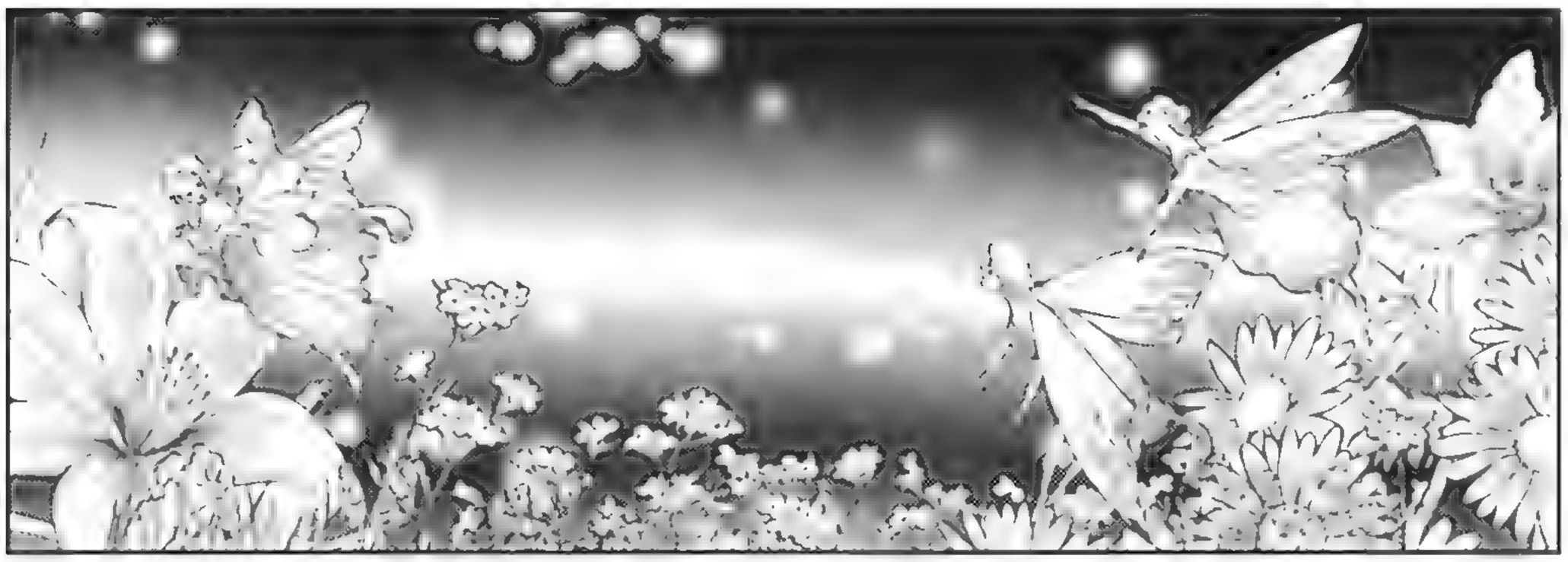
PASSION MAKES THE HEART HEROIC.



THEN ONLY ONE THING REMAINS FOR YOU TO DO.







FORGIVE ME FOR VISITING YOU UNANNOUNCED.

I'VE BEEN INCAPABLE OF LIVING MY LIFE AS I ONCE HAD.

I...

BUT SINCE THE DAY I FIRST SAW YOU...

PLEASE, DON'T BE AFRAID.

IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

SUCH WARM WORDS SUFFUSED WITH LIGHT...

I'VE NEVER READ SUCH KIND WORDS...

YOU PLACED YOUR HEART.

UNDER THAT STONE ON THE BENCH...

BUT I KNEW RIGHT AWAY.

THE LETTER WAS UNSIGNED...

AND YOU WROTE IT FOR ME.

I KNEW THAT BEAUTIFUL POEM'S AUTHOR HAD TO BE YOU.

I DO.

I SAW YOU, TOO.

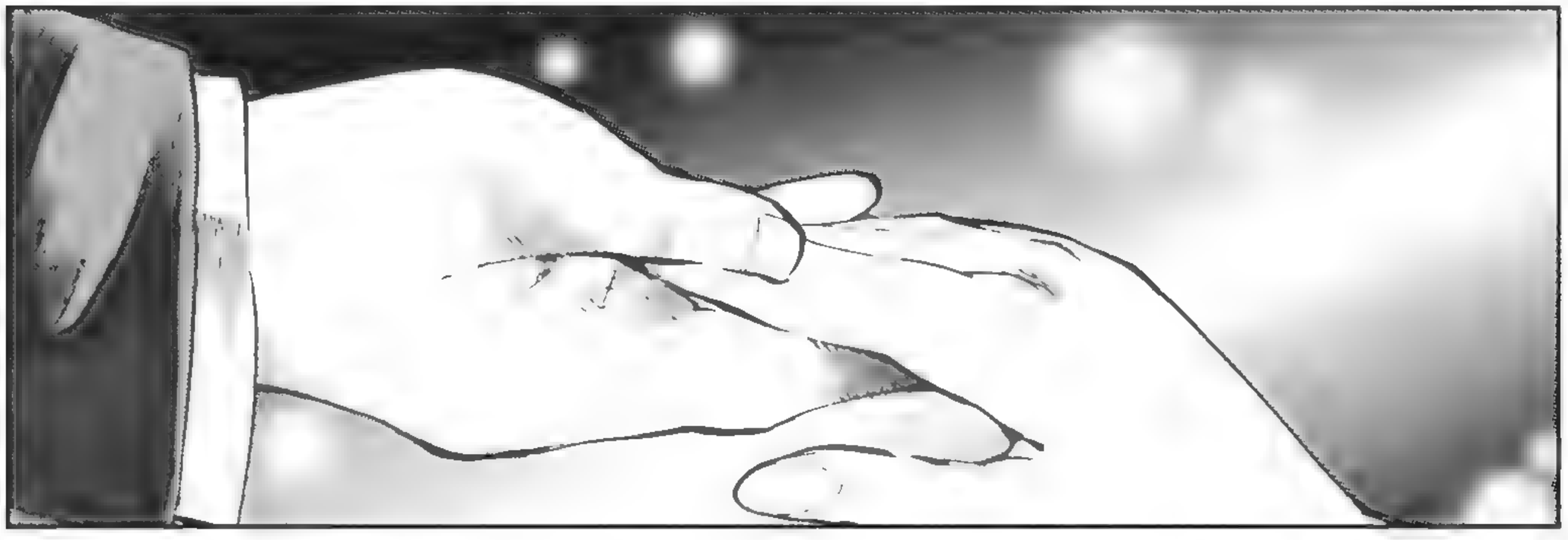
YOU KNOW OF ME?

HOW?

LONG AGO...

IN LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

I COULD ONLY LOOK FROM AFAR, BACK IN THOSE GARDENS SO LONG AGO...
BUT NOW HERE YOU ARE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.



I...

YOU LOVE ME...?

THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.

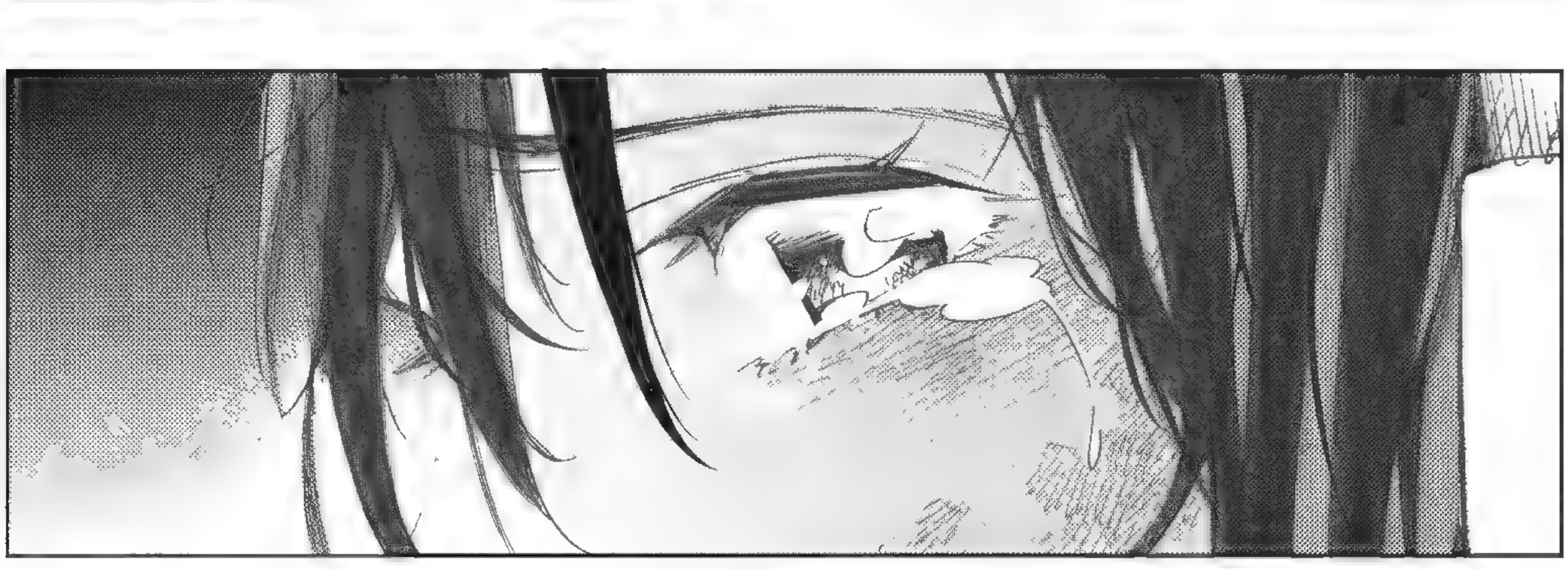
BOOP
HEE

MARIUS...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MARIUS.

YOU?

MY
NAME...



IS COSETTE.

85¢

Paris, 1827.
Gorbeau House

YOU WANT TO TAKE MY BOYS?

THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LET ME HAVE 'EM.

DON'T YOU ALREADY HAVE TWO BOYS?

MAGNON.

ABOUT THAT...

YOU DON'T CARE MUCH FOR YOUR LITTLEST TWO, RIGHT?

OUI.

CHAPTER 4: Petit Gavroche

BOTH AT ONCE, TOO.

SHOCKING HOW QUICK THEY CAN GO.

AH. THE PLAGUE, EH?

PSHH! OF COURSE NOT.

WHO'D GO NEAR THAT CRUSTY OLD CODGER?

BUT THAT GILLENORMAND FELLOW. WERE THEY REALLY HIS KIDS?

EXACTLY.

THAT'S WHY I'M IN A BIND.

WHEN HE FINDS OUT THEY DIED...

YET HE STILL SENT YOU SUPPORT MONEY EACH MONTH, WITHOUT FAIL.

YOU GET THOSE BRATS OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

IT'S NOT A BAD DEAL FOR YOU, EITHER.

DONE DEAL!

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT...

KTUNK

THAT MUCH?!

IF YOU GIVE ME TEN FRANCS A MONTH...

IT'S A BARGAIN, REALLY!

CHAPTER 4: Petit Gavroche

WRIGL

WRIGL

BAM

BAM

BTAM

MAMAN!

.....

IT'S LOCKED.

HUH?

THIS IS MAMAN'S WRITING.

I WONDER WHAT IT SAYS.

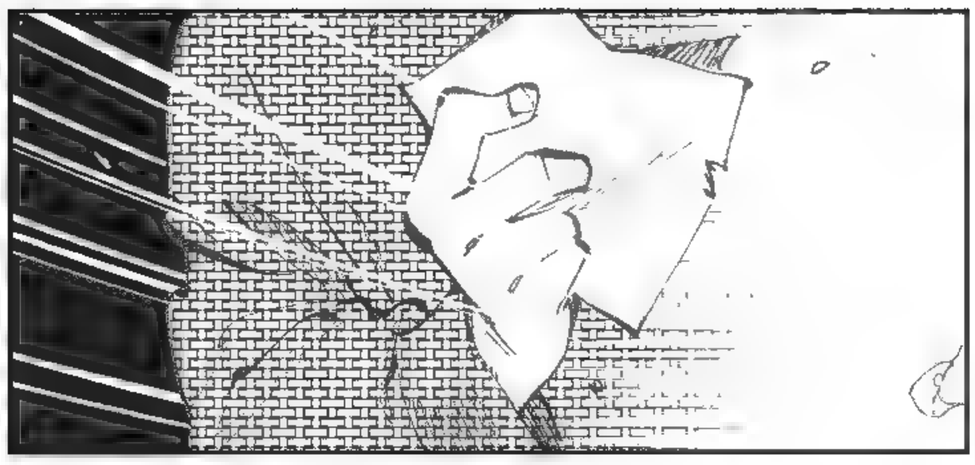
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

MAMAN'S NOT COMING HOME.

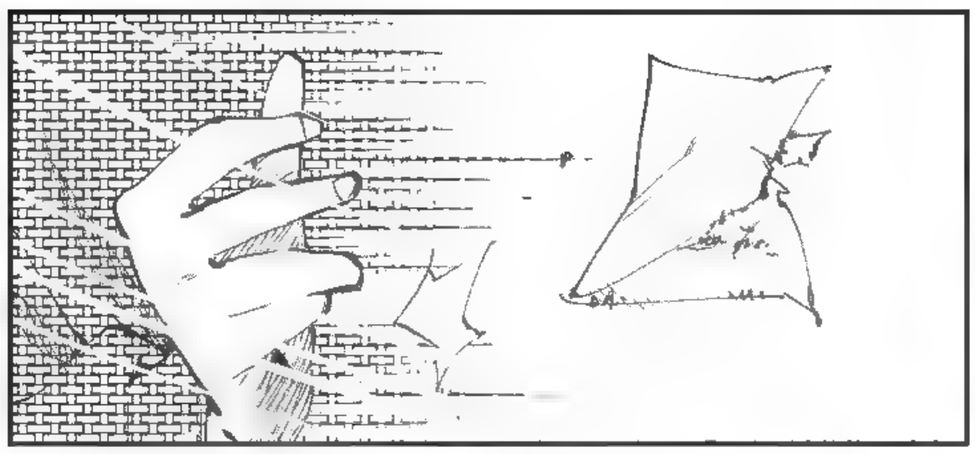
"HE WILL SURELY HELP YOU."

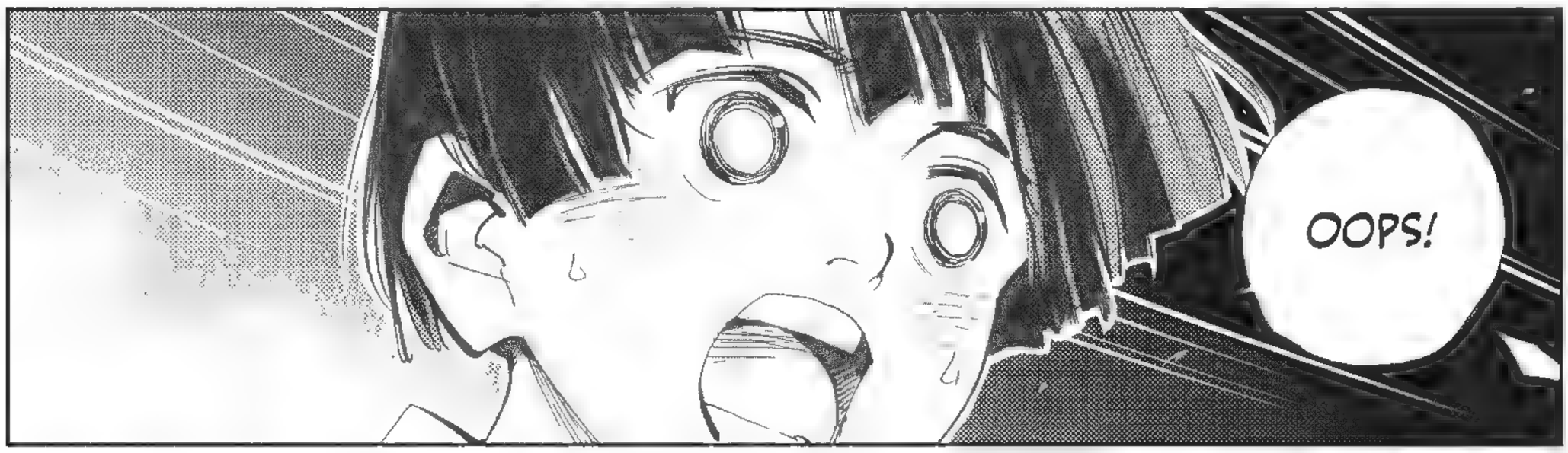
"ASK FOR MONSIEUR BARGE, THE BUTLER."

"TAKE THIS LETTER TO NUMBER 8, ROI-DE-SICILE," IT SAYS.



HYUOOO




OOPS!

BROTHER..

IT'S LIKE WINTER'S RETURNED ALREADY.

BRR! WHAT A CHILL!

WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

SOMEONE MUST BE SOWING POISON.

THE DEVIL'S WORK, THAT.

NO, IT'S CHOLERA.

THEY SAY A THOUSAND PEOPLE DIED OF IT YESTERDAY ALONE.

HOW LONG WILL THIS OUTBREAK LAST?

LE CONSUL

GLO...

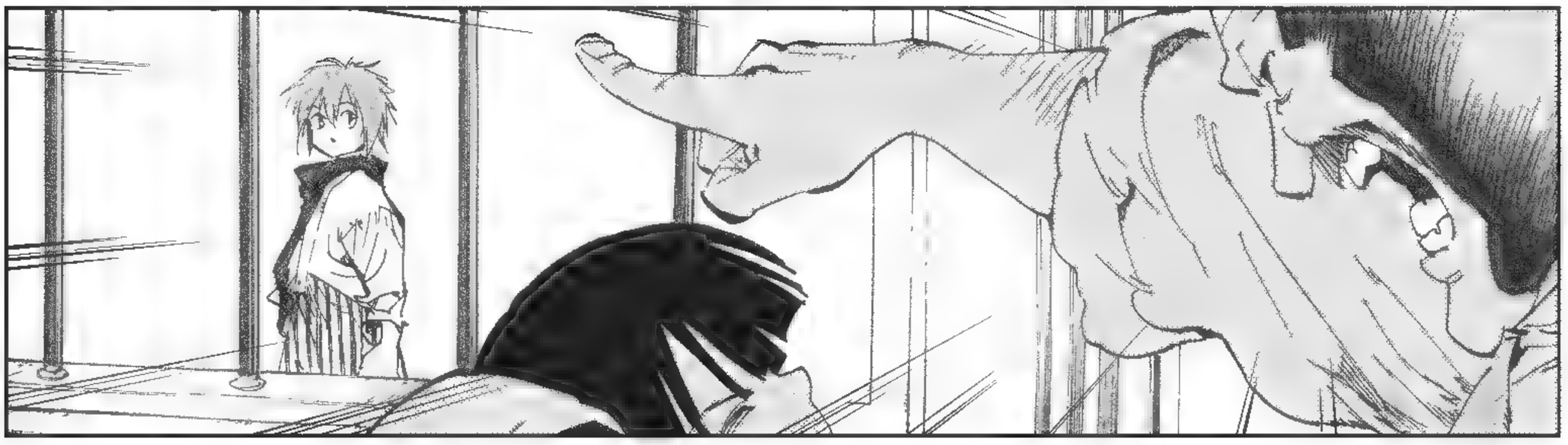
SHUR

HWOO

SHOO

SHOO

JINGLE
HMPH!!



SLAM
YOU'LL LET THE COLD AIR IN!

SHUT
OF ALL THE FOOLISH THINGS TO COME ASKING! OUT, YOU FILTHY URCHINS!

WHAT'S WRONG?

Hif

Snif

Sigh

HEY.

YOU TWO ALL RIGHT?

WIPE

. . . . . .

IT'S NOTHING.

FOLLOW ME.

HEY WHOA. WAIT.

LET'S GO.

Dsh

DON'T BE SCARED.

C'MON.

HA HA!

IS THAT ALL?

YOU DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE TO SLEEP?!

YOU WERE CRYING, SO I THOUGHT IT HAD TO BE WORSE.

YOU DON'T?

WE DON'T KNOW.

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE 'EM.

YOU'RE WEARING SUCH NICE CLOTHES...

WHAT ABOUT YOUR PARENTS?

AND SHE DIDN'T COME BACK.

MAMAN WAS THERE IN THE MORNING, BUT SHE LEFT...

BUT WE LOST IT.

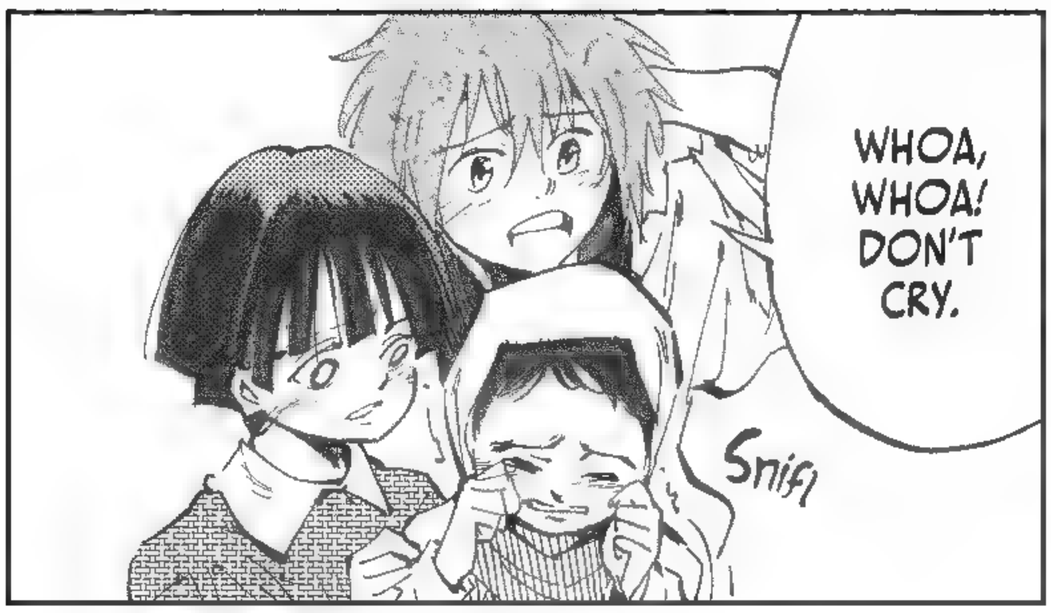
IT SAID TO GO SEE SOMEBODY ON SOME STREET...

THERE WAS A LETTER.

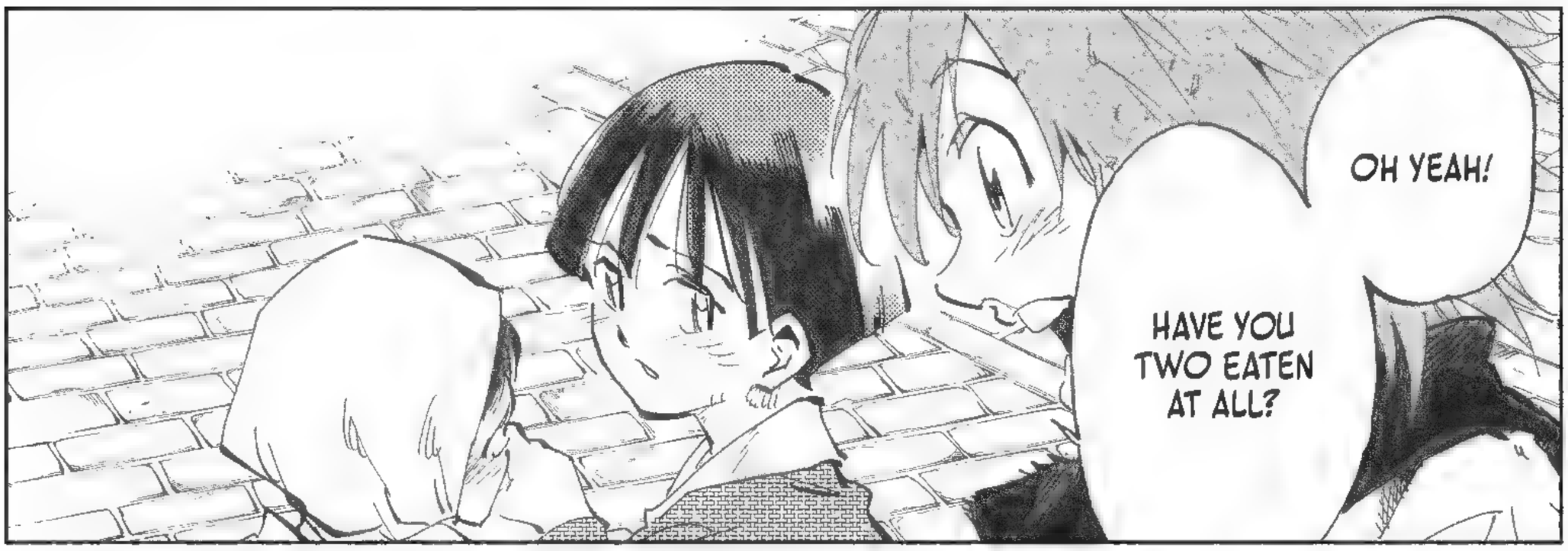
WE CAN'T READ.

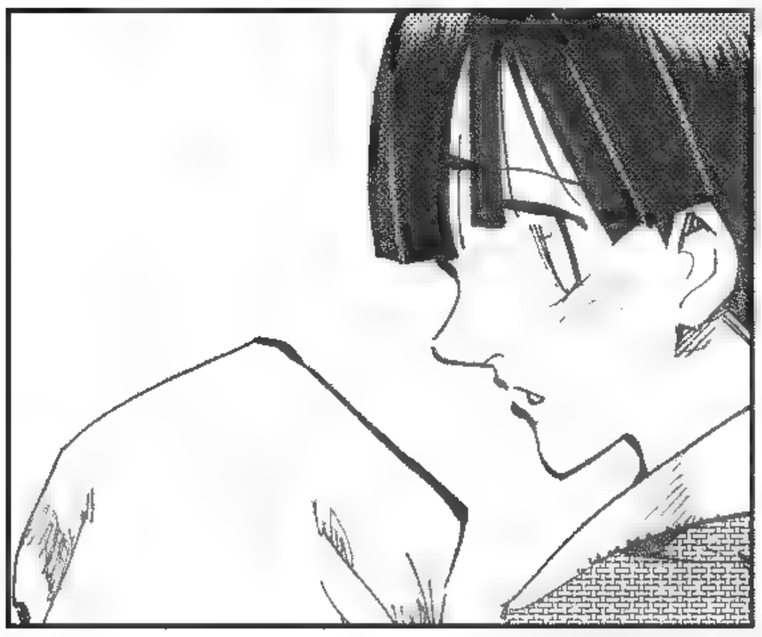
WE ASKED A MAN FOR HELP, BUT HE ONLY READ IT TO US ONCE.

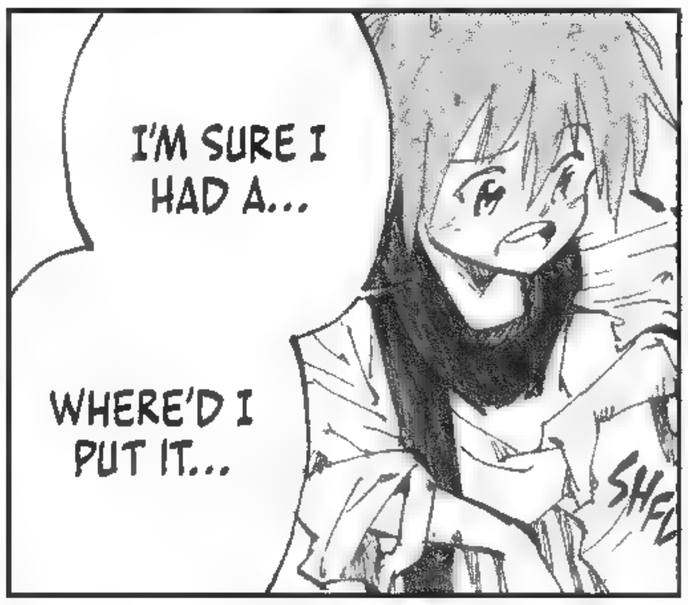
YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT IT SAID?


WHOA, WHOA! DON'T CRY.
Sniff

SNIF...

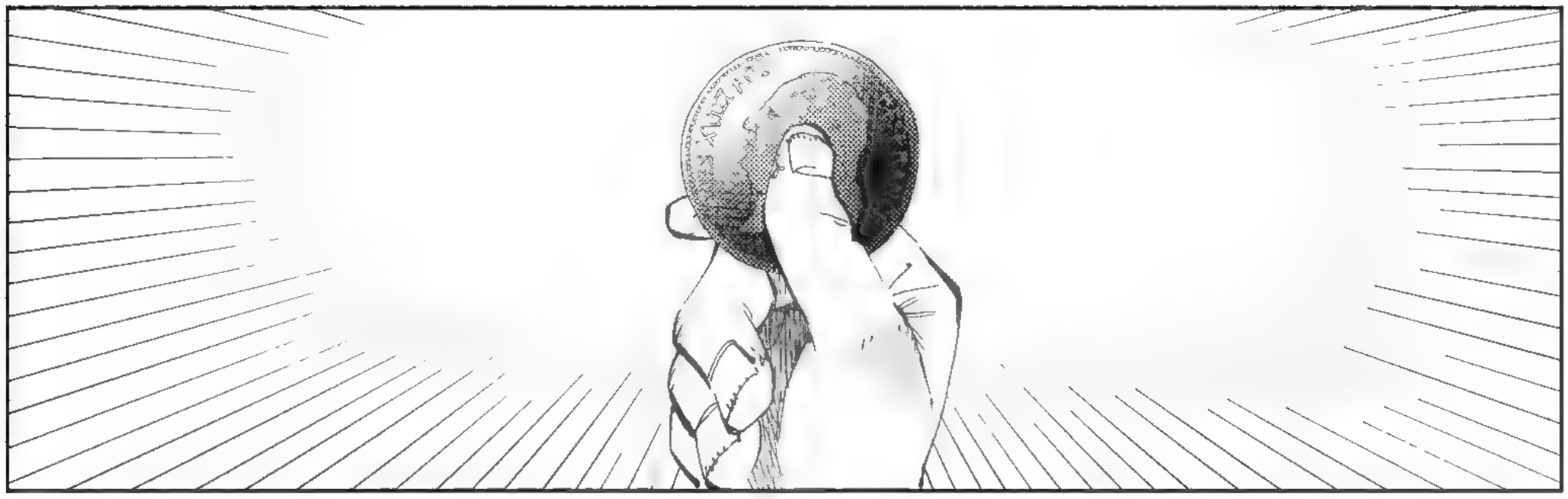

OH YEAH!
HAVE YOU TWO EATEN AT ALL?




I'M SURE I HAD A...
WHERE'D I PUT IT...
SHF

GRIN

HN?



ONE SOU OF BREAD, PLEASE!

CUT IT INTO THREE SLICES.
THERE'S THREE OF US, SEE.
HEH!

NOT THAT STUFF!

GETTING YOUR BREAD.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

STOP THAT!

HEY NOW!

THE STUFF AS WHITE AS FRESH LINEN!

GIVE US WHITE BREAD!

THAT'S THE NASTY DARK BREAD!

I'M TREATING THOSE TWO BOYS!

DON'T SHAME ME!

IT'S FINE, IT'S FINE!

JUST DO IT!

ONE SOU WILL BARELY GET YOU A CRUST.

YOU'RE LITTLER THAN YOUR BROTHER, SO YOU GET THE MIDDLE ONE.

YOU GET THE BIGGEST ONE.

I'M FINE! I ATE NOT LONG AGO.

YOURS IS THE SMALLEST.

?

ARE YOU SURE?

AAH, DON'T GET IT, DO YA?

YOU'RE LITTLE YET.

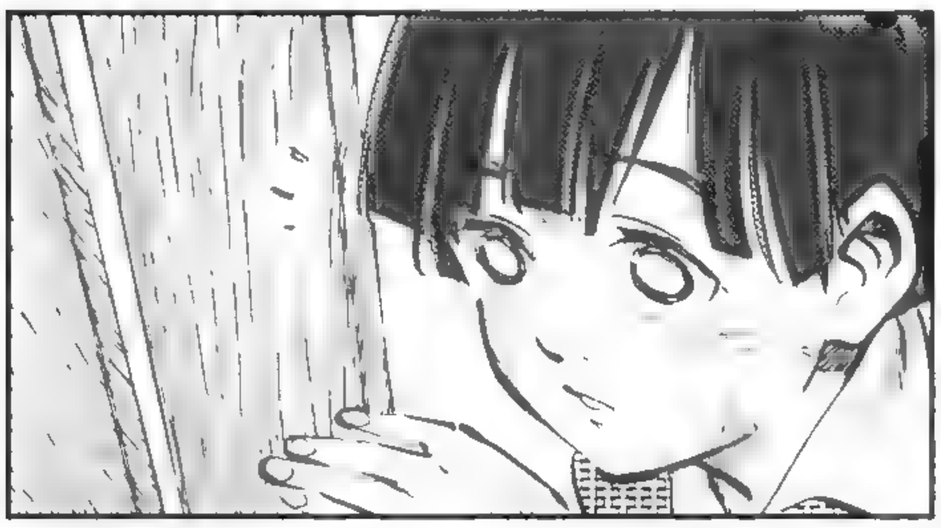
DIG?

IT MEANS "EAT UP."

DON'T WAIT ON ME. DIG IN!

GO ON!

Place de la Bastille.



WATCH YOUR HEAD.

WELL? GRAND, ISN'T IT!
WOW!

AROUND 1830, ONE COULD STILL FIND A STRANGE STRUCTURE IN THE CORNER OF PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

IT WAS A FORTY-FOOT-HIGH STATUE OF AN ELEPHANT, MADE OF WOOD AND PLASTER...

THE MODEL OF WHAT NAPOLEON INTENDED TO BE A MASSIVE MONUMENT TO THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE.

THAT'S MY HOUSE!

WITH THE EMPEROR'S FALL, PEOPLE PROMPTLY FORGOT ABOUT IT. NOW IT STANDS OUT AGAINST A CORNER OF THE PARISIAN SKY AND NOWHERE ELSE.

RSTL
RSTL

N'KAY!

COME ON UP!

HOLD OUT YOUR HAND.

THERE'S LOTS OF HOLES ABOUT.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

HOLD TIGHT.

GVO...

YOU CAN SLEEP HERE.

I'M PUTTING OUT THE LIGHT.

YOU UNDER THE BLANKET?

JUST GO IN.

IS THIS METAL WIRE?

FLOP

PFF

YOU MET ME!

YOU TWO WERE LUCKY...

THANK YOU FOR TODAY.

YEAH?

UM...

REALLY?!

I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR YOUR MA TOMORROW.

DON'T YOU WORRY.

WE'LL HAVE HER FOUND IN A JIFF.

PROMISE.

I KNOW FOLKS WHO KNOW FOLKS.

YEP! LEAVE IT TO ME.

SO HANG IN THERE...

HE SURE WAS BEAT.

SOUND ASLEEP ALREADY, EH?

ZZZ...

ZZZ...

WHAT?!

SKIT

SKIT

THEY WON'T NIBBLE ON US AS WE SLEEP.

KEEPS 'EM OUT.

DON'T WORRY. YOU SEE THE WIRE MESH?

THERE'S RATS?!

RATS?

RELAX. THAT'S JUST THE RATS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

IT GOT EATEN.

BY WHAT?

SKIT

SKITR

SKIT

I DID.

WHY NOT GET A CAT?

SKITR

BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT ME.

THEY CAN'T GET PAST THE WIRE MESH.

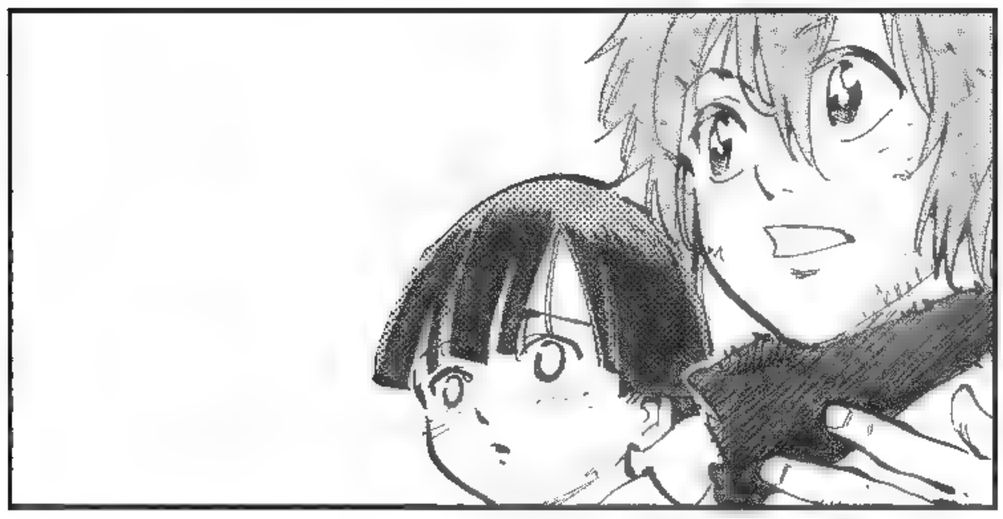
C'MON. DON'T BE SCARED.

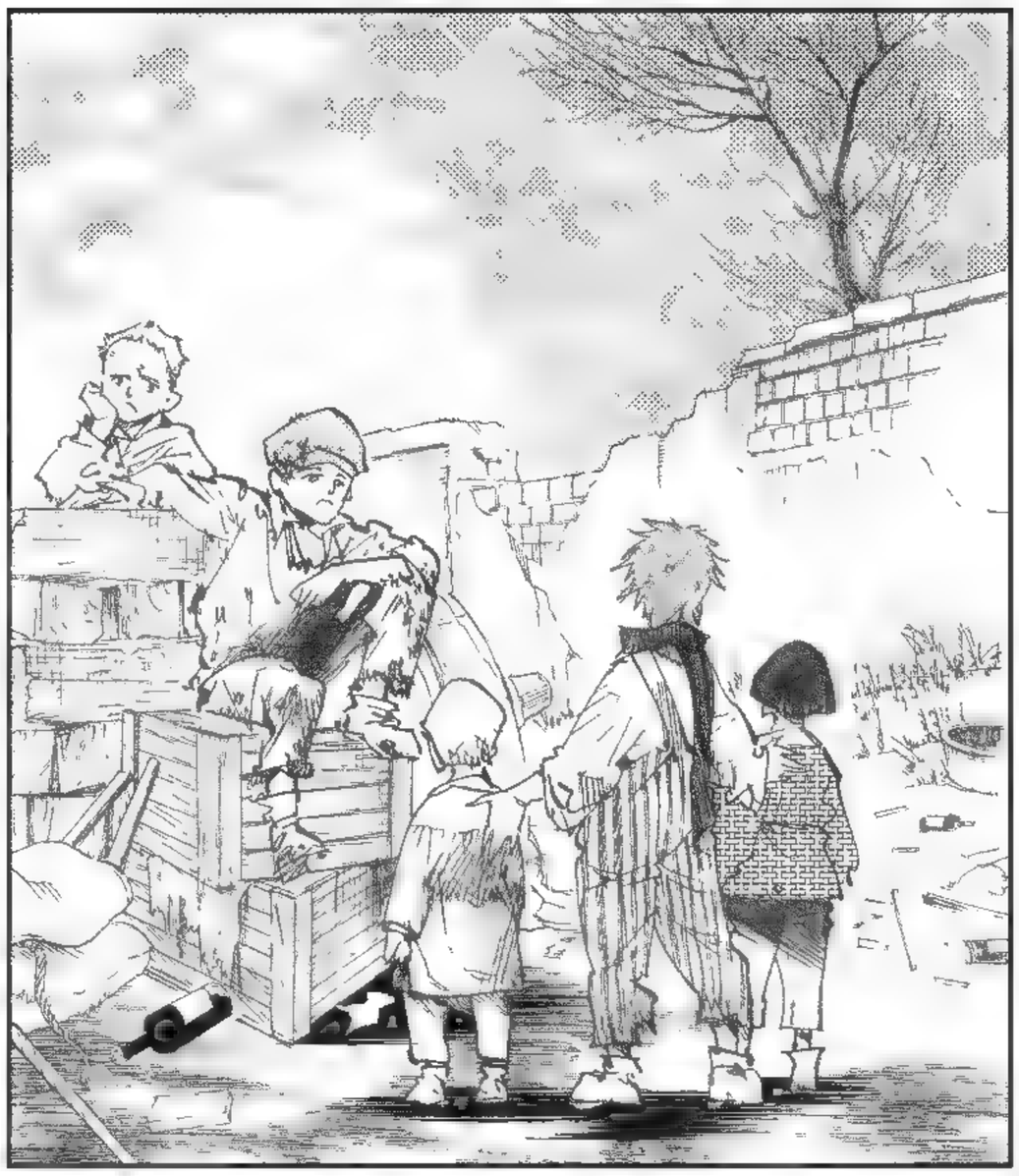
SHIR

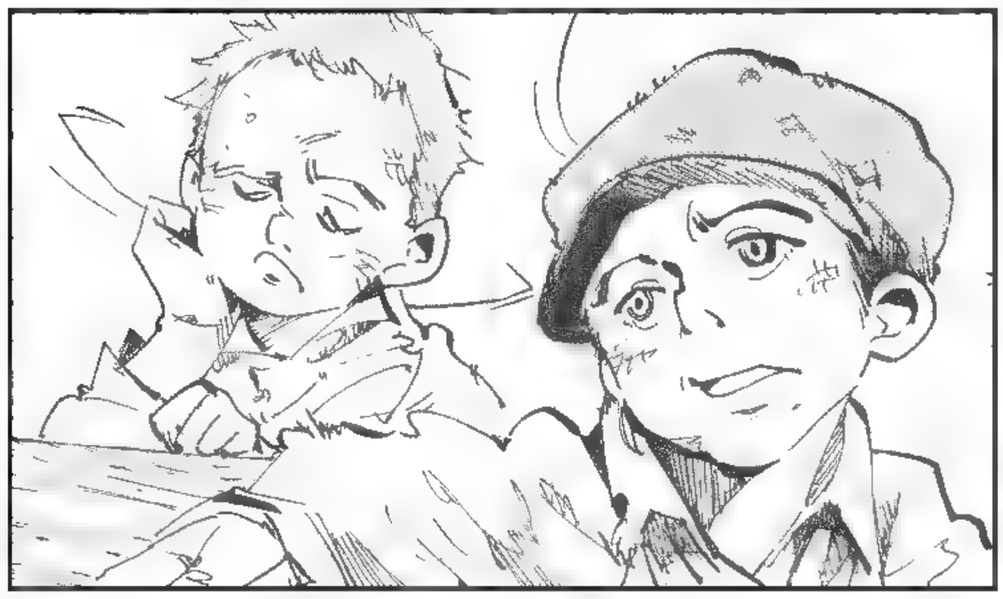
THE RATS.

I'LL HOLD YOUR HAND.

HERE.







WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN SEARCHING.

DON'T FRET.

OKAY...

Sigh

I'LL TAKE YOU TO A SHOW SOMETIME!

BRONZEDART

PERDU

LET'S HEAD TO THE THEATERS NEXT.

I KNOW SOME ACTORS.

WHAT IS IT?

GAVROCHE.

WHAT'S WITH THE URCHINS?

WE'RE SEARCHING FOR THEIR MA.

LOOKING AFTER 'EM!

AS YOU SAY.

HMPH.

WHAT'S A BRAT DOING TAKING IN BRATS?

I TOOK 'EM IN.

I'D CALL YOU A BRAT AND AN URCHIN, IS WHAT.

YOU'VE GOT A MOUTH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

GAVROCHE.

ARE YOU A MAN?

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU CALL A KID LIKE ME?

'COURSE!

ANYWAY...

COME WITH ME. I NEED YOUR HELP.

MAKE IT QUICK.

THIS IS IMPORTANT.

YOU KEEP LOOKING FOR YOUR MA.

I'VE GOTTA TAKE OFF FOR A BIT.

OKAY, YOU TWO.

FIND HER AND YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO SEE ME AGAIN.

YOU CAN DO THAT, RIGHT?

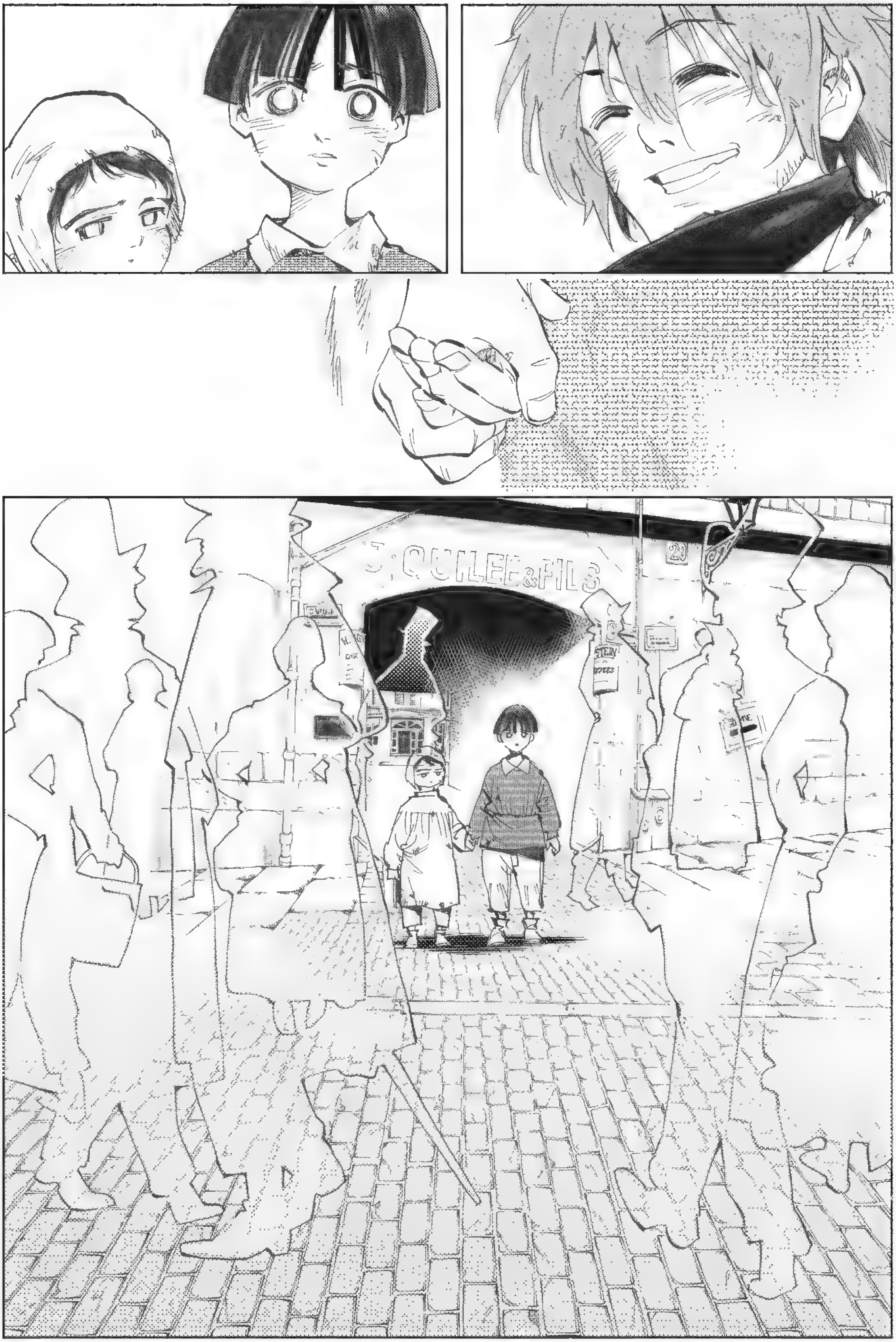
I'LL GET YOU SUPPER AND GIVE YOU A PLACE TO SLEEP AGAIN.

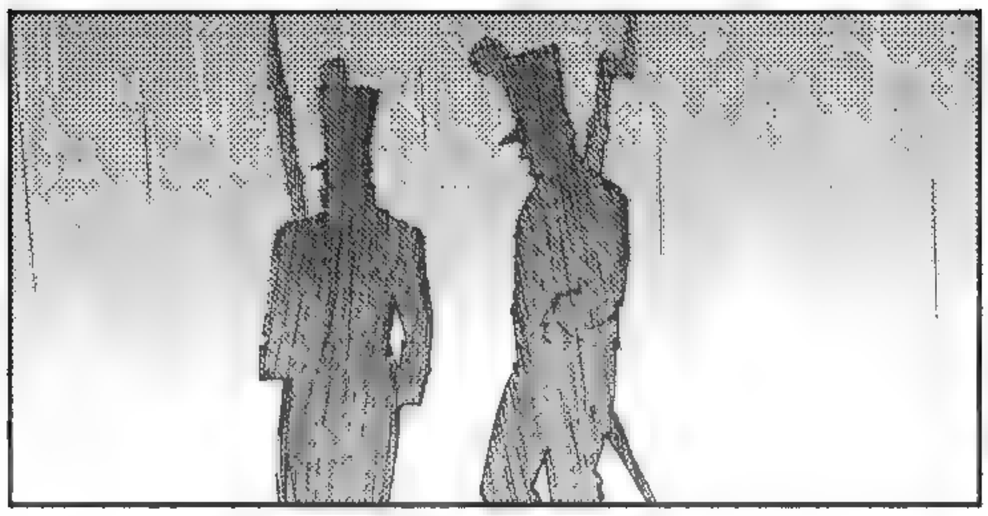
BUT ON THE OFF CHANCE YOU DON'T, COME BACK HERE.

HERE! THIS SPOT!

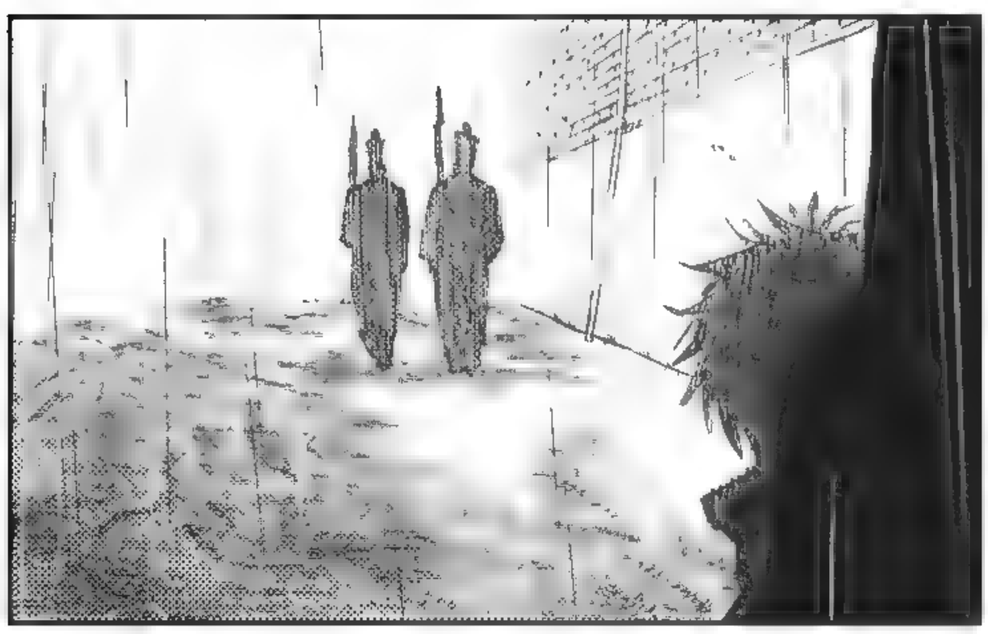
BUT ONLY IF YOU DON'T FIND HER!

GOT THAT?


J. COLLEE&FILS
20



La Force prison.



THEY'RE GONE.

IT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE WHO ANNOYED ME.
RAIN IS THE BEST COVER FOR THIS JOB, BUT...

I PUT HIS WALLET IN MY PURSE...

BUT WHEN I CHECKED A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I CAME ACROSS THE STRANGEST OLD MAN THE OTHER DAY.

GAVE ME HIS WALLET AND A TONGUE-LASHING.

.....

Sneak

IT WAS GONE.

IT'S TIME.

LET'S GO.

ANYWAY.

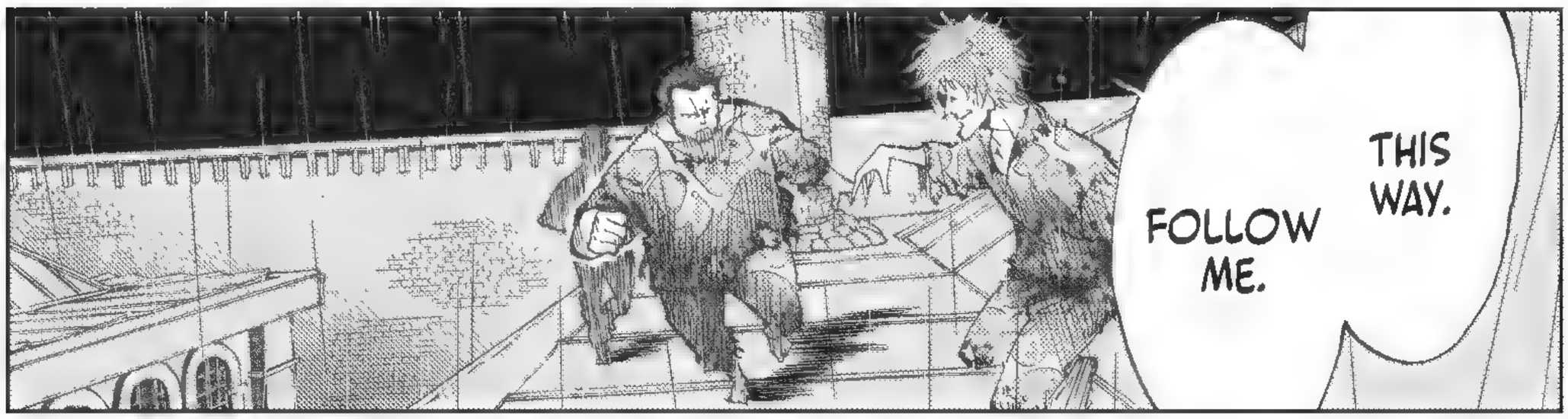
SO ALL YOU GOT OUT OF IT WAS THE TONGUE-LASHING?

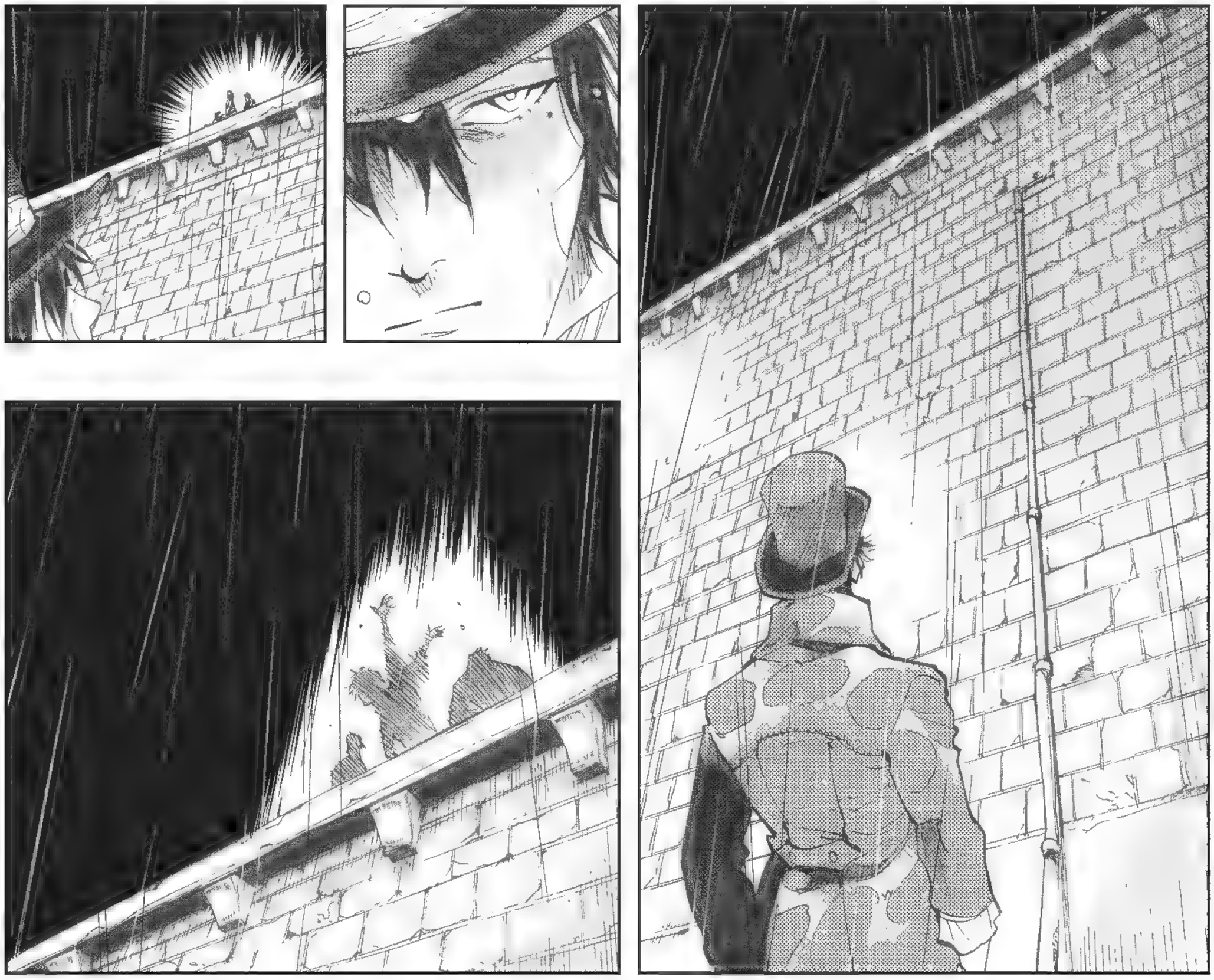
EXACTLY.

CURIOUS STORY, ISN'T IT?

KLUNK

HAH. BUNCH'A FOOLS.

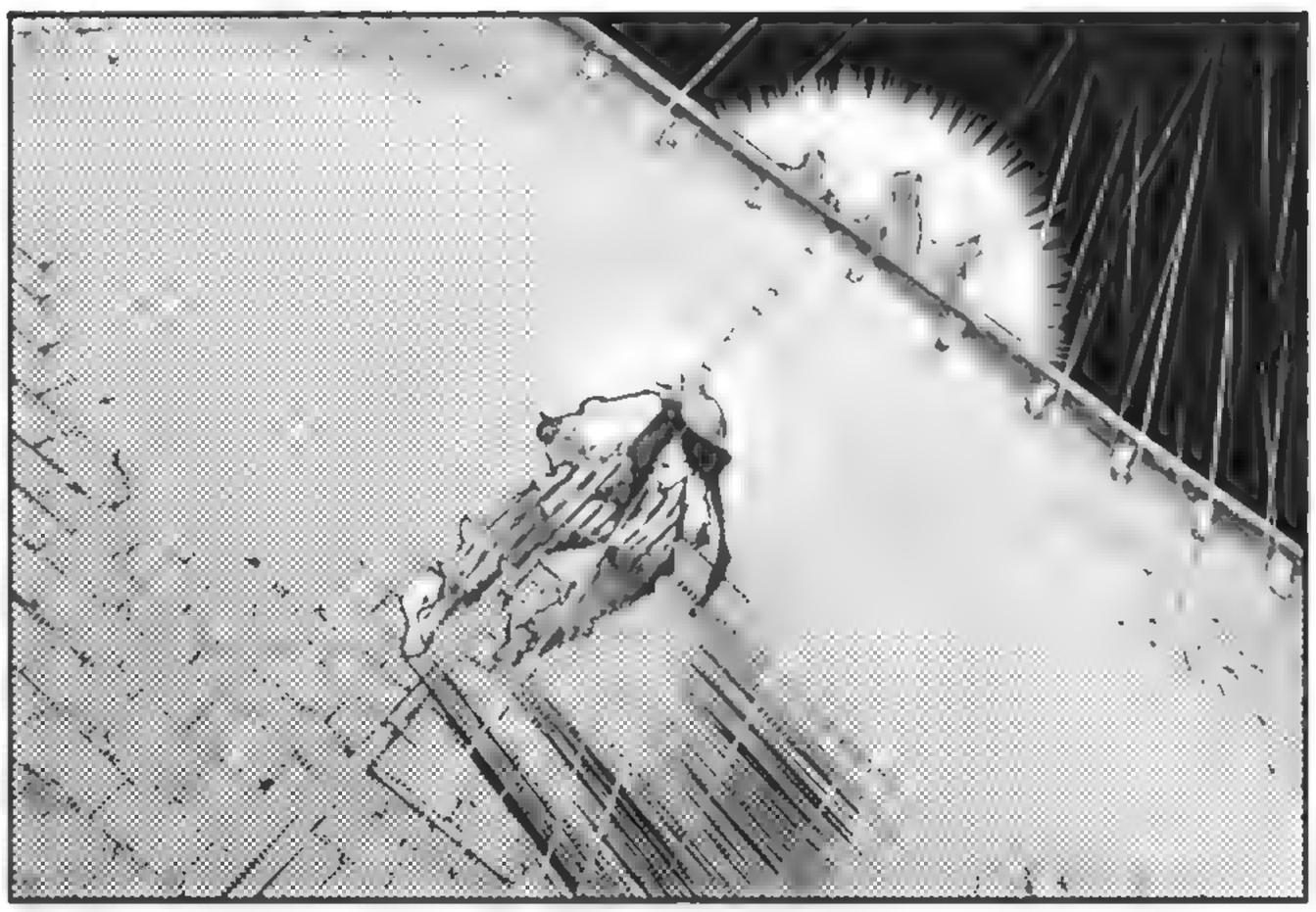

FOLLOW ME.
THIS WAY.



YOU'RE UP, GAVROCHE.

NO ADULT COULD CLIMB THIS.
IT'D CRUMBLE.

TAKE THIS ROPE UP TO THEM ON THE ROOF.
GOT IT?



BABET.

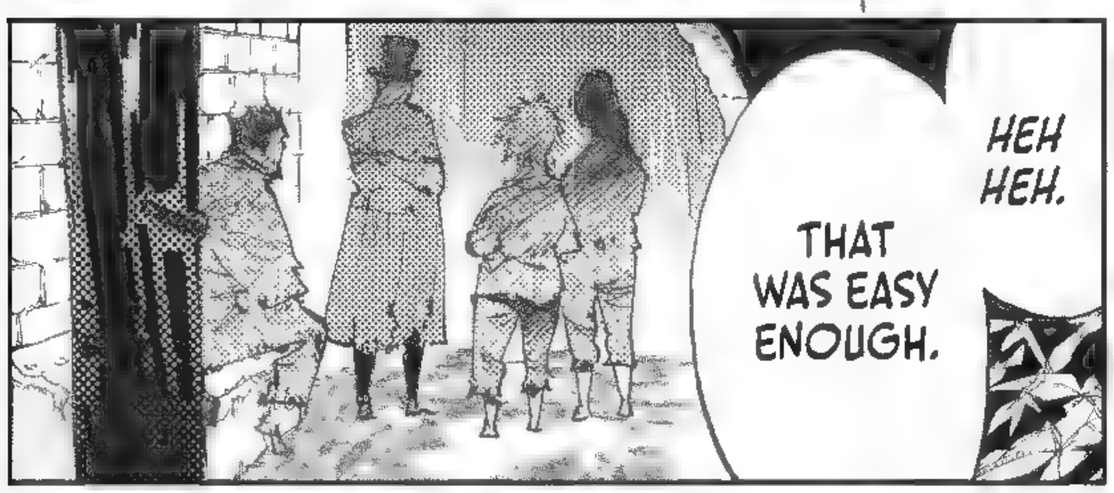
PATRON-
MINETTE.

THAT BIG MAN SHOULD BE GUEULEMER.

GIVE IT.

AND IS THAT CLAQUESOUS IN THE BACK?

RMBL RMBL


HEH HEH.
THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH.

BY HIMSELF?
NOT BAD.

GOT AWAY BEFORE, I HEAR.
CLAQUE-SOUS?

HEH
HEH

HEY, YOU'RE DONE WITH ME, YEAH?

THE KIDS ARE WAITING FOR ME.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY HI TO HIM FIRST?

NAH.

SEE YOU.

YOU RESCUED YOUR PA.

TING

YEAH. WELL DONE.

TAKE THAT AND GET YOURSELF SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

WHP

URCHIN?

THE URCHIN WHO CARRIED THE ROPE DID THAT.

THAT WASN'T ME.

THANKS FOR PULLING ME OUTTA THERE.

MONTPARNASSE.

LOOK? WHY?

DIDN'T YOU LOOK AT HIM?

OH. THERE WAS ONE OF THOSE ABOUT, WASN'T THERE?

Bah ha ha!

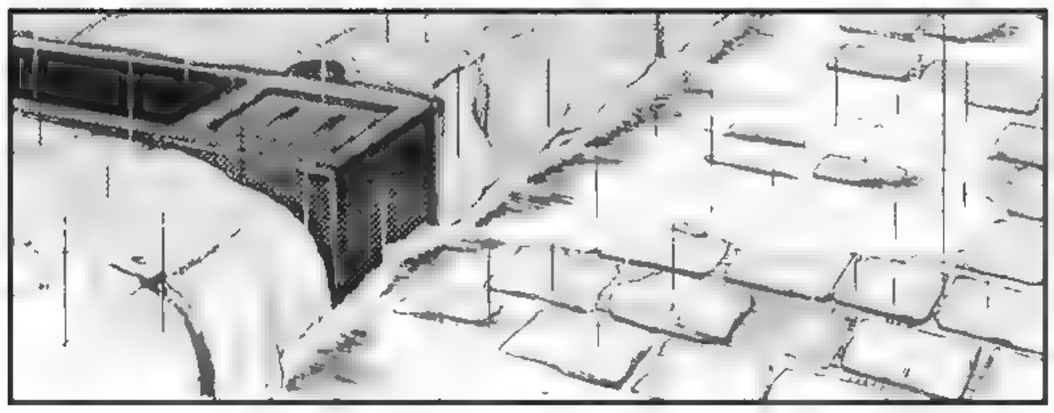
HE SAID, "I HOPE YOU DIE IN A DITCH, YOU OLD BASTARD."

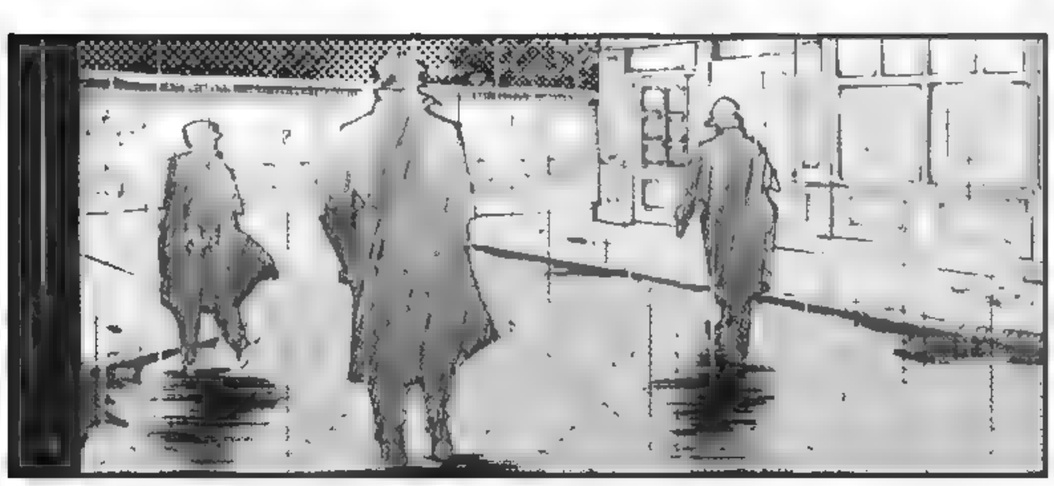
.....

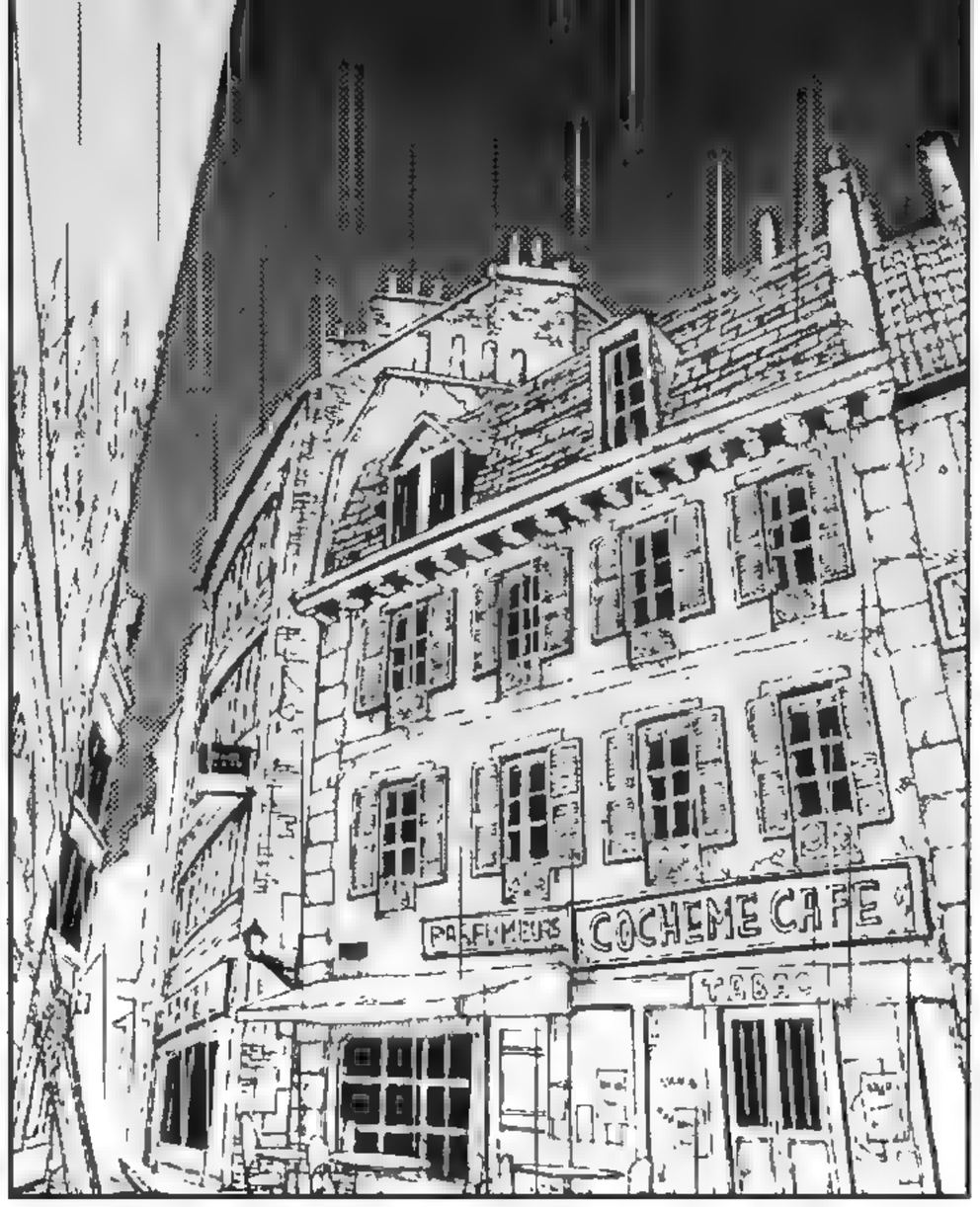
TCH!

DON'T FLATTER ME SO MUCH.

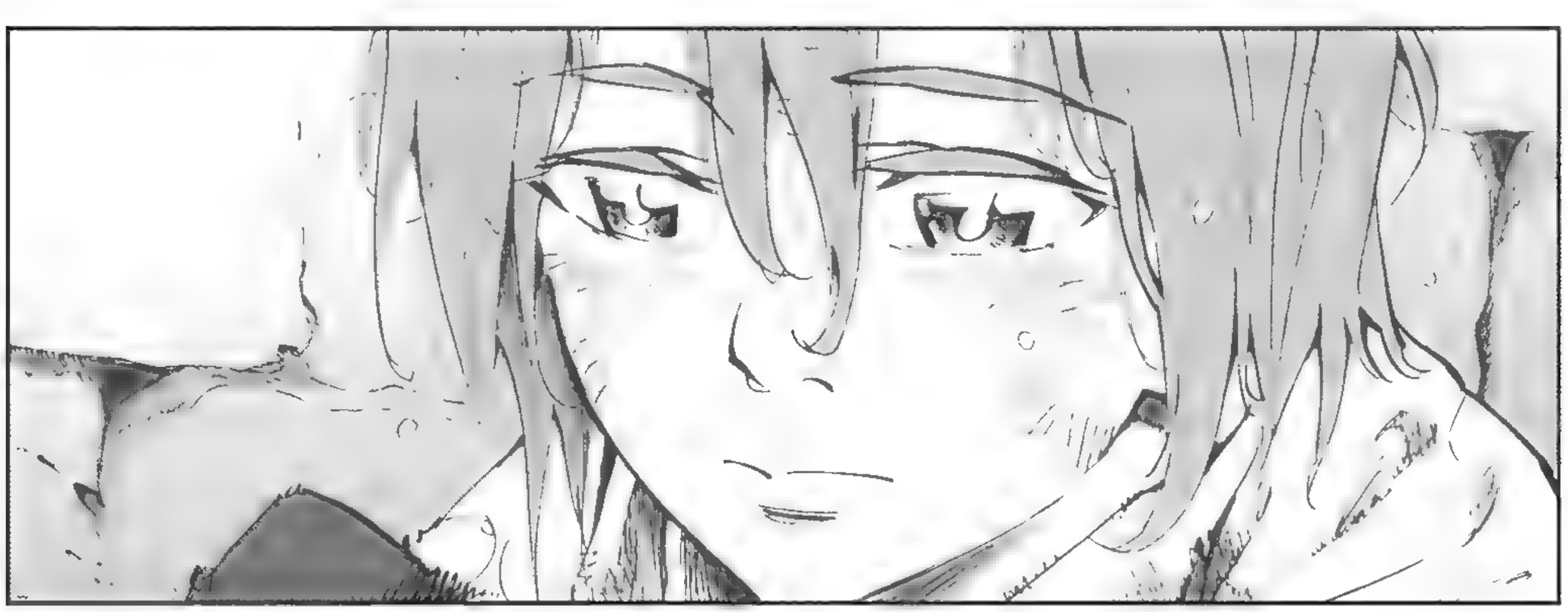
HE SAY ANYTHING?

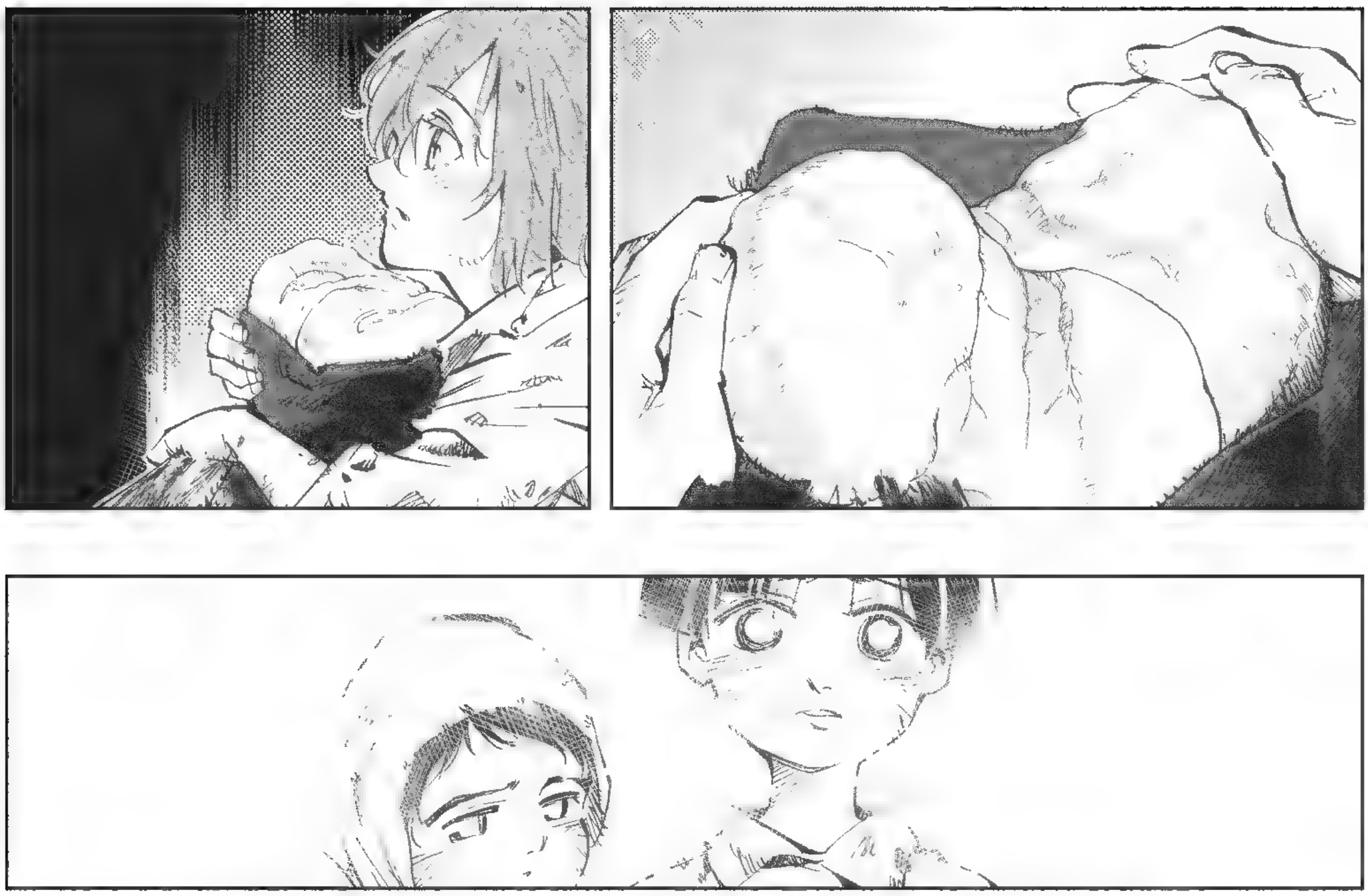





PARFUMEURS
COCHEME CAFE
TABAC

DULLE&FILS
VINET





THEY FOUND THEIR MA.

I GUESS...

Rue Plumet.

CERTAIN

FERRE PERRU

SAID SHE WAS TO FIND A GOOD PLACE TO ROB.

THIS DOES LOOK LIKE THE JUICY MARK.

I SEE.

GAVE MY OLDER GIRL THE ORDER WHEN SHE CAME TO VISIT ME IN THE JUG.

HOW'D YOU FIND IT?

AND A NICE HOUSE WHERE ONLY TWO WOMEN LIVE.

A QUIET BACK STREET THAT NOBODY USES...

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. WHAT SAY WE GET TO OUR FIRST JOB OUT OF THE JOINT?

CHAPTER 5:
The Old Heart Faces the Young Heart

Sneak

YOU BET.

THERE'S STILL A MOUNTAIN OF THINGS LEFT TO DO.

COURFEYRAC.

YOU'RE STILL AWAKE?

.....

BAHOREL.

EVENING, MARIUS.

YOU'RE BACK LATE.

G'NIGHT.

NIGHT.

SORRY, BUT MIND IF I RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT?

SEE? I TOLD YOU, BAHOREL.

HE'S GOT IT BAD.

HEH HEH HEH!

JUST LAST WEEK HE LOOKED LIKE A MAN CONTEMPLATING THE END OF THE WORLD...

BUT LATELY HE'S BEEN FLOATING ABOUT AS IF HE'S WALKING ON BUBBLES IN THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THIS IS ACTUALLY EARLY FOR HIM, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Mnn!

HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T SPEAK IT IF YOU YANKED HIS NAILS OUT WITH TONGS.

NOT A PEEP!

HE WON'T SAY HER NAME?

ANYWAY! BACK TO WORK.

WE'VE A LOT TO DO AND NOT MUCH TIME TO DO IT.

TLA

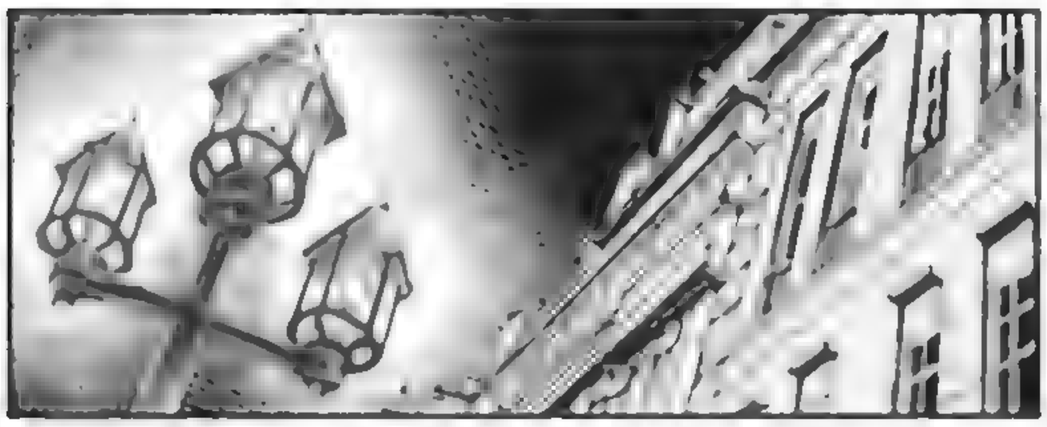
ENJOLRAS SAYS HE HASN'T LONG LEFT.

NOT WELL.

HOW'S GENERAL LAMARQUE FARING?

RIGHT.

THEN IT'S ALMOST TIME.



OOP!

OH!

ÉPONINE!

ÉPONINE?

FATHER...

?

WHAT'RE YOU GLOATING ABOUT? YOU HITCHED A RIDE ON OUR COATTAILS IS ALL.

RIGHT?

HEH HEH. SNEAKING OUT OF THAT ROTTING OLD HOLE WAS EASY.

DON'T TELL ME...

YOU'RE OUT? HOW?

OH DON'T BE THAT WAY.

ANYWAY, REMEMBER THAT JUICY TARGET YOU POINTED OUT?

UM...

.....

WHAT?

I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU HERE, ÉPONINE.

HELP US WITH TONIGHT'S JOB.

ACTUALLY I, *UH*... I'M NOT FEELING WELL...

I DIDN'T SEE ANY AROUND.

THEY ARE?

AND THE GENDARMES ARE PATROLLING, TOO!

I'LL CHECK THAT FOR MYSELF.

!

NOT A THING IN IT!

OH YEAH!

THEY MOVED AWAY. THE HOUSE IS EMPTY NOW!

MONSIEUR MONTPARNASSE!

YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON, RIGHT?

WATCH YOURSELF.

PLEASE DON'T GO IN THAT HOUSE!

OOF!

OUT OF THE WAY! DON'T INTERRUPT OUR WORK.

!!

YOU'LL GET CUT.

I WON'T LET YOU PASS.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

TRY AND I'LL SCREAM!

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP THIS UP?

ME? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S MAD, FATHER.

HEY NOW. CALM DOWN.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND.

AH. SHE'S PERFECTLY FINE.

HEALTHY AS A HORSE!

AND MOTHER?

HER?

HOW LONG? WELL...

WE'VE GOTTA MAKE A LIVING, YOU KNOW...

LIAR.

MOTHER'S DEAD.

SHE DIED IN PRISON.

HEY.

KEEP MISBEHAVING LIKE THIS AND--

MOTHER DIED AND THAT'S ALL YOU SAY?!

SKCH

SKCH

OUI.

TOO BAD, THAT.

OH. REALLY? AH.

THAT'S IT?

A PITY. MM-HMM.

AND WHAT?! YOU BASTARD!

SHUT UP!

QUIT THROWING A TANTRUM!

BEAT ME IF YOU WANT! EVEN TO DEATH! BUT I'M NOT BUDGING!

TIME TO GO.

?!

STARE

KREE

STARE

PEEK

PEEK

NO! WAIT!

HNF

ILL OMEN, THAT.

BETTER WE DON'T.

WE CAME ALL THIS WAY...

WHAT? WAIT!

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN I SAW THOSE SPARROWS QUARRELING THIS MORNING.

BAH.

BITCH!

NOW

THE GREAT AND TERRIFYING PATRON-MINETTE, HALTED BY A SINGLE GIRL.

SAY...

I WON'T DO A THING TO YOU.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK.

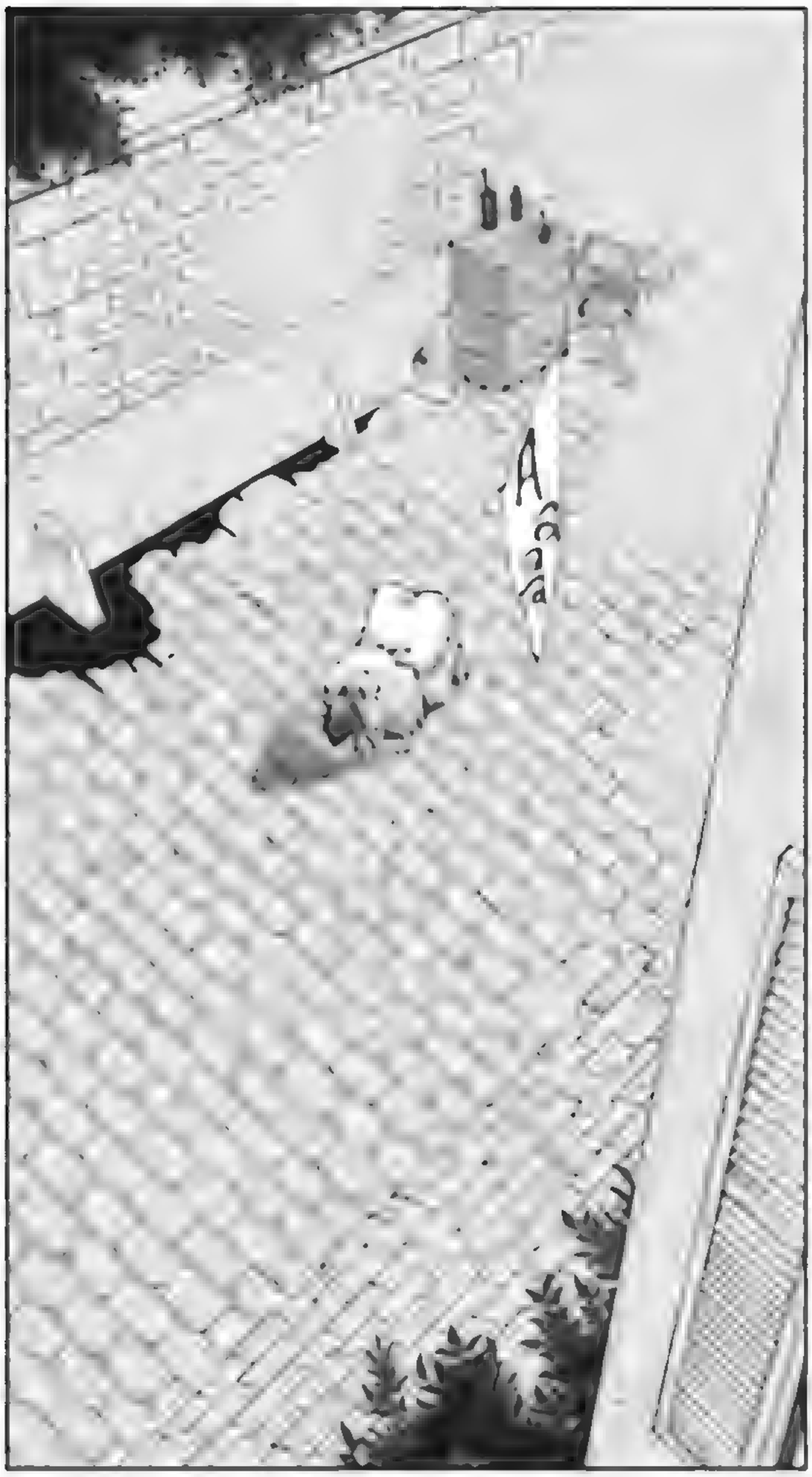
WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME TONIGHT?

ALL RIGHT THEN.

LATER.

SHVR
SHVR

QUIVR
QUIVR


AGAIN

AGAIN
AGAIN

BON MARCHE
DEPARTURE

!
MARIUS.
GOOD EVENING.

OH. WHAT A SURPRISE.

IT'S YOU, MADEMOI-SELLE.

DID I DO SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU MAD?

WHY'RE YOU CALLING ME "MADEMOISELLE" ALL FORMAL?

WERE YOU CRYING?

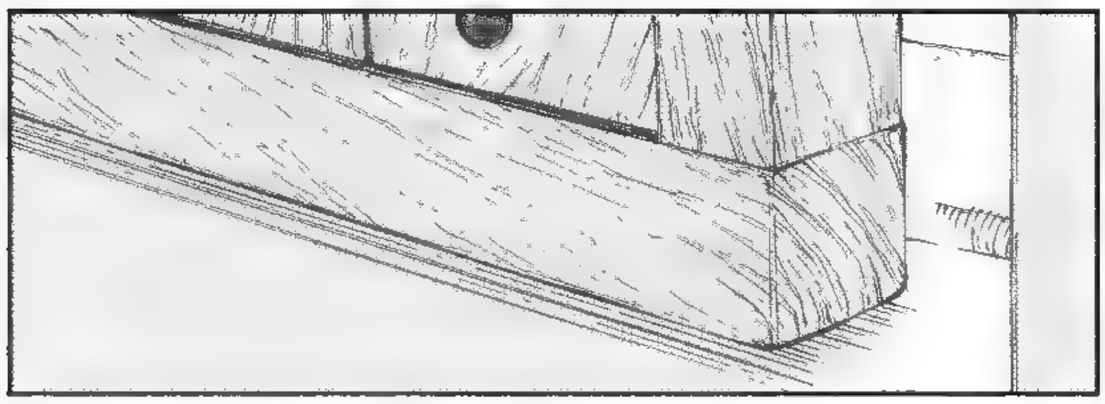
!

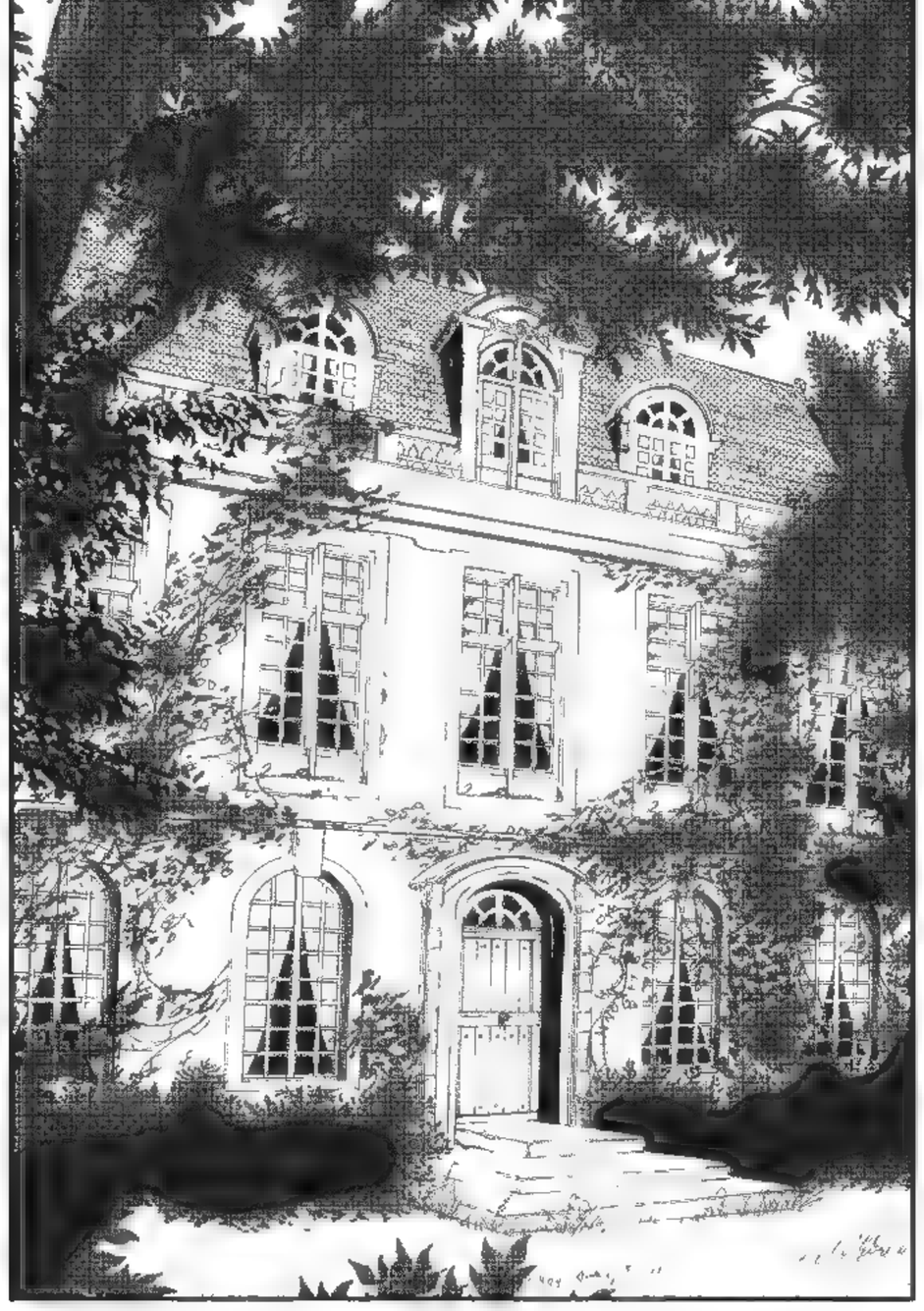
YOUR EYES.

NO.

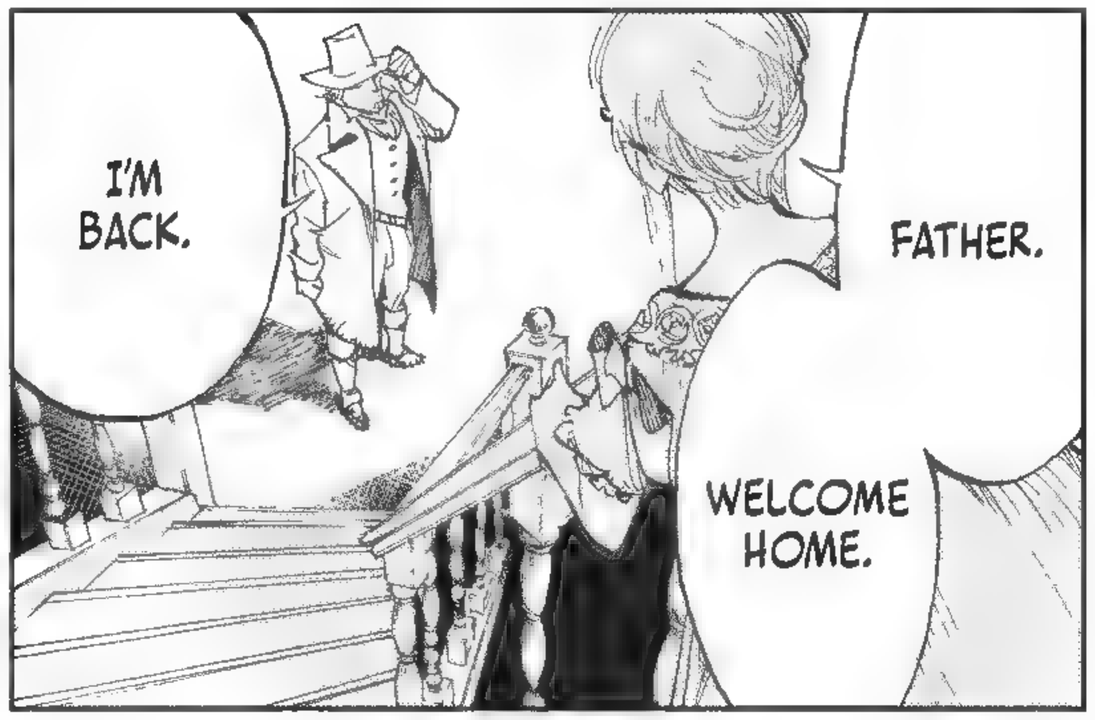
I, UH...

HUH?
MARIUS.
FARE-
WELL...
OSH





COSE...


I'M BACK.
FATHER.
WELCOME HOME.

IS THERE SOMETHING ON MY FACE?

WHAT IS IT?

NO.

HEE HEE!

NO.

NOT THAT I NOTICED, MONSIEUR.

DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS OUT?

TOUS-SAINT.

NOTHING.

MON-SIEUR?

NO, THAT'S OKAY.

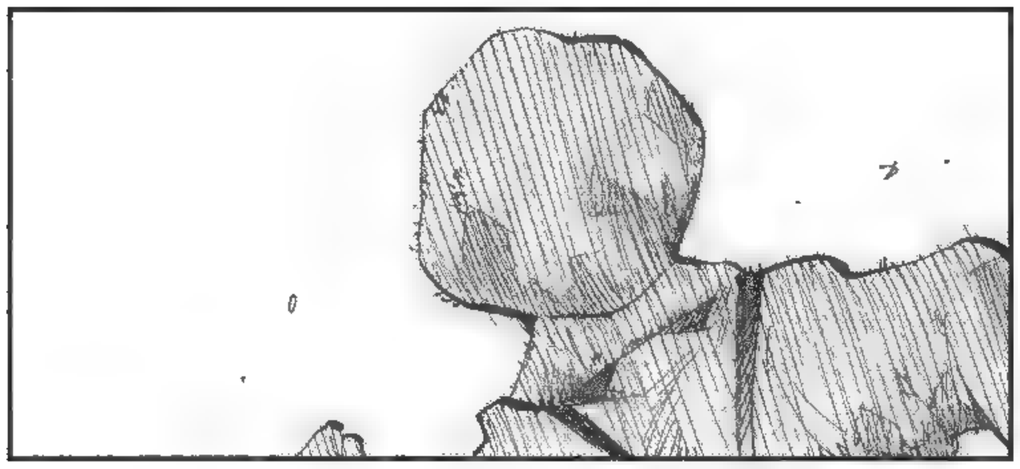
SHALL I CALL MADEMOI-SELLE?

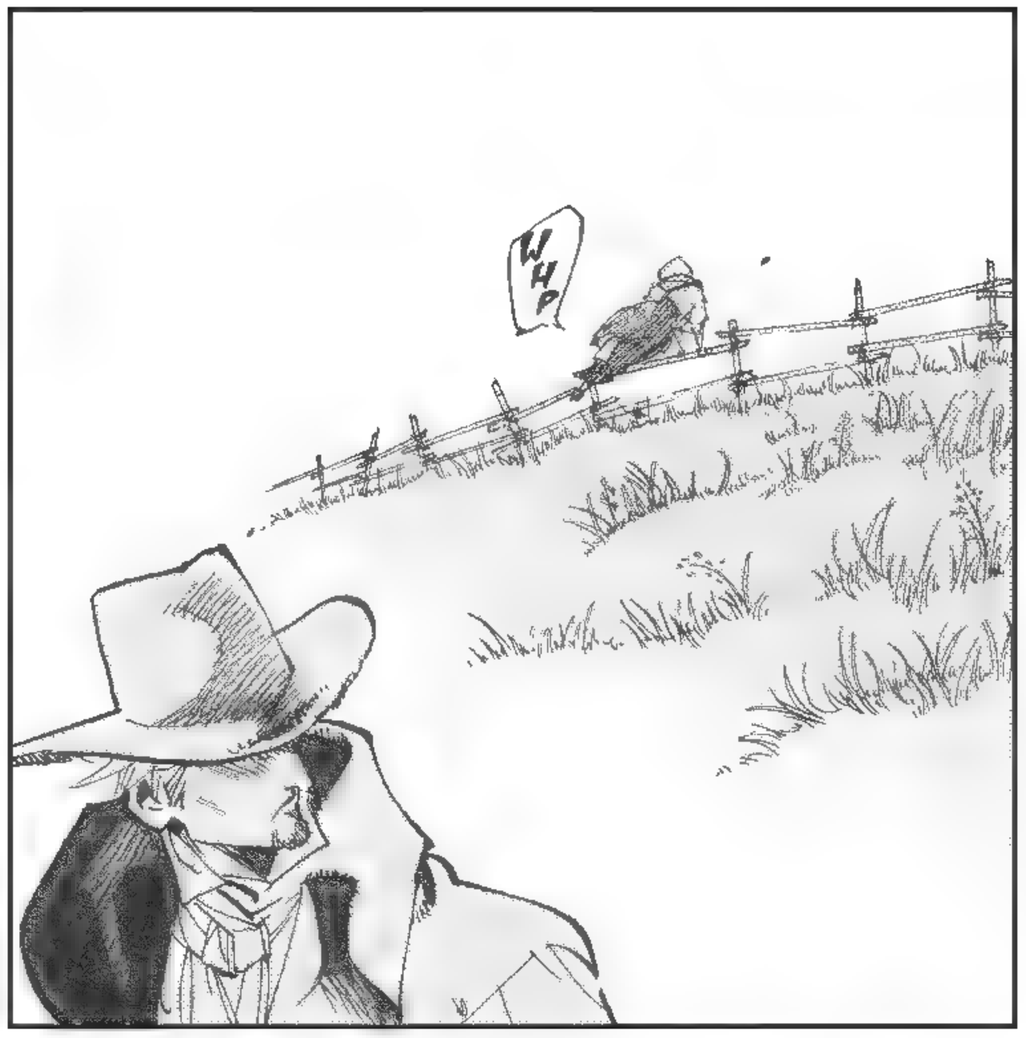
I'M GOING FOR A STROLL.

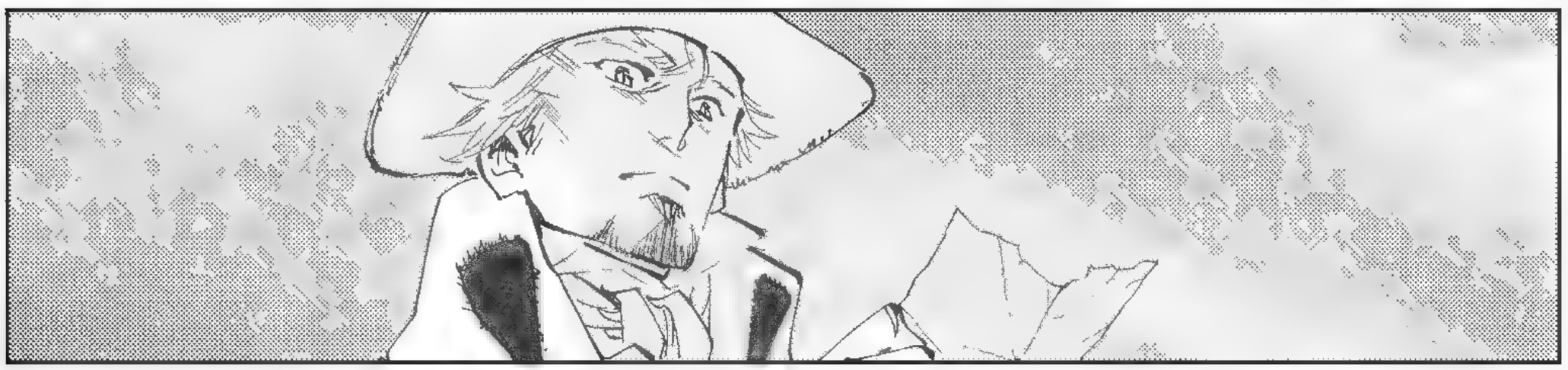
I'D RATHER GO ALONE TODAY.

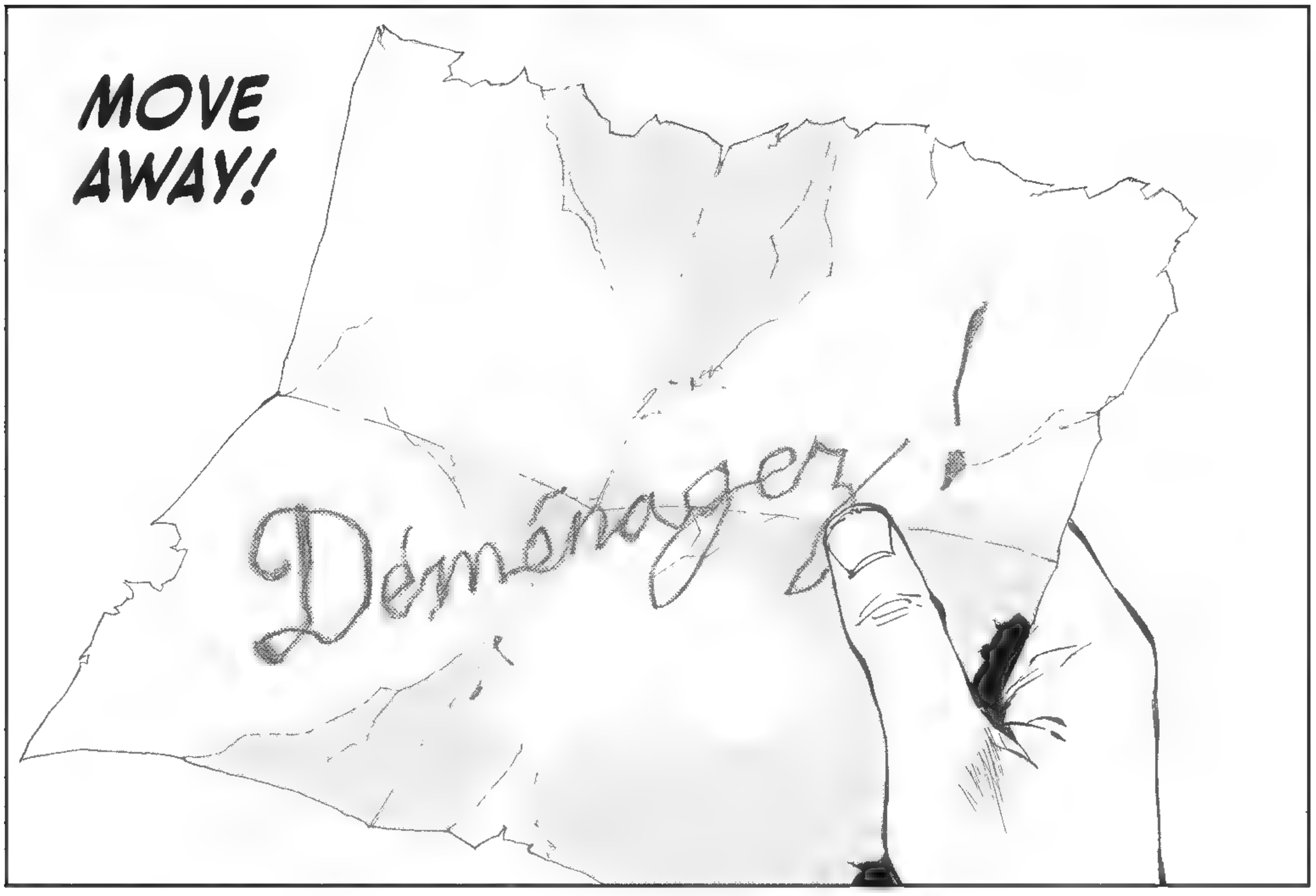
THÉNARDIER IS COMING!

TOSS




WHP




MOVE AWAY!
Déménager !

I INQUIRED AT THE POLICE, AS YOU ASKED.

MONSIEUR.

IT'S AS YOU SUSPECTED.

THEY SAID BOTH PATRON-MINETTE AND THÉNARDIER RECENTLY ESCAPED.

ENTER!

NOK NOK

COSETTE.

YES, FATHER?

I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU.

YOU'RE MOVING TO ENGLAND?!

AND SO SUDDENLY! WHY?!

.....

FATHER SAYS WE MAY NEVER COME BACK TO PARIS.

WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK?

I DON'T KNOW.

WHEN DO YOU LEAVE?

I DON'T KNOW.

AND YOU'RE GOING WITH HIM?

IF FATHER'S GOING, I WILL TOO.

YES.

WHY NOT?

I CAN'T.

I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW OUR ADDRESS AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE.

COME TO ENGLAND!

AS WILL YOU, RIGHT?

DON'T CRY, COSETTE.

No!

Sniff...

OH!

I HAVE AN IDEA.

FOR IT, I THINK WE OUGHT NOT MEET TOMORROW.

NO!

I CAN'T BEAR NOT SEEING YOU, EVEN FOR A DAY!

I KNOW. BUT THIS SHORT SEPARATION IS TO ENSURE WE AREN'T TORN APART FOREVER.

CAN YOU HANDLE THAT...?

DO YOU LOVE ME?

FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART.

PROMISE ME?

I SWEAR IT.

HERE.

DAY AFTER TOMORROW, NINE IN THE EVENING.

YOU'LL HARDLY RECOVER IF YOU DON'T EAT.

HOW DO YOU FEEL TODAY?

THEIR EYES ARE PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL.

THEY'RE SO ALIKE.

?

WHO IS?

YOU STARTED IT, FATHER.

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SAY THAT NAME IN MY HEARING!

AAH.

YOU MEAN MARIUS.

HMPH

GOOD-NESS.

BAH! I FEEL TERRIBLE.

GET THIS FOOD OUT OF MY SIGHT!

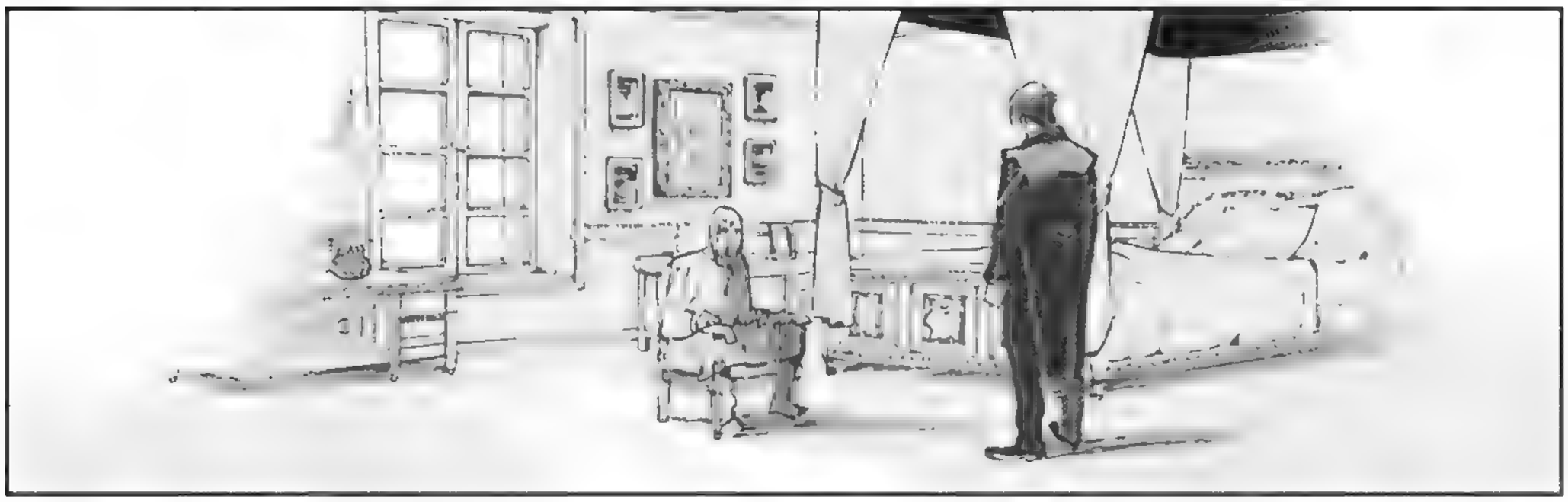
I'LL HAVE NO VISITORS!

MONSIEUR, MAY I ALLOW YOUNG MASTER MARIUS TO SEE YOU?

DON'T BOTHER ME!

NOK NOK

MARIUS, YOU SAY...?



UM...
WELL? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WAIT, I KNOW!

YOU'VE COME TO LAUGH AT YOUR 91-YEAR-OLD GRANDFATHER! THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT!

NO.

YOU ABANDONED ME! WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT NOW?!

YOU'VE SENT NOT SO MUCH AS A NOTE IN FOUR YEARS!

TODAY...

THEN WHAT?!

I'VE COME TO REQUEST YOUR PERMISSION TO MARRY.

OH.

I FORGOT. YOU'RE A BARON.

OF ALL THE WORDS TO HEAR OUT OF YOUR MOUTH. MARRIAGE?!

YOU'RE BARELY TWENTY-ONE, BOY!

MARRIAGE ...?

I'VE NO MONEY.

I HAVEN'T.

I'M SURE YOU MUST'VE MADE A FORTUNE FOR YOURSELF.

A LAWYER, TOO, I'VE HEARD.

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, BOY?!

SHE'S MUCH LIKE ME.

WHAT?

SHE HASN'T EVEN A DOWRY?!

NO MONEY...?

AH! THEN THE GIRL MUST BE FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY!

I WILL NOT ALLOW IT!

IT'S SO PATHETIC I COULD CRY!

WHAT, WILL HIS LORDSHIP, THE BARON PONTMERCY GO TO THE GROCER TO BUY TWO SOUS OF PARSLEY?

PLEASE!

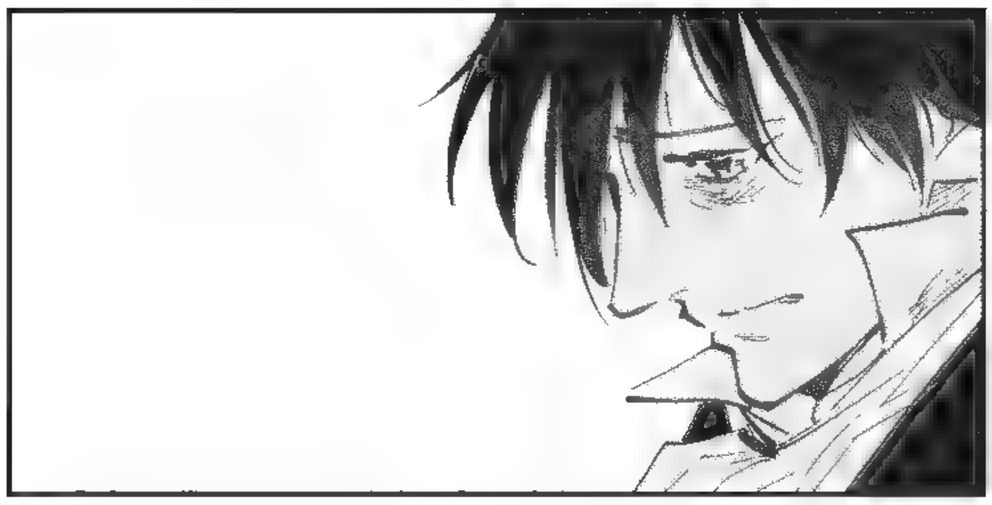
THE POOR MARRYING THE POOR?! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?!

NO!

PLEASE, SIR! I BEG YOU!

YOU HEAR ME, BOY?! I REFUSE TO ALLOW YOU TO MARRY SOME NAMELESS GIRL!

FATHER!



THANK
WHO SAID YOU COULD GO?

TELL ME EVERYTHING.

I'LL LISTEN.

CALL ME YOUR FATHER.

YES, THERE YOU GO.

FATHER...

WHAT ARE THESE RAGS YOU'RE WEARING?

THEY DON'T COMPLEMENT YOU AT ALL.

PAF

PAF

BUT SHE'S GOING TO MOVE TO ENGLAND!

FATHER, LISTEN!

SHE TRULY IS AN AMAZING WOMAN!

BUY YOURSELF SOMETHING MORE APPROPRI-ATE.

HERE. I'LL GIVE YOU 2,000 FRANCS.

I MUST MARRY HER! I MUST!

I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF BEING SEPARATED FROM HER.

SHE'S A PART OF ME, NOW.

IT'S ONLY NATURAL FOR A HEALTHY YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU TO HAVE WOMEN ON YOUR MIND.

NOW, NOW. CALM DOWN.

THEN I'LL SURELY GO MAD!

IF SHE'S TAKEN FROM ME...

DON'T GET IN OVER YOUR HEAD.

BUT YOU MUSTN'T GET SERIOUS.

?

.....

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH HER A WHILE, BUT DON'T MARRY.

YOU MAY THINK YOU LOVE HER, BUT IT'S ONLY A TEMPORARY THING.

HERE.

HAVE ANOTHER 2,000 FRANCS.

UM...

I DON'T THINK I UNDER-STAND...

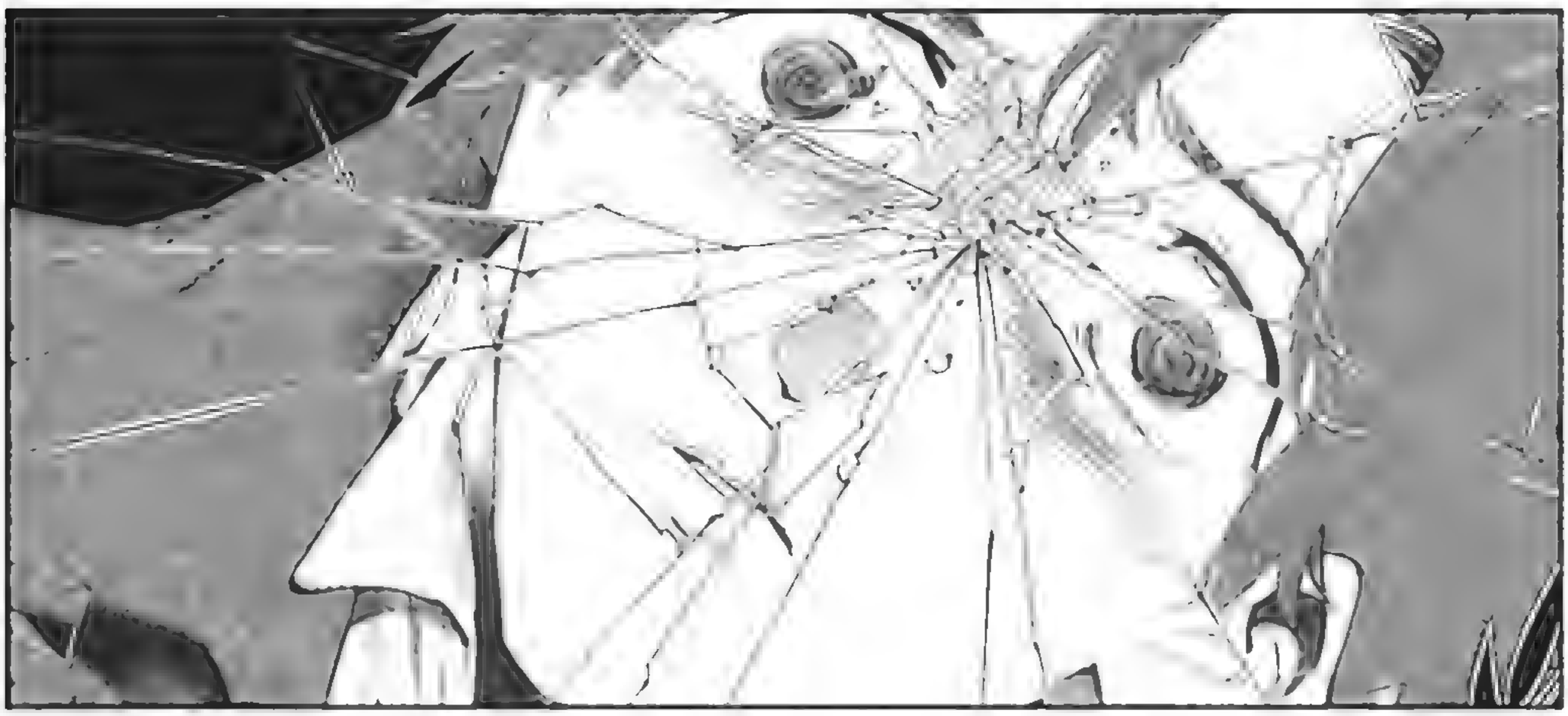
HM?

COME VISIT ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY TO PLAY AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.

WHAT, YOU DON'T?

YOU SILLY FOOL.

MAKE HER YOUR MISTRESS.



MARIUS?

THIS TIME...

YOU'VE INSULTED MY LOVE.

FIVE YEARS AGO, YOU INSULTED MY FATHER.

YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN. FAREWELL.

I ASK NOTHING MORE OF YOU.

FLUMP

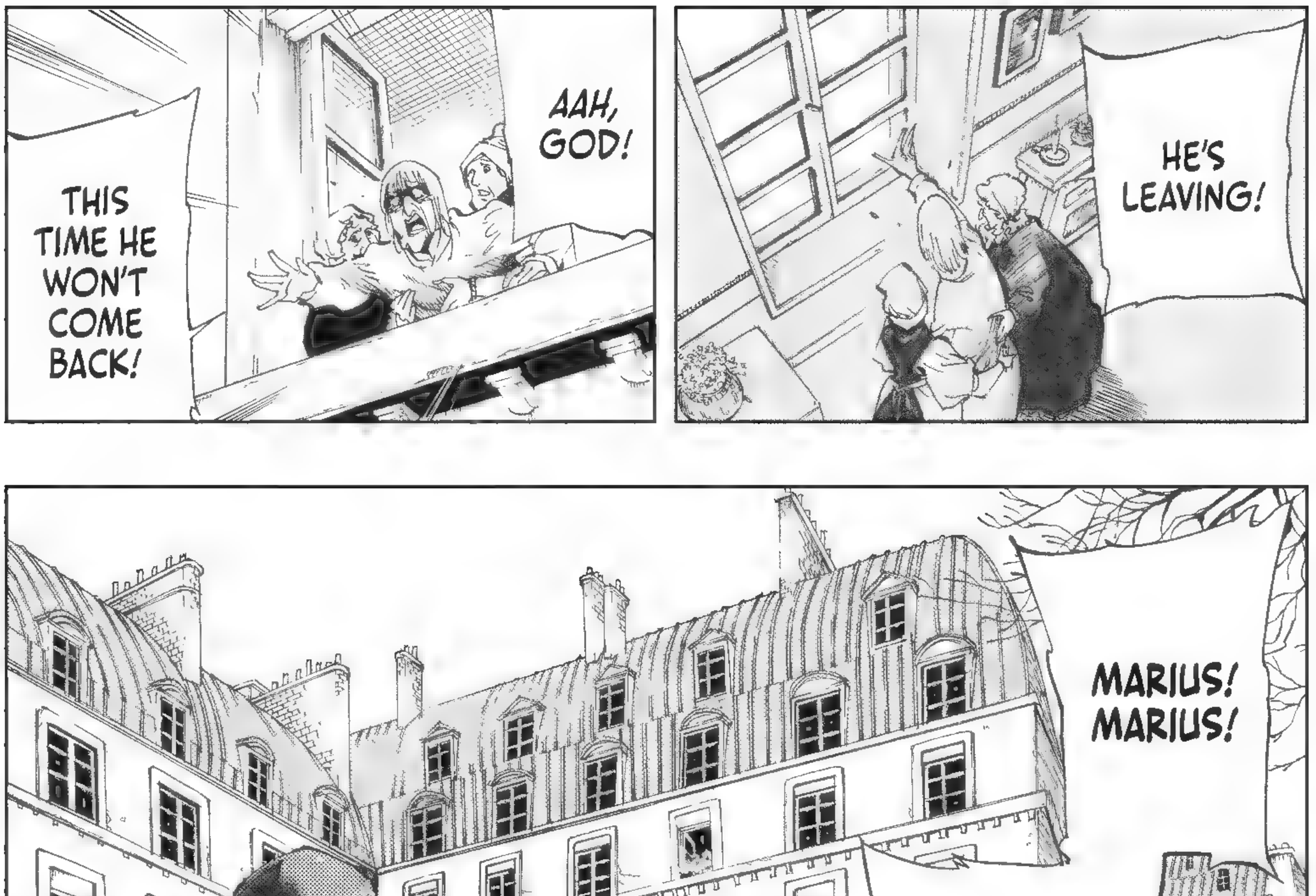
SOME-ONE!

IS NO ONE THERE?!

HURRY AND CATCH HIM!

AFTER HIM!

WHAT DID I DO TO HIM TO DESERVE THIS?!


THIS TIME HE WON'T COME BACK!
AAH, GOD!
HE'S LEAVING!
MARIUS! MARIUS!
MARIUS!

TOTR

COSETTE...

COSETTE?

KREE

NO NO NO...

OH NO.

BAM!

COSETTE!

BAM

COSETTE!

COSETTE!

NON !
Hi...

MARIUS
...!

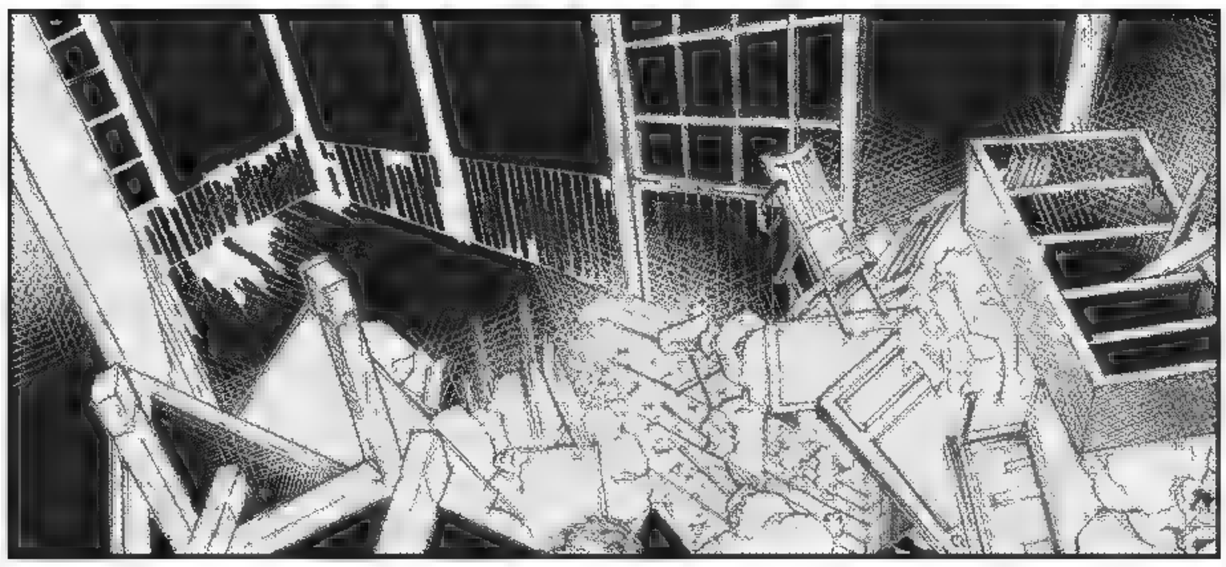
THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE BARRICADE ON RUE DE LA CHANVRERIE!

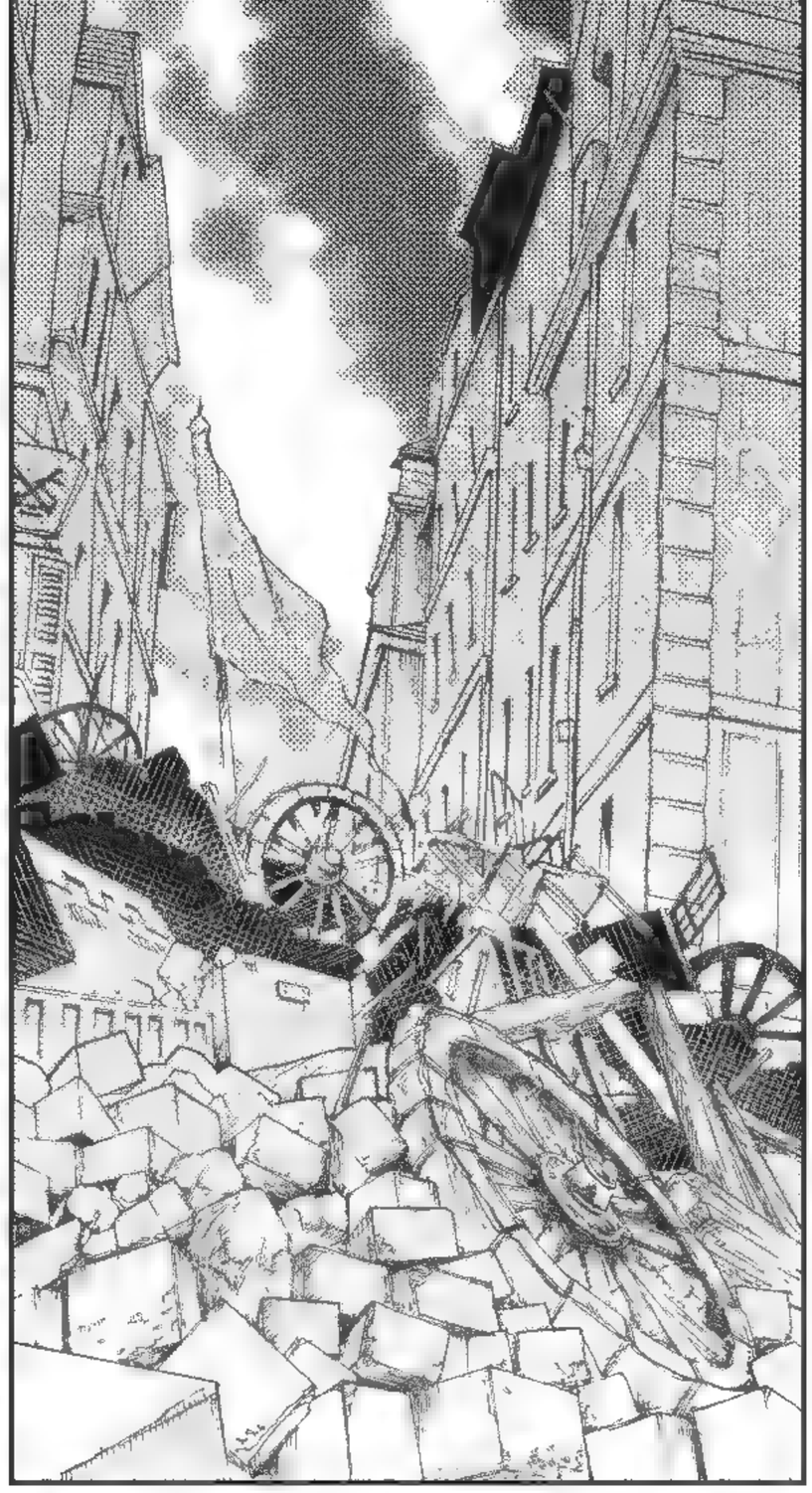
YOUR FRIENDS.

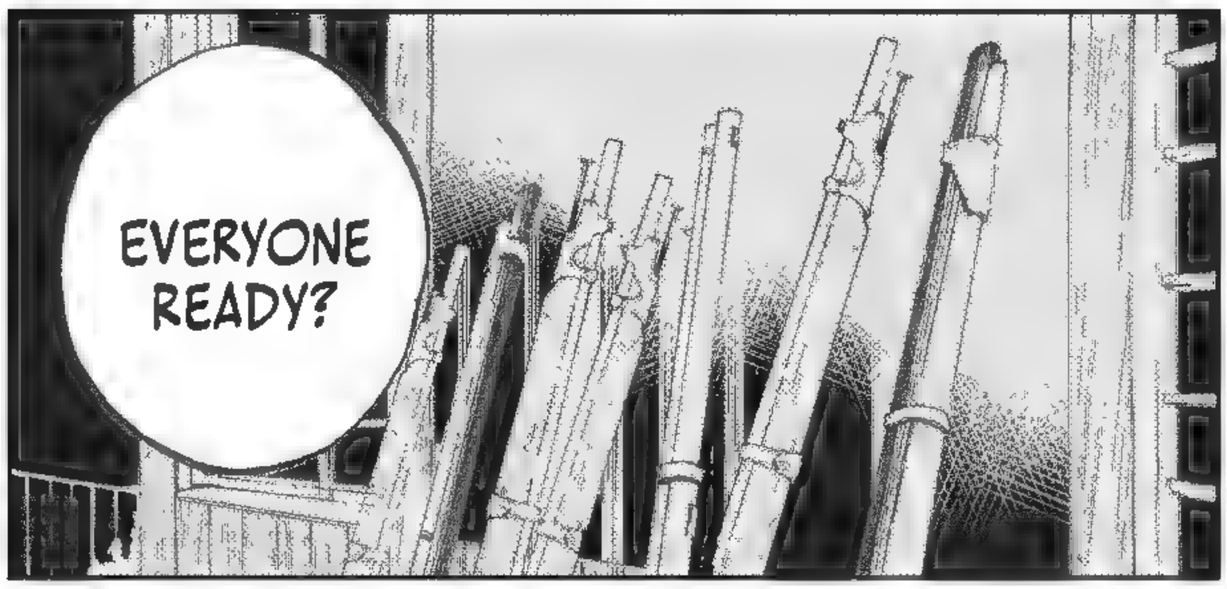
WHO ...?

WAS THAT DEATH?

AH, WELL.






EVERYONE READY?

RIGHT. THIS NEW REGIME IS WORSE FOR THE PEOPLE THAN THE OLD.

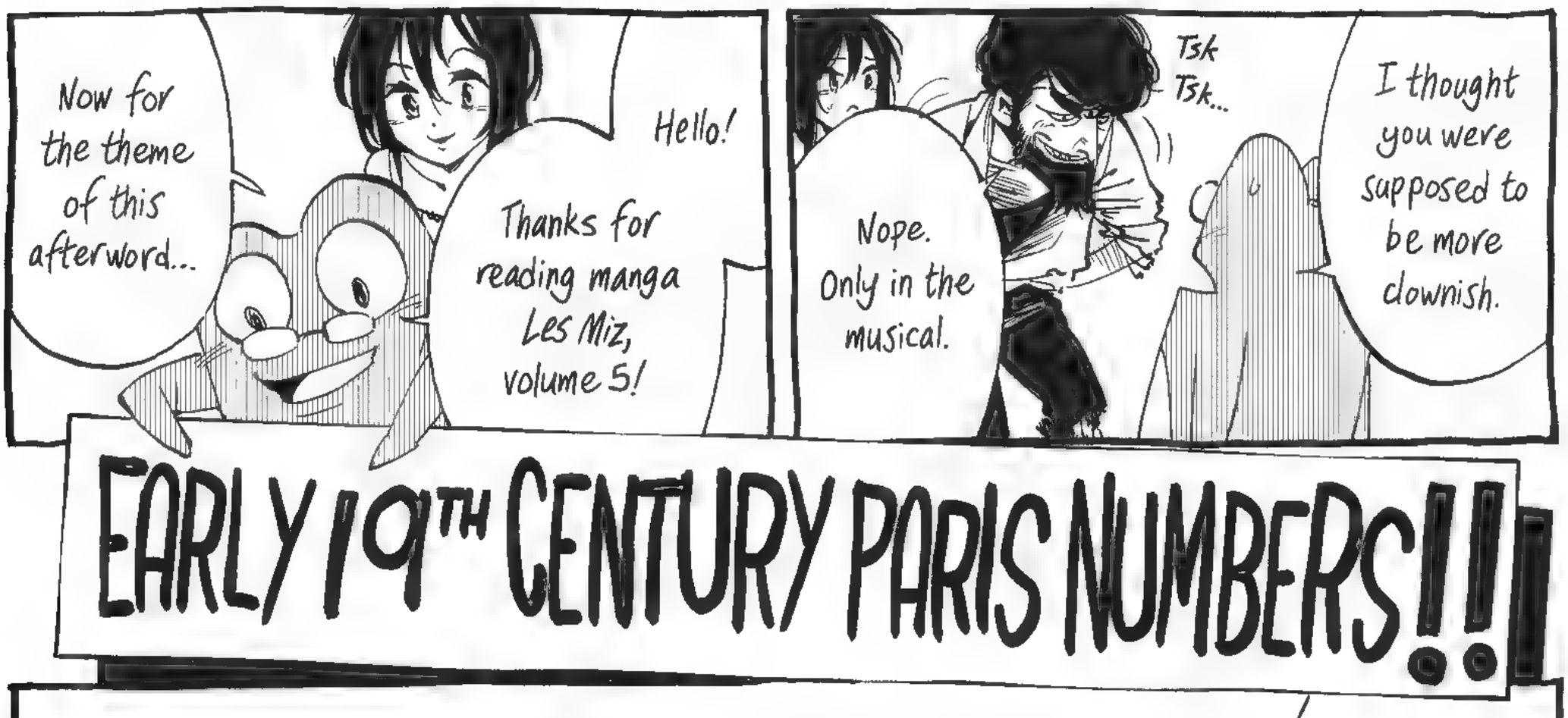
IT'S TIME WE FIX WHAT THEY STARTED IN JULY 1830.

ON A NEW, BETTER FUTURE!

MEN, TODAY WE WAGER OUR LIVES...

To be continued...

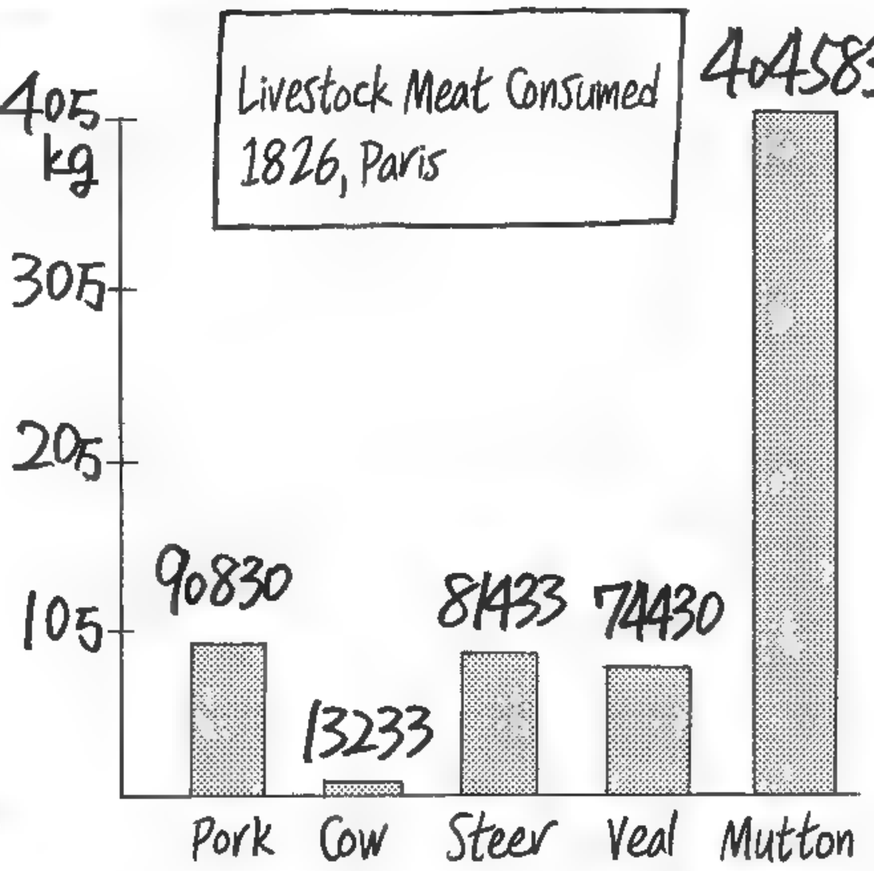
LES MISÉRABLES

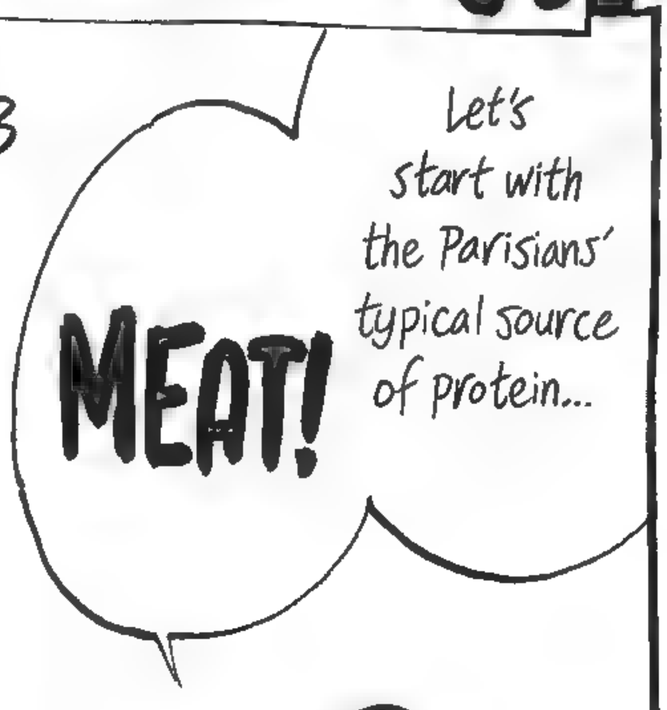

Now for the theme of this afterword...
Hello!
Thanks for reading manga Les Miz, volume 5!
Tsk Tsk...
Nope. Only in the musical.
I thought you were supposed to be more clownish.

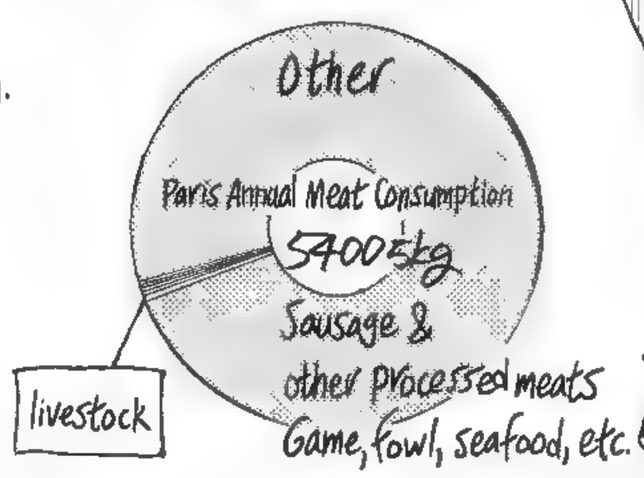
EARLY 19TH CENTURY PARIS NUMBERS!!

The consumption of mutton, which Marius had in the story, stands out, doesn't it? In 1826, the total amount of all meats consumed in Paris comes to a whopping 54,236,818 kg. Divide that by the 900,000-ish people living in the city and the average amount of meat one person ate each year is about 60 kg.

The wealth gap was immense at the time so not everyone got that much, of course. Urban centers tended to have more meat while rural areas tended to eat more bread.







The French love for universality lead to one of their greatest inventions.

What's the right way to spell "centimeter"?

Centimètre!

Once the French Revolution unified the markets, they needed a standardized system of weights and measurements. Thus grams, liters, meters, and the rest.

That comes from French, too.

Then there's the weights we just used. "Grams."

Marius's Monthly Income	60 francs
• Gorbeau House rent	2.5 francs
• Food	30 francs
• Services (cleaning, breakfast, etc. by Bougon)	3 francs
• Clothing	14.5 francs
• Washing	5 francs
Total monthly expenses	55 francs

Jean's daily wages as a tree pruner 24 sous (20 sous = 1 franc) no winter work

Bishop Myriel's yearly expenses, including his sister & servant 1500 francs

Last, let's talk about coins.

At that time one franc was worth about 1,000 yen in today's money.

The hair Fantine sold 10 francs

Jean's hidden fortune 630,000 francs

2500 yen/month!

That emphasizes how cheap rent was at the Gorbeau House.

It's an allowance from my parents!

There's something wrong with the world.

As a side note, the author mentions that Tholomyès--the man who abandoned Fantine--was a student and still had a yearly income of 4,000 francs.

STAFF

Izuo Aki

Yasui Tatsuhiro

Komatsu Namuko

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori

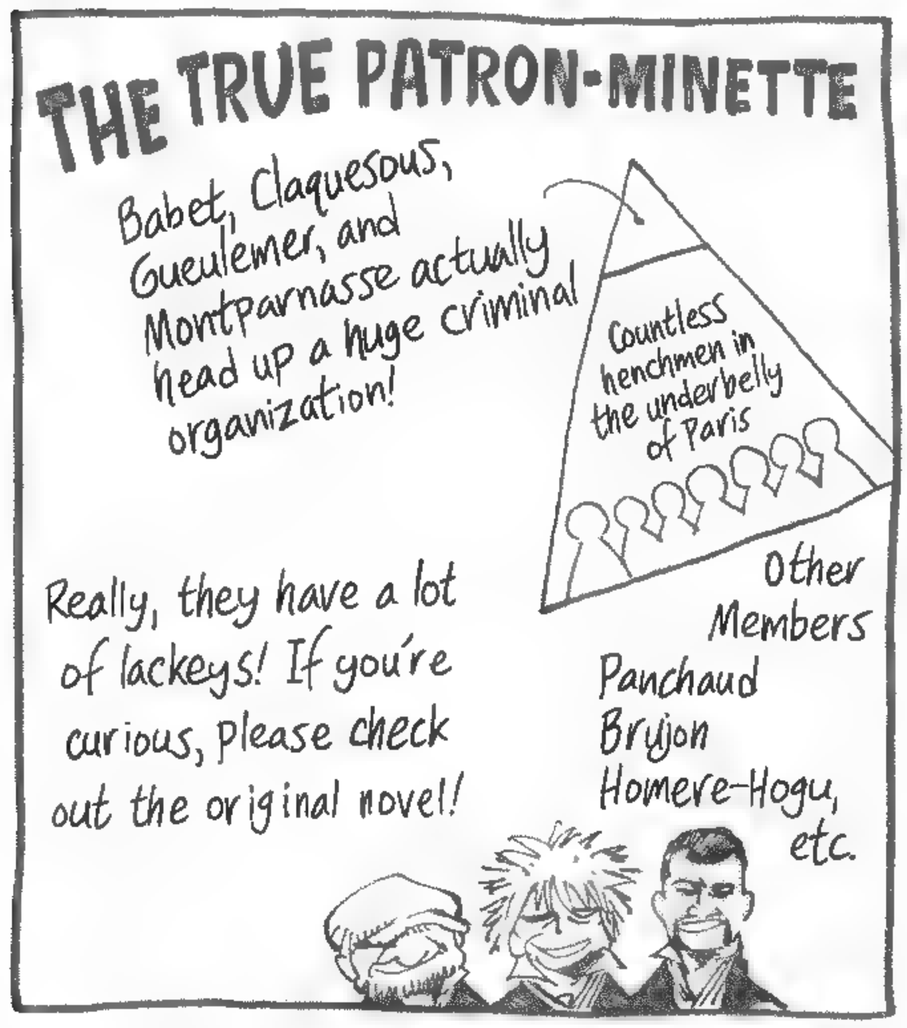
What do I do with this hankie now?

I hope to see you again next volume!

That said, this is the end of "Volume 3: Marius"!

TIRED
Booze...!
BONUS MANGA Vol.6

I got to add parts of the novel that rarely make it into the plays or movies.
Drawing this volume was a joy for me because...
SCOOP!!
The Thénardier Family had FIVE kids!!
Thank you very much for reading manga Les Misérables, volume 6!


THE TRUE PATRON-MINETTE
Babet, Claquesous, Gueulemer, and Montparnasse actually head up a huge criminal organization!
Countless henchmen in the underbelly of Paris
Other Members
Panchaud
Bryjon
Homere-Hogu,
etc.
Really, they have a lot of lackeys! If you're curious, please check out the original novel!

Yawn...
Huh?
Just us?
Patron-Minette played a part this volume, too.
but I had no choice but to downsize their gang by a lot.
I'm doing my best to bring in as many characters from the original novel as I can...

Ill-omen, that.
I SAW SPARROWS FIGHTING THIS MORNING.
I saw one of them say something fascinating.
Reading through the novel...

Even these!

Opening an umbrella indoors is bad luck. It brings rain or devils.

Never place bread loaves upside down. Turning the cut edge to the bottom is unlucky.

and how they look may rely on where they're from?

A black cat crossing your path is bad luck. Worse if it's from the left.

The opposite!

France has a lot of various superstitions, some reflective of their culture...

and some that are familiar even to a Japanese person.

One more about cats.

Gap teeth are a sign of good luck.

If an unmarried woman steps on a cat's tail, she will remain single for yet another year.

Follow a black cat when it crosses the street and get a wish.

Beware a cat's grudge!

Table manners...

Then there's "He's as kind as a prison door"...

?

for French sarcasm.

It's the French equivalent to the English proverb "Sticks and stones may break my bones...

but words shall never harm me."

PTOO PTOO

Here's one more French proverb: "The toad's spit doesn't reach the dove."

STAFF

Izuo Aki
Yasui Tatsuhiro
Komatsu Namuko

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori
Nakajima Yukari

REVOLUTION

Hope to see you there!

Next volume, finally...! Finally it begins!

TAKAHIRO ARAI

I'm tickled to announce that I was interviewed by the *Shonen Sunday* radio show! It's a strange feeling to hear my voice purely as vibrations in the air. The next day, I got a call from my family. I remember clearly how excited my parents were. The radio show is available on YouTube!

We've reached the climax of the story. One last spurt!

THE EVE OF REVOLUTION

LES MISÉRABLES

Les Miserables

OMNIBUS 4
COMING SOON

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

LES MISÉRABLES the manga

story and art by **TAKAHIRO ARAI** based on the novel by **VICTOR HUGO** **OMNIBUS 3**

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LES MISERABLES Vol. 5-6
by Takahiro ARAI
Original Story by Victor Hugo
This story based on Japanese translated edition by Yoshio TOYOSHIMA

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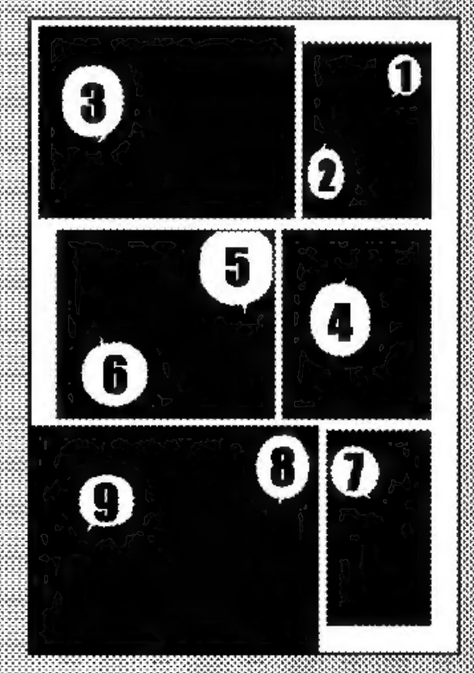
READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from ***right to left***, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



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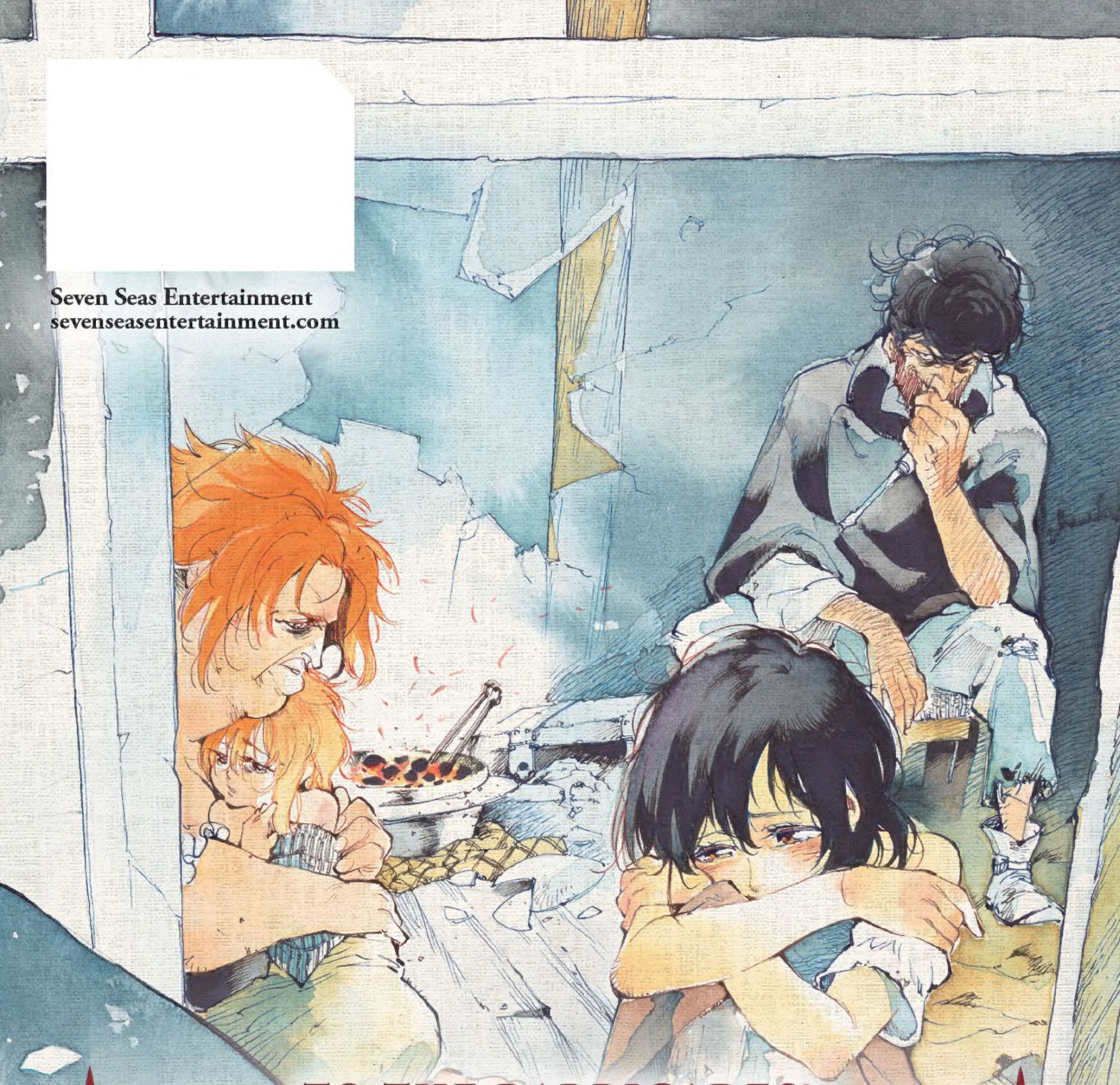

TO THE BARRICADES!

Cosette, having grown into a lovely young woman, has attracted the attention of student Marius Pontmercy. Jean Valjean, ever suspicious that his past will be uncovered, stands in the way of the budding relationship, but Marius discovers another threat to Valjean—a murder plot masterminded by Thénardier! Thénardier's daughter Éponine has fallen for Marius, and must choose where she stands, as will the entire city of Paris when the barricades go up and the June Rebellion begins! Who shall be redeemed, and who shall die in the streets, in this stanza of Victor Hugo's immortal hymn to the human spirit?